

# Current Literature

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## A Review of the World

Serene, indifferent of fate,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won  
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,  
O Warder of two Continents.



THE Western Gate, the heights, and the white seas of Bret Harte's poem remain; but that is about all that is left of San Francisco, the old city of romance and song and story. It was a city of contrasts. More poetry, it is asserted, was written daily in San Francisco than in any other city in the United States. There were also more murders in proportion to population. "The smelting-pot of the races," Stevenson called her, and he was enamored of her beauty, her romance, her mystery, and even her license. "Physically and morally," says one writer, "San Francisco was built on mud." There is much truth in that; but out of the mud grew flowers of rare beauty and intoxicating perfume; and the whole world is to-day looking with admiring eyes upon the deeds of heroism, the undaunted spirit, the brotherly kindness and the marvelous self-restraint of this old city of unspeakable vice and indescribable charm that has passed off the face of the earth forever. For the old San Francisco can never be restored.

THE history of the city goes back not merely to the days of '49, but to the days of our Declaration of Independence. The old Mission Dolores was erected

then by the Franciscan fathers, and it marked the period of Spanish glory and religious chivalry. And this old building, apparently tottering and ready to fall of its own weight, has resisted the earthquake shock that laid in ruins the new eight-million-dollar City Hall, and still stands when marts and exchanges and the palaces of millionaires are but unsightly heaps of twisted girders and broken brick and crumbled stone. After the Spanish period came the days of '49—the days of the Argonauts and the Vigilance Committee, of fortunes made and lost in the twinkling of an eye, when it cost twenty-four dollars a dozen to have shirts laundered, and might cost you your life to ask a man what his real name was. The newer city, San Francisco the third, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, the city loved by Stevenson and scorned by Kipling, in addition

to her reminders of the highly colored past, possessed many other features of varied interest. For one thing, nature has remained very close to the city's life. "Within the last few years men have killed deer on the slopes of Tamalpais and looked down to see the cable cars crawling up the hills of San Francisco to the north. In the suburbs coyotes steal in and rob hen roosts by night." Says a writer in *The Evening Post* (New York):



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### THE FIRST CAR

"City and railroad officials and invited guests filled the first street-car which started on the run across the city. Mayor Schmitz acting as motorman. Everywhere the car was greeted with cheers."

"Something in the lingering glamour of Spanish days; something in her situation set on a finger of land beaten on one side by a windy ocean and caressed on the other by a quiet bay; something in the belief that San Francisco is a city wherefor great things lie upon the knees of the gods; something in the mere sunny soft-



THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND BEFORE THE FIRE SWEEPED IT

"The direct damage of the earthquake," says President Jordan, "was not great. Old brick buildings were crumbled, and chimneys flung about, but the modern steel structures received little if any injury. Even the slender Call Building, some thirteen stories high, swayed in perfect rhythm."

ness of the air which breeds sensuous women and long-limbed, clean-lined men; something in her so strange mixture of races that not seldom on the circling bay a Neapolitan fisherboat passes with her swifter sails a blunt-bowed Chinese junk; something more than all this, subtle, impalpable, 'evasive as water beneath a knife,' yet as real as granite—impels to poetry. Poetry, like the spores of some crimson fungus, is in the air. It takes root, here, there, and strangely grows. One comes upon it with a movement of surprise in most unlikely places. The phenomenon is a thing at which to marvel."



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#### WHERE THE BIG WATER MAIN WAS BROKEN

The earth at this point in Valencia Street sank four feet. The damage done here to the water main caused the destruction of the city by fire. This hole may be called the open grave of old San Francisco.

WHAT was it that happened on that fatal April 18? Back in the geologic ages the crust of the earth received too great a strain and there was a break. The rocks on one side of this break were left 2,000 feet higher than those on the other side. The elevated side is called the Sierra Morena, and forms the backbone of the peninsula of San Francisco. The depression on the other side is called the Portolá Valley and by various other names. The break itself is called by geologists the Portolá fault. The weakness along the line of this fault has been, according to President Jordan, writing in *The Independent*, the cause of San Francisco's numerous tremors and shocks in past years. "The very violent shock of April 18th was clearly due to this. The old fault in the rock reopened, breaking the surface soil more or less for a distance of upward of forty miles. The mountain on the west side of the fault slipped to the northward for a distance of between three and six feet without change of level on either side." Here is a description by another writer of what has happened in the Sobrante hills, a few miles north of Berkeley:

"The hills are rent and torn in a way that can



THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY AFTER THE FIRE HAD PASSED OVER IT

"When the sun rose that Thursday morning," says Miriam Michelson, "it was blood-red in a heaven, of smoke. Black clouds were belching forth; the business part of the town was a hot graveyard, whose rickety, irregular-shaped tombstones marked the spot where millions of property lay in mountainous heaps of smoking brick and twisted steel."

scarcely be believed except by personal observation. On the slope of one of the hills is a fissure three-quarters of a mile long. At one end of the aperture, which is tapering, the crevice is ten feet across and eighty feet deep. The ground must have been tumbled about in a frightful manner; for in one place a large knoll has risen and in another entire oak trees have been moved thirty feet.

"There is great confusion in the country at Point Reyes, thirty-three miles north of this city [Oakland] owing to manifest changes in the lay of the land. Although there is no visible break in the earth's surface, numerous signs record the moving of the country at least ten feet northward. An old oak tree, a landmark in those parts, is now ten feet distant from the fence which it formerly overhung.

"At Olema, a nearby town, a pipe line 300 feet long, which was broken by the quake, on being repaired showed an excess length of three feet, indicating a contraction of the earth. At Bolinas knolls of earth have been thrown up where before there was level ground. Proprietary lines have been changed and there is confusion over the present acreage of large estates."

THAT was all that happened—a little slip of a few feet in the rocks along a line about forty miles in length—a slight twitching of the earth, less violent, in proportion, as one writer puts it, "than the act of a horse shaking his skin to throw off a fly." But the flies in this

case were without wings, and they became panic-stricken. "I met only one man," says Frederick Palmer in *Collier's*, "who did not think that the world was coming to an end after the shock had lasted twenty seconds." That one man was a newcomer who had heard about San Francisco's earthquakes and who supposed this particular one was the customary sort of thing. When his wife and children began to make audible expression of their feelings about being thrown out of bed, he



IN FRONT OF THE POST-OFFICE

"The driver of a market-wagon told me his horse went down on all fours while he himself was thrown forward on to the dashboard, and the street before him seemed to be weaving and twisting."



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#### THE ANGEL OF GRIEF

Statue at the Leland Stanford University standing in the midst of ruins.

calmly informed them that people there didn't pay any attention to little matters like that, and the thing to do was to go back to bed, which they all proceeded to do! Ludicrous as that seems, it was not, after all, such an absurd procedure, for, according to all accounts, de-

spite the violence of the earthquake and the panic it occasioned, the actual damage caused by it would have been comparatively slight but for the breaking of the gas mains and water mains and the consequent destruction by fire. At least San Franciscans stoutly asseverate that such was the fact, and insist that the disaster shall be hereafter spoken of as the great fire rather than as the great earthquake. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, declares that not three per cent. of the damage was caused by the shock. President Jordan says that the damage other than by fire was "not great." Old brick buildings were crumbled and chimneys were toppled down, but the modern steel structures received little if any injury, and solid masonry stood fairly well if it was not too high. Even the brick or stone facings on the steel structures for the most part kept their places. The relative damage done by the earthquake and the fire is a very important point, not only in its influence upon the reinvestment of capital in rebuilding, but also upon the adjustment of payments by the fire insurance companies, which are liable for the loss by fire, but not liable for the loss by earthquake. Franklin K. Lane, who was the candidate for governor of California in the recent election, says on the subject:

"All the buildings which went down [from the shock] were either crazy shacks on the made lands or badly constructed brick buildings of the type wherein the frame was of wood with a brick firewall. In the case of these brick buildings, also, the greater part of the damage was on the made lands. The great loss of life was on the southern



#### THEY CALL THEM ANGELS IN DISGUISE OUT IN SAN FRANCISCO

One woman tells why: "They have gone without water, without food, without their tents that the women and children might have them. In this, our time of need, the army has been our refuge [and] our strength." This is a picture of the First Coast Battery.



fringe of Market street from the waterfront to about Fourth street. This part of the city was originally a swamp. A great deal has been said of the fall of City Hall. That stood above the dry bed of an old creek and was not anchored deep enough. The new postoffice was also on that creek bed; but for that building they bored for three years to get foundations deep enough. The postoffice was only a little damaged. I drove all through the business district in an automobile within three hours after the disaster and before the fire had made any headway. Not one of the new steel frame buildings was hurt in the least. Some of the Eastern papers have told how they cast their shells. That is not true. They did not lose a brick—even the windows remained unbroken. Many of them stood on the made land, too, and the rest in the low land. A modern steel skyscraper has proved itself the safest place in an earthquake. Honestly constructed wooden and brick buildings stood it too. Nine out of ten houses destroyed by the earthquake were old and flimsy and should have been torn down by city ordinance long before.

HUNDREDS of descriptions of the scenes that followed the fire have been given in print, and hundreds more are probably yet to be told. One of the best is that written by Jack London for *Collier's Weekly*, which paper, by the way, has handled the whole occurrence with marked enterprise and ability. Jack London was forty miles away when the shock of the earthquake came, but reached the stricken city soon afterward. Contrary to many reports, he declares that the panic by that time was hardly observable. He writes:



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"PALACE HOTEL GRILL"

At least that is what the sign on the shack says. It takes more than an earthquake and a fire to quench the American sense of humor.

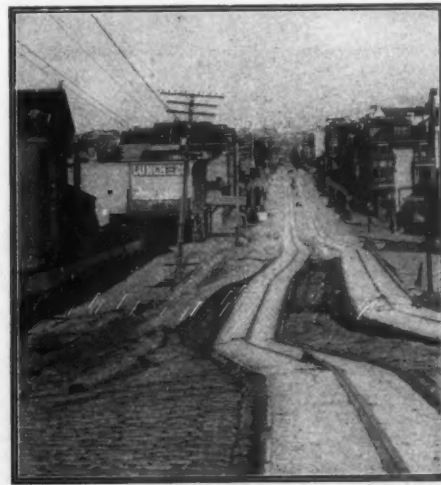
"Remarkable as it may seem, Wednesday night, while the whole city crashed and roared into ruin, was a quiet night. There were no crowds. There was no shouting and yelling. There was no hys-



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"THE PILLARED FIRMAMENT IS ROTTENNESS AND EARTH'S BASE BUILT ON STUBBLE"

"There were hills and hollows where all was level before, and the iron of the tracks was twisted in a most hideous way. Great fissures and cracks were in the roadbed, and on one side we saw a great fissure, into which a wagon had fallen."



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#### THE EIGHT-MILLION-DOLLAR CITY HALL

Why were the municipal buildings so badly damaged by the earthquake and the Federal buildings hardly at all? The answer, says a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* is—GRAFT.

teria, no disorder. I passed Wednesday night in the path of the advancing flames, and in all those terrible hours I saw not one woman who wept, not one man who was excited, not one person who was in the slightest degree panic-stricken.

"Before the flames, throughout the night, fled tens of thousands of homeless ones. Some were wrapped in blankets. Others carried bundles of bedding and dear household treasures. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighted down with

their possessions. Baby buggies, toy wagons, and go-carts were used as trucks, while every other person was dragging a trunk. Yet everybody was gracious. The most perfect courtesy obtained. Never, in all San Francisco's history, were her people so kind and courteous as on this night of terror.

"All night these tens of thousands fled before the flames. Many of them, the poor people from the labor ghetto, had fled all day as well. They had left their homes burdened with possessions. Now and again they lightened up, flinging out upon the street clothing and treasures they had dragged for miles.

"They held on longest to their trunks, and over these trunks many a strong man broke his heart that night. The hills of San Francisco are steep, and up these hills, mile after mile, were the trunks dragged. Everywhere were trunks, with across them lying their exhausted owners, men and women."

Among the vehicles pressed into frequent service were perambulators, children's wagons and rocking-chairs. "No one has spoken of the figure the American rocking-chair cut in the fire," writes one correspondent. "Rocking-chairs were in great demand as drays for household goods. Nearly every family dragged one or more after them in the flight to the western hills."

THERE never has been such a leveler, writes Gertrude Atherton in *Harper's Weekly*, describing the scenes of the first week. She tells of millionaires in the bread-line taking their turn with Chinamen and day-laborers, and of women in opera-cloaks



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#### OUTSIDE THE FIRE-ZONE

"A building that lay under the breaking point of an earth wave was pulled apart as you pull apart a piece of bread, or its sides ground together, or it fell like a house of cards. For blocks the pavement was scarcely disturbed and then there were places where it looked as if it had been turned into miniature hills and valleys."

camped out under the open sky, cooking at stoves improvised out of loose bricks and cobble-stones. Her sister was one of these, having escaped in a nightgown, a pink opera-cloak and her husband's boots. Even the Chinamen were amused at her appearance. Mrs. Atherton has never had much use for pessimists, but she has less use than ever after witnessing human nature under the strain put upon it in San Francisco. She writes:

"Organization began almost before the earthquake stopped. Red Cross ambulances and automobiles were flying about, car-loads and ship-loads of food were on the way, and these cities 'across the bay' literally opened their arms. Never has there been a finer exhibition of the good in human nature, for it is one thing to subscribe what you can afford, and another to take strangers into your house for weeks and perhaps months. This thousands have done and are expressing their desire for more, while the relief work in San Francisco, under Mayor Schmitz and Mr. Phelan, is as systematic as if earthquakes and fires that devoured four square miles of a city were part of the yearly routine. There have been few cases of extortion reported; personally I have only heard of two. One was the case of a leading firm of grocers, who immediately put famine prices on everything. General Funston turned them out, closed them up, and put a sentry before the door. The other case was a personal experience, but I have been requested to withhold it until the excitement is over lest the man be lynched. But these exceptions dwindle and disappear before the



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#### LIKE A PICNIC TO THE BOYS

The school buildings that were uninjured were filled with straw beds and cots for days, and the boys never whimpered over the lack of educational facilities!

abounding kindness and helpfulness of hundreds of thousands, some homeless, but willing to share an asparagus stalk, others more fortunate and almost ashamed of being so."

**D**ESPITE the underlying horror of scenes that must abide in the minds of all forever, Mrs. Atherton cannot see how the net result can fail to be a good one. She writes further:



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#### BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE—AND AFTER

Of the Memorial Church at Leland Stanford University, President Jordan writes: "The spire of wood, weighted by tiles, plunged through the nave of the church. The concussion of air forced off the church front with the great Mosaic, 'The Sermon on the Mount.' The flying buttresses of the tower fell crashing through the apses. Otherwise the church suffered little. The bells and the organ are unharmed; the steel-braced walls are perfect, the mosaics and stained glass windows are mostly intact."



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#### FUNSTON "THE LITTLE BRIGADIER"

"The army organization was alone intact; it is the army of force and society returned to primitive necessities. Fifteen hundred regular troops were on the streets inside of two hours. It was not a time for looking up the law or consulting precious authorities on the subject. You will be told that the Constitution of the United States had been shot and dynamited full of holes before Wednesday was over, and no man suggests that this was wrong."

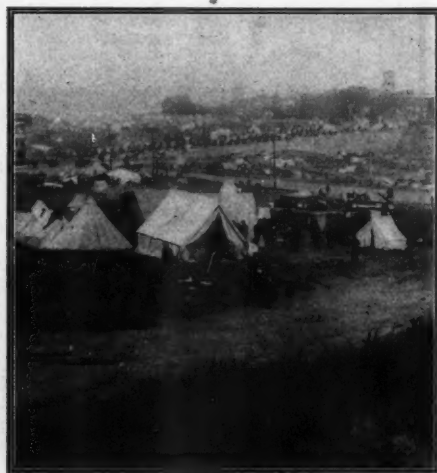
"Triviality, the most unpardonable and far-reaching of all vices, is at an end in San Francisco for years to come. Rich women, who have been cooking in the streets in an oven made from their fallen chimneys, and may have to do their own

washing until frightened servants can be induced to return to the city, who have been confined with as little ceremony and shelter as the women of wandering tribes, and the men who stand in line for hours for their portion of bread and potatoes, look back upon the ordinary routine of their idle lives with a mixture of wonder and contempt. Old people, who vegetated in corners and feared draughts, are active and interested for the first time in a quarter of a century. Even dyspeptics are cured, for everybody, even the normally fed, is hungry all the time. Everybody looks back upon the era 'before the earthquake' as a period of insipidity, and wonders how he managed to exist. If they are appalled at the sight of a civilization arrested and millions of property and still more to be lamented treasure gone up in smoke, they are equally aquiver with a renewed sense of individuality, of unsuspected forces they are keen to pit against Nature."

ANOTHER woman novelist who went through the scenes following the disaster was Miriam Michelson, who narrates her experience also in *Harper's Weekly*. She tells of the procession of barefooted women, screaming children and ashen-faced men. People did queer things, as they always do in such times of supreme tension. Miss Michelson saw one man carefully carrying a brand-new pair of tan shoes over his shoulder on a stick, and absolutely nothing else. One ingenious man had piled his household possessions on a lawn-mower and was trundling them along cheerfully. Another writer tells of a man in pink pajamas walking in bare feet



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#### TWO OF THE RELIEF CAMPS

"We have been close to the bare necessities of life for so long now that we seem always to have lived in primitive times. We are not a civilized people; we seem always to have lived in tents, to never have had any clothes, or never have had anything but the bare necessities of life."



round and round the Dewey column, and of an English-looking gentleman, clad in a long, white nightshirt and flowing whiskers, sitting on a bench perpetually replacing in the orbit of his left eye a monocle which by an involuntary contraction of the muscles he immediately twitched off again. At the end of the third day, on the very top of Jones Street hill, in the middle of the street, the only thing seen standing for miles was a piano, and seated at it was a man, his hair streaming, his body swaying, his red tie flying out, his hands dancing over the key-boards as he played Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre"—the death-dance.

THE same writer who tells of this incident of the "Danse Macabre"—James Hopper—gives a picture of another dance that is both amusing and graphic. He was in the third story of a seven-story brick building when the quaking began, and describes in *Harper's Weekly* his sensations. He writes:

"The thing started without gradation, with a direct violence that left one breathless. 'It's incredible,' I said, aloud. There was something personal about the attack; it seemed to have a certain vicious intent. My building did not sway; it quivered with a vertical and rotary motion, and there was a sound as of a snarl. I stayed in bed for a long time, as it seemed. I raised myself on my elbow, but even that rudimentary approach



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WHATEVER HAPPENS, CHILDREN WILL BE  
HAPPY AND A PRETTY GIRL PRETTY

to a movement toward escaping seemed so absolutely futile that I lay back again. My head on the pillow watched my stretched and stiffened body dance. It was springing up and down and from side to side like a pancake in the tossing griddle of an experienced French chef. The bureau at the back of the room came toward me. It



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#### THE INDOMITABLE SENSE OF HUMOR

"There is no wood—it has all been burned, so the people have tried to build a hut of any galvanized iron they can find, or any bit of ruin that will stand upright serves as a house, and they cover it with an old quilt or an old blanket. They cook on some sort of an improvised stove, some little old rusty affair, and their cooking utensils are tomato cans."



FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF MAIL

Nobody could find anybody, so names were called out at the post-office and the people stepped up to get their letters, as in pioneer days.

danced, approaching not directly, but in a zigzag course, with sudden bold advances and as sudden bashful retreats—with little bows, and becks, and nods, with little mincing steps: it was almost funny. The next second, a piece of plaster falling upon my head made me serious. The quake gave one of its vicious jerks, and I had a sudden clear vision of the whole building dancing an infernal dance, the loosened bricks separating and clacking to again like chattering teeth. And the quake continued, with a sort of stubborn violence, an immense concentration of its deadly purpose that left one without fear, without horror, without feeling. 'It's the end,' I thought, and a panorama of cataclysms swept through my mind: Pompeii, Lisbon, Krakatoa, Manila, St. Pierre, Samoa, Vesuvius, with San Francisco as a stupendous climax."

EVERY man, woman and child of the more than 300,000 that were rendered homeless has a story to tell of hardship and danger and privation; but probably no one of that vast throng fought for safety at a greater disad-

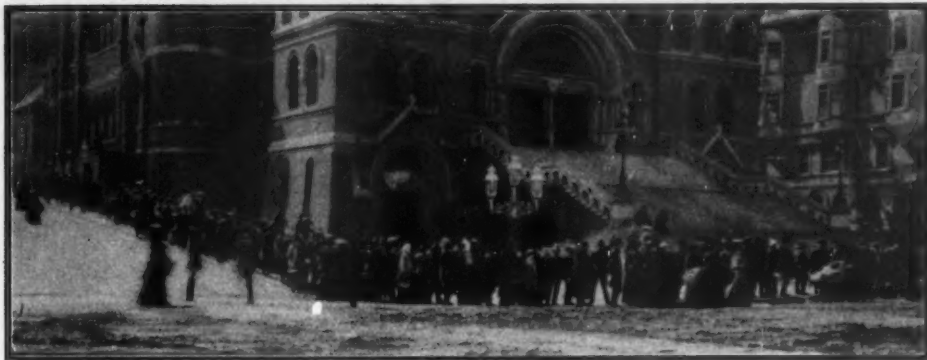
vantage than that with which "Gimpy Bill" had to contend. "Gimpy Bill" is a cripple who sold lead-pencils in Market Street. His legs have been cut off almost to the hips, and he gets around on two little platforms, mounted on wheels and strapped to his stumps, pushing himself with two canes. Here is his story as told by the correspondent of *The Sun* (New York):

"When the earthquake came Bill was sleeping over a saloon on Washington street near Montgomery—a region which got a heavy shock. His street legs were unstrapped, but he had his clothes on. He was pitched out of bed and rolled about the room like an empty demijohn. A heavy cornice fell through the ceiling of his room and missed him by a foot. He rolled away from the wreck and managed to get to his rollers, which he strapped on.

"He tried the door, but the wreckage outside it had him penned in, a prisoner. He trundled himself to the window, and saw that the district was already on fire. Bill made it back to the bed,



RELAYING THE FIRST CAR-TRACKS—ON MARKET STREET—AFTER THE FIRE



ONE OF THE BREAD-LINES

"The power to draw a check for a million would not advance you any in the bread-line. The poor were four days away from pay-day; the well-to-do, maybe, were going to the bank to-morrow, and had scarcely the price of a carfare in their pockets. But money meant nothing and food everything."

twisted the blankets and sheets into a rope, tied his canes about his neck with a cord, and slid out of the window. His rope was too short. At the end of it, he hung ten feet above the street. There he swung and yelled, afraid of what the drop might do to his trundle platforms, until some one passing threw up a pile of boxes and helped him down.

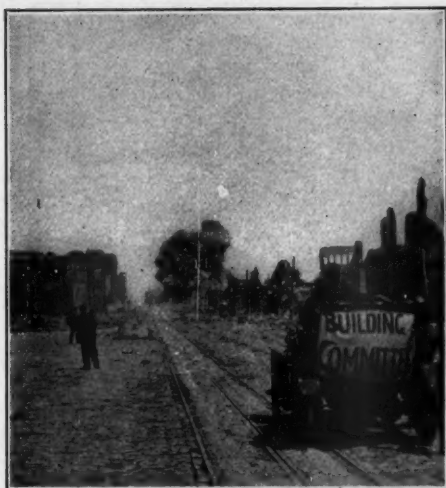
"In one day, driven always backward by the fire, this cripple covered about fourteen miles, ending in a camp in Golden Gate Park. At one time he grabbed the tailboard of a wagon and held on, his platforms bumping over the cobbles. At another time his only way of exit from the fire was across Russian Hill, up which an Italian boy pulled him with a rope for ten cents."

**B**UT the story of the earthquake, the fire, and the fleeing multitudes, thrilling as it is, is not the story that carries with it the keenest interest and the greatest inspiration. The real epic of the occasion is the tale of restoration and reconstruction, of the way in

which people suddenly hurled out of all social order into social chaos faced the situation; of how, stripped without warning of all the facilities of life with which civilization has endowed mankind, they proceeded to grapple with nature much as the cave-men had to grapple with her and evolve out of primitive conditions the means of livelihood. In the Yellowstone Park a great gorge has been cut by one of the streams down through the geological strata of many periods, revealing, as in a vast natural diagram, the processes of world formation. The catastrophe in California has cut down through all the social strata and enabled us to see, as it were, the long story of civilization re-enacted before our eyes in a few days' time. Probably no large city in the world could furnish a people better able to meet such a test triumphantly. The spirit of the pioneers is still there, and much of their daring and re-



GETTING OUT THE FIRST NEWSPAPER—THE DAILY NEWS—AFTER THE FIRE



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#### DYNAMITED—BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE

One of the first steps in rebuilding the city was to blow down the dangerous walls of ruined buildings.

source and adaptability has been inherited by their sons and daughters. Nevertheless, it is appalling to think of the consequences that would have ensued had it not been for the



#### FIRST STEP IN REBUILDING

In addition to dynamite, a donkey-engine was used to pull down dangerous walls left standing by the fire.

quick and efficient assistance given by the regular army troops stationed at the Presidio.

WITHIN two hours after the first shock of the earthquake fifteen hundred of Uncle Sam's soldiers were on the streets fighting the most desperate battle that soldiers ever fought. General Greely was absent, but General Funston, "the little brigadier" whose rapid promotion for conspicuous services in Cuba and the Philippines gave such offense to many, whose capture of Aguinaldo occasioned so much criticism, was in command. They fought the conflagration with artillery and dynamite. They patrolled the city the one organized body of men in all that turmoil. The mayor of the city, Eugene E. Schmitz, once an orchestra leader, then a Labor candidate who defeated both old-party candidates, proved himself a born leader. With the whole municipal government in temporary ruin round about him, he was quick to organize a new government for the emergency. He appointed a citizens' committee of fifty with ex-Mayor Phelan at its head and he and Funston and Phelan set themselves to preserve order and save the lives of 300,000 homeless and penniless people. About the first step taken was the issuance of the following:

#### PROCLAMATION

BY THE MAYOR.

The Federal Troops, the members of the Regular Police Force, and all Special Police Officers have been authorized to KILL any and all persons found engaged in looting or in the commission of any other crime.

I have directed all the Gas and Electric Light-ing Companies not to turn on Gas or Electricity until I order them to do so; you may therefore expect the city to remain in darkness for an indefinite time.

I request all citizens to remain at home from darkness until daylight of every night until order is restored.

I Warn all citizens of the danger of fire from damaged or destroyed chimneys, broken or leaking gas pipes or fixtures, or any like cause.

E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor.

Dated, April 18, 1906.

THAT proclamation has been called "the edict that prevented chaos." It may be considered the first step in the reconstruction of the social organism. The next steps came in such rapid succession that it is hardly possible to discern the order of sequence. After the fire had been stayed at Van Ness Avenue by blowing down eight or nine blocks of buildings ahead of the flames, the most urgent needs



were for water, food, shelter, and medical treatment for the injured. Without waiting for any authority from Congress, Secretary of War Taft wired orders for the immediate appropriation of tents, blankets, provisions and medical stores from the army supplies. Automobiles were pressed into service by army officers, and the stores were rushed through from the Presidio without regard to speed regulations. Tents were erected in all the parks that had not been swept by fire. Hospitals were established, concentration camps were formed, and after the first day or two, incredible as it may seem, there was no need for any person to go hungry. Two dangers had been averted—the danger from fire and the danger from starvation. The next peril that seemed imminent was that of an epidemic. Sanitary conditions had to be established with the sewers all out of order. Here again the experience of the soldiers with sanitary arrangements for camps saved the day. Then the dead had to be found in the ruins and buried as speedily as possible. Every able-bodied man, poor or rich, with soft hands or hard, was forced to labor for a part of each day until this work was finished. Here again the results were almost incredible. Two weeks after the shock the board of health reported that the sick list was but slightly greater than usual, there was no more contagious disease than in normal times, and there had been but one death from exposure. On May 1, twelve days after the shock, one of the press agencies reported as follows:

"The calamity has given San Francisco a new psychology. It has created a new and capable set of pioneers; it has given the people a new and intense interest in life. It has even improved the health of all who were strong enough to pull through the moderate hardship of the first five days. There isn't a blasé person in the State."

**C**REDIT for these surprising successes in coping with nature are given by those who ought to know not alone to Funston and Schmitz, but to the people themselves. "It's been easy," said one army officer; "the people have been so quiet and reasonable." Here is an extract from a letter written by a San Francisco artist, Bruce Porter (one of the founders of *The Lark*), to a friend in New York City:

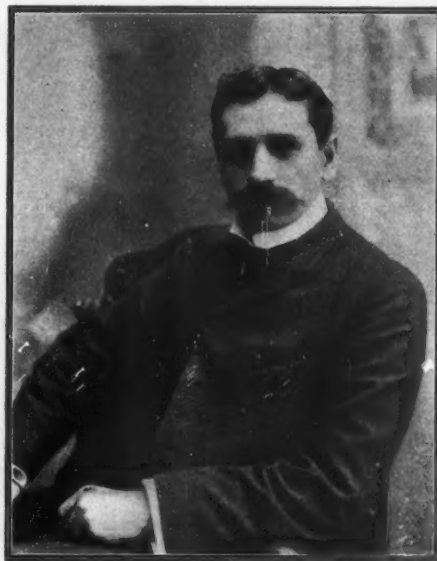
"It was the day of judgment and all the Biblical terrors of the Wrath of God, but if you could have been here you would have seen what the people are. It was the noblest expression of humanity that the world has seen. Nobody thought of himself, and the prostitute with last night's paint on her cheeks sat and held the baby of the



CHAIRMAN OF THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

Next to Funston and Schmitz, James D. Phelan is given credit for the remarkable exhibition the citizens of San Francisco have made of orderliness and fortitude.

homeless and husbandless woman beside her. The town has never been in such perfect moral order,



DIRECTOR OF RELIEF WORK

Dr. Edward T. Devine, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York, was despatched at once to San Francisco to take charge of the Red Cross work. He handled a difficult situation with great tact.

and if I once said to you—vauntingly—that the idea of the American people was charity and brotherly love, here is the proof.

"There has been no panic, no disorderly conduct, simply unconscious bravery and unselfishness under as severe a strain as was ever put upon a community. The desolation is inconceivable, and of course everybody is poor and one-half the population homeless. The Presidio beneath my windows was packed with people that first night—the heavens terribly red with fire, ominous, awful—people without a scrap to cover them sharing their crusts with strangers—and the good nature was like a cooling breeze in one's face as one walked among them. What help one could give was unanimously refused in the interest of more helpless neighbors. Not one case of drunkenness have I seen in seven days, and I have heard only two oaths, and those lightly spoken—and this in what has been named 'the wickedest city in the world.'"

Frederick Palmer's testimony is to the same effect: "Rioting there was none; looting very little. Bad natures were cowed by the great calamity and the good in men generally appeared." He adds: "Sanitary regulations were enforced with an ease which would have been impossible in any great European city. Here common intelligence and the ethics of modern popular education through schools and newspapers and periodicals played a part. 'What we have to look out for is an epidemic,' was the common watchword; and with few exceptions there was no need of discipline on this account." It is a gay picture which the special correspondent of *The Evening Post* (New York) gives us nearly three weeks after the shock:

"The spirit shown by the refugees is amazing in the light of their almost tragic condition. A great many pianos have been carried to the parks and set up under the tents. All day long and deep into the night men and women bang away at popular airs, one great favorite being 'Home Was Never Like This.' On Sunday the marine and army bands give afternoon and evening concerts in Golden Gate Park and at the Presidio, while the children and young people dance on the green."

ONE reason for the ease with which order has been maintained and an epidemic prevented lies in the prompt and decisive action of the mayor in closing all the saloons immediately after the fire started. Three weeks later they were still closed and he was asked when he was going to allow them to reopen. His reply was: "Saloons will remain closed indefinitely in San Francisco. Peace and quiet have prevailed since all traffic in liquor was stopped and no saloon will be permitted to open until such time as there is no likelihood of complaint. I may say that the proprietors themselves are not complaining. It is certain that nothing will be done in the liquor matter inside of sixty or ninety days and possibly longer."

This action of the mayor is not nearly as extraordinary as the compliance of the people, including the saloon-keepers themselves, with this state of things. But the sense of universal brotherhood and the common gratitude for dangers escaped seems to have softened all hearts and quickened the altruistic



DYNAMITE VERSUS FIRE

To save the Post-Office from the flames, the Odd Fellows Hall was blown to ruins. The cloud in this picture is the result of the explosion. The fire was finally stayed by blowing down eight or nine blocks of buildings before the flames reached them.

instincts. "Isn't this great universal brotherhood fine on this beautiful Sunday morning?" remarked a physician making his rounds. "Isn't it great to be able to say to a man, 'Do you want a collar? Do you want car fare?' And to have him take it just as if he were your brother, and he had a right to take it? My clean collars—thereby hang many tales when I have time to tell them!"

A special correspondent of *The Times* (New York) describes the open-air religious service in the refugees camp on Adams Point, the second Sunday after the disaster:

"Few open-air temples could be more beautiful. It is a natural park full of splendid oak trees, the green lawn sloping down to lovely Lake Merritt, picturesque against a magnificent background of hills.

"Thousands were assembled for the service, and no one who heard it will ever forget it. A piano had been brought out on a wagon, and in it sat a woman to play the accompaniments. There was nothing incongruous in the scene. The addresses told of the courage necessary to go on—and they were full of comfort in their own way.

"But that was not what you felt. Each individual soul spoke for itself. All our life have we heard prayers in the churches, but we realized

how terrible a thing it is when from the depths men pray. Not the prayers they may say in words, but the prayers written in their faces. The majesty of a great sanctuary in the hills was about us, as thousands of voices sang reverently in a hymn which was a great Psalm:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on."

"Softly the benediction was pronounced over bowed heads. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness. Only God may know the unspoken prayer in the heart of each of these homeless ones. In silence we took our homeward way."

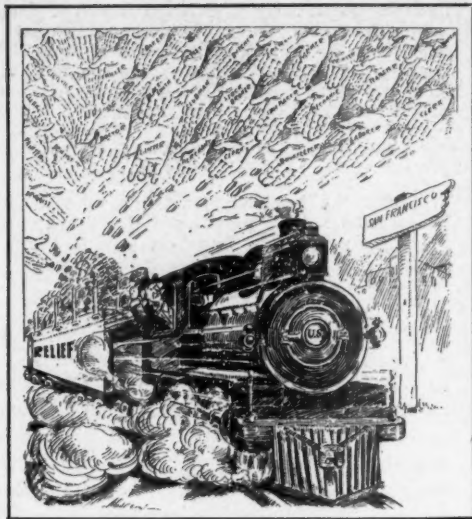
IF THE disaster in San Francisco has revealed unsuspected depths of heroism, it has also revealed unsuspected depths of depravity as well. One of these latter revelations was made in the Chinatown district. It appears now that there were two Chinatowns, one above the ground, another below. A large number of subterranean passages have been laid bare, running from house to house, with deep, dark and mysterious dungeon-like wells. Speaking of this, a writer says: "The existence of these lairs had long been suspected, and stories of the terrible crimes committed in



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#### BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE

"Our ovens are made of the bricks that toppled down from our chimneys. They are laid roughly upon each other, and we unhandy folk burn our fingers and scald ourselves in our efforts to cook."



EVERY LITTLE HELPS

—Naughton in Duluth Evening Herald.

them have been current, but it took the removal of the buildings to show the existence of a second Chinatown under the first. The one to some degree in view was bad enough, but what went on among the prisoners and jailers of the subterranean city probably passes the Occidental imagination." Another revelation which the earthquake, it is claimed, has made, is that of "graft" on the part of the political machine which has for years ruled the city. This particular machine "happens to be a Republican machine," says the correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, itself a Republican paper. He says further:



GRIT

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle.

"Few if any among cities have been more openly and frankly surrendered to political loot than has San Francisco in the recent years of her history. By way of illustration there is the fate which befell her municipal buildings in the earthquake. Compared with the experience of the Federal public buildings, the city structures point a mighty moral. In all the devastated district there is no more conspicuous ruin than that of the City Hall, whose history is a serial story of shameless and unpardonable graft. The original estimates for this building contemplated an expenditure of \$1,000,800. When that sum was disposed of the structure had hardly risen above the basement. Before it was completed it had cost approximately \$8,000,000. No one in this region pretends to deny that it stood as a monument to the audacity of the looters. When the shock of the earthquake came it crumbled like a playhouse of pasteboard. The ensuing fire did no more than to put an appropriate smudge of black over the wreckage. Other municipal buildings fared not much better; everyone bears the stamp of an unmistakable dishonesty. The Federal buildings are practically intact, though they bore an equal if not a greater trial."



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## FIRST RED CROSS HOSPITAL

"In the church near us three little children were born last night. In the camp a few blocks away eighteen were born. Children are born behind screens on street corners, and later the poor mothers are taken to the nearest improvised hospital."

**R**ESUMPTION of business may be said to have begun on May 1, when the banks opened again. They had no buildings, but all the cashiers were stationed at the mint to receive customers. Each depositor was limited to a withdrawal at first of \$500, giving a promissory note, which was indorsed by the cashier, and presented at the mint. By that date, too, the water-supply had been restored in fairly good quantity, 800 out of 1,100 arc lamps had been relighted in the streets, and the street-cars were running on many of the avenues. All over the business section little shacks of wood, tar-paper and corrugated iron were going up as substitutes for office buildings and department stores. With the beginning of business, the spirit of gain began to make itself again felt. Exorbitant rents were asked for these little shacks. For an ugly frame



building that escaped destruction and which has been bringing in rentals of \$150 a month the owner now asks \$5,000 a month. A kitchen in a two-story shanty has been rented for \$100 a month. In Oakland, by May 7, the hotels were asking five dollars a day for a cot in a hallway. Speculation in real estate had begun and prices were being predicted higher than before the fire.

THE question of the rebuilding of San Francisco seems to be no longer a question. The Crocker Brothers, who estimate their losses at \$7,500,000, say: "It is preposterous to suggest the abandonment of the city. It is the natural metropolis of the Pacific Coast. God made it so. D. O. Mills, the Spreckels family, everybody we know, have determined to rebuild and to invest more than ever before. Certainly we do." On May 7, a contract was



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FIRST SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE PRESIDIO CAMP

"Each individual soul spoke for itself. All our life have we heard prayers in the churches, but we realized how terrible a thing it is when from the depths men pray. Not the prayers they may say words, but the prayers written in their faces."

signed by George H. Toy for an eleven-story building of steel and stone, and a few days later a contract was announced by Wm. R. Hearst for a new skyscraper for his newspaper *The Examiner*. On May 11, a meeting was held by two hundred owners of business sites, and twenty-five of them stated that architects were already at work for them on plans for better buildings than they had had before the fire. A nine-story steel structure was then already under way at the corner of Sutter and Kearney Streets, the cost of which is to be \$200,000. It was announced in Pittsburg, on the same day, that the Westinghouse Company had shipped thirty-five car-loads of electrical machinery to California, and that thirty more car-loads would leave in a week. The capital immediately available for the San Francisco banks, for the re-establishment of business, was



DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE IS MISERABLE  
She is camping out on the ruins of her home and does not have to worry about dusting the bric-a-brac that

figured out as nearly \$50,000,000 on May 11, the New York banks having transferred \$36,635,000 to that city in the preceding three weeks, and over seven millions of dollars having been in the hands of the San Francisco banks at the time of the fire. Various plans



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THE LUXURY OF PAPER-COVERED HOUSES

"There are no cooks—the Chinese servants have fled the city, and one may see delicately nurtured women cooking for their crying children in the middle of the street."

for the financing of the new building operations are under consideration by E. H. Harriman, Senator Newlands, ex-Mayor Phelan and others. Says Mr. Harriman: "It will take three years to rebuild the city. Such work can not be done hysterically; nothing can be accomplished that way. It is necessary to proceed according to well-formed plans." What these plans are to be, and whether Mr. Burnham's ideas are to be followed out, the whole country will be interested in knowing.

**N**O EARTHQUAKE could expend such varied energy in the destruction of San Francisco as her citizens now display in the reconstruction of their city. To this effect the journals of all Europe are unanimous and it constitutes, perhaps, the one point upon which the dailies of London and the dailies of Berlin are of the same opinion. Not all, naturally, have had the self-restraint in the course of their comment to ignore the phoenix rising from her ashes or the burning of Rome when Nero reigned. The London *Guardian* congratulates mankind

that the disaster occurred in San Francisco instead of on the site of any city of equal size in Europe. A cultivated being, it explains, is necessarily less horrified by the catastrophe to the Queen of the Pacific than he would be by a like misfortune in an Old World community. This fact, we are assured, is attributable to the inferiority of the American people in an esthetic and historical sense, and the whole affair, accordingly, has an element of comfort to the British organ. "You may rebuild San Francisco," it avers, "but you cannot make an Appian Way or a Square of St. Mark, a Notre Dame or a Westminster Abbey." Mere enterprise does not erect such memo-

rials of antiquity. History evolves them. "A great earthquake," to quote further, "which dealt with a historic city as San Francisco has just been dealt with would arouse very different emotions—every intelligent person who read of it would realize that the world had suffered a moral and intellectual loss such as cannot possibly accrue from the destruction of a brand new commercial capital." Wherefore the London organ congratulates the esthetically superior portion of mankind upon the discrimination of the terrestrial crust in its manifestations of seismic energy.

**E**UROPEAN fire insurance companies either lack all faculty for this kind of speculation or they are not sufficiently coheirs of the ages to subordinate financial considerations to the historical sense. Sir William Bousfield, of the Union Assurance Society of London, goes so far as to say that the directors of that corporation are much to be sympathized with in connection with such a dire calamity at the end of a successful year in California. A company like the Union, he adds, may have its whole position materially changed by the San Francisco calamity. By common consent, the Baltimore fire, two years ago, which cost British companies about \$10,000,000, will prove a trifle compared with the losses in California which they must face very soon. The liabilities of London companies in San Francisco are put by the London *Telegraph* at not less than \$100,000,000. This leaves out of consideration other claims which may be advanced from elsewhere than San Francisco. But it does not follow that \$100,000,000, or anything like that sum, will have to be paid. It is said in the London *Times* that there must be many structures in the city destroyed by earthquake only. There can be no liability in such cases, although policy must dictate a certain liberality in interpreting insurance restrictions. Given, however, a clause exempting a company from fires attributable to earthquake, what right, it is asked in some London insurance organs, have the companies to pay a single penny? "It is all very well to be liberal," asserts one high insurance official in England, "but you cannot be liberal with other people's money. Fire insurance corporations must not make presents even if their motive in doing so be to obtain future business." It is deemed a possibility that a shareholder in London might obtain an injunction restraining payments of



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#### TWENTY-FIVE CARLOADS OF POTATOES

"What pride we take in our great Government! For the sun has set on scores of thousands of homeless people, and not one of them is hungry."



THE SPIRIT OF FORTY-NINE

"The man who had a burned store and his debts as the result of a life-work showed the same stoicism as the whole people: the stoicism of the men who fought the Indians and thirst along the old overland trail as they made their way to that garden spot of America which they love with an affection unknown in the older communities."

losses not called for by the terms of a policy. Innumerable policies contained an earthquake restriction. There are also various German, French and Austrian fire insurance companies yet to make known their final attitude.

A PROFOUND subtlety is discerned by the *Avenire d'Italia* in Victor Emmanuel's remark that circumstances impart peculiar appropriateness to his own personal expressions of sympathy with San Francisco. Emperor William wounded Italian sensibilities to the quick, say Roman organs, by refraining from any personal expression to Victor Emmanuel of the sympathy he should have felt with the Vesuvian sufferers. How conspicuous, insinuate a few foreign dailies now, is the alleged absence of any condolence from the Hohenzollern to our President upon the direst calamity in American annals! Fond as he has always been of cabling to Mr. Roosevelt, William II imposed restraints upon this propensity when San Francisco lay in ruins. Telegrams there are from the French President, the British King and potentates a-plenty; but from the German Emperor President Roosevelt received no line directly—at least no personal communication between the pair on the subject of San Francisco has seen the light of day abroad. William II seems merely to have instructed his Washington ambassador to communicate to the American Government a formal expression of the imperial sympathy. A like course was adopted in the case of the Vesuvian disasters. The European explanation is that Italy had incurred William's displeasure by her proceedings at the Morocco conference. It is now surmised in foreign capitals that the successor

of Frederick the Great must have been displeased likewise with Rooseveltian policies at Algeciras. Berlin newspapers remark that Italy, owing to her diplomacy, had no right to expect condolences on the Vesuvian disaster from Germany. These very Berlin organs manifest a tendency to resent President Roosevelt's rejection of foreign aid for San Francisco. Yet Paris dailies and London dailies expatiate upon the lofty plane of sturdiness and self-reliant independence of which the presidential attitude is eloquent. Berlin retorts by complaining of a moral Monroe doctrine set up in an insulting hurry. London would like to know if the earthquake has not, through the irony of circumstance, become involved in world politics. Paris finds a counterpart to the mysterious relation suspected between Vesuvian disturbances and San Francisco quakings in the unfathomable coincidence of the cablegram not sent by Emperor William and the foreign aid not accepted by President Roosevelt.

..



RADUALLY the policy of the present administration has developed until it has reached the full proportions of a general war upon those forms of industrial combination loosely termed trusts. It is no longer a skirmish that we are witnessing, nor a single engagement; it is a widespread war, a campaign; or, better, perhaps, a crusade, as its purpose is reformation rather than annihilation. A reference to some of the engagements of the last few weeks indicates the extent and importance of what is now occurring in the country. The prosecu-

tion of the "meat-packers' trust," with its futile ending, was followed, as told in these pages last month, by the President's sensational message with its critical references to Judge Humphrey and its request for legislation to enable the administration to overcome the difficulty arising from the latter's ruling in regard to "immunity baths." The prosecution of three other corporate bodies, the "tobacco trust," the "paper trust" and the "sugar trust," resulted, as already noted by us, in a decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that a corporation cannot claim the privilege granted by the law to an individual, of refusing to furnish testimony that is incriminating. This decision has greatly facilitated the work the President has undertaken. The first direct result is the surrender and the expected dissolution of the "paper trust," a fact of such tremendous import that the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent chronicles it as follows:

"What is regarded here as the beginning of the end of industrial combinations in the United States occurred to-day in St. Paul, Minn., when the Northwestern Paper Trust surrendered in its defense against governmental proceedings and its dissolution was ordered. It would be difficult to exaggerate the far reaching importance of this action. No one here doubts that this is only the forerunner of dozens of similar dissolutions of trusts and combinations alleged to be restraint of interstate commerce."

ANOTHER important move by the administration has been the selection of Charles E. Hughes (who conducted the insurance investigations) and Alexander Simpson, Jr., of Philadelphia, by the Attorney-General, to conduct an investigation into the relation of the coal-carrying railroads and the coal-mining industry, a similar investigation having also been instituted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some sensational revelations have already been made. A fourth battle of the same sort has been begun in the indictment, by a Federal grand jury, of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, the American Sugar Refining Company and the New York Sugar Refining Company (that is to say, the "sugar trust"), the railroad for giving and the trust for receiving rebates. Another proceeding has been instituted by the Attorney-General in a petition before the Circuit Court in Indiana for an injunction against three associations commonly known as the "drug trust," on the basis of evidence elicited recently in a suit before Judge Holland, in the Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. In addition to all these actions,

indictments have also been secured against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, the Great Northern, the Mutual Transit Company, and others, together with a number of shippers over those roads, for rebating, and in the case of two of the Burlington railroad officials, convictions have been secured and fines of \$10,000 each imposed. But the real battle royal against trusts was apparently begun when on May 4 the President sent a special message to Congress transmitting a report by Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations, accusing the Standard Oil Company, that has been called the parent of all the trusts, of securing illegal rebates from railroads in nearly all sections of the country.

THIS long series of momentous movements coming to public notice within the last few weeks has furnished the uppermost topic in the press of the country, next to the San Francisco disaster. Referring to the President's activity on these lines, one of the conservative, non-political journals of New York City, *The Journal of Commerce*, pays him this strong tribute:

"However mistaken his methods may occasionally be, he has performed an inestimable service, one that will be permanently recorded to his credit and may start a new epoch in the career of this republic, in stirring up the sentiment and the conscience of the country in regard to some widespread and deeply-rooted wrongs, which were more of a menace to our institutions than most people realize. If he succeeds even in starting a remedy which shall work out a correction of the wrongs and restore to health the disordered body politic, he will be entitled to the gratitude not only of this generation but of all those that are to come. . . . He has the faults that go with his character and temperament, but they are blemishes which are insignificant compared with the qualities that are essential to success in such efforts as he is called upon to put forth. He has attacked the great trusts, the combination of powerful railroads and the alliance between the two, with a determination and a force that have made the country realize what a dangerous empire of unscrupulous greed was being reared over the foundations of a free republic, and have brought the people to his support."

And the President's warfare against the trusts, according to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is only beginning.

NO PARTY lines are discernible in the almost unanimous approval given by the press to the general course of the administration in these matters. That unanimity of approval does not extend, of course, to the President's position on the rate bill, nor to his criticism of Judge Humphrey, which has been



sharply censured by many papers upholding his course in other respects. The appointment of Charles E. Hughes to conduct the "coal trust" investigation is spoken of with special enthusiasm. "One such official act," says the *Democratic World* (New York), is worth a thousand speeches about the square deal and lasting righteousness." The commission given to Messrs. Hughes and Simpson is a sweeping one. They are to "take under consideration all the facts now known, or which can be ascertained, relating to the transportation and sale of coal in interstate commerce, to advise what, if any, legal proceedings should be begun, and to conduct, under the direction of the Attorney-General, such suits or prosecutions, if any, as may be warranted by the evidence in hand and forthcoming. The Pennsylvania papers are especially interested. Says the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

"The case of the combinations between the railroads and the fuel-producing corporations has been a peculiarly flagrant one, and the opportunity is now presented for the first time for a searching review of the whole evil. . . . If the Department of Justice, with the assistance of Messrs. Hughes and Simpson, shall make material progress in this direction, it will rid the country of one of the most insidious menaces to its industrial and commercial well-being. It is this possibility of public service which gives this step of the Federal Government its great importance."

**M**ORE striking, because more unexpected, is the practical unanimity with which the conservative and radical press alike have commented upon the message of the President concerning the Standard Oil Company. Many of the more important papers speak of it as "epoch-making." The *Baltimore Sun* thinks he might be more specific in discussing remedies, and the *New York Times* takes issue with the President's apparent purpose in the message to influence the passage of the railway rate bill, to which it has all along been strongly opposed. But even *The Times* says of the message as a whole and the report that accompanies it:

"There is scarcely room for doubt that the Commissioner has the facts and evidence to support his charges. Assuming that his proofs are adequate, the country will demand that justice and the law shall have their due. We see no reason why the secret rebate should not be crushed out now for all time. It is a device of the business coward and assassin, it is dishonest and detestable. The country hates it, and among those who have openly condemned it were hypocrites who were all the time secretly giving or receiving it. . . . If the railroad managers of the country, the men of the Standard Oil Company and of other cor-

porations and concerns that have profited by this criminal trickery, have not yet had their eyes opened to the fact that the prevailing spirit of discontent and the growing Socialistic agitation in the country are largely due to them and their contemptuous violation of the laws of the land, it is high time that a revealing light were let in upon their minds through the discourse of Judges pronouncing sentence in courts of law."

**T**HE investigation made into the affairs of the Standard Oil Company was ordered by a resolution of the House of Representatives passed February 15, 1905. The resolution referred to the Kansas oil field alone, but Commissioner Garfield extended the scope of the inquiry to cover the whole country. "The report shows," says the President, "that the Standard Oil Company has benefited enormously up almost to the present moment by secret rates, many of these secret rates being clearly unlawful." These rebates, he says, amount to at least \$750,000 a year, and enable it to derive a much larger profit at the expense of the public. Shortly after the discovery of the secret rates most of them were promptly corrected by the railroads—an acknowledgment, the President thinks, that the rates were wrong and known to be wrong. The Department of Justice, says the President, will take up the question of instituting prosecutions in at least some of these cases. In addition to the advantage secured by means of secret rates, contrary to the law on the statute books, the Standard Oil Company has also received "overwhelming advantage" from open rates, which the present law probably does not reach. In New England the refusal of several roads to prorate—that is, to join in through rates—has "virtually kept independent refiners from using all-rail routes," giving a great advantage to the Standard with its part water route, a fact that furnishes to the President's mind a strong argument for the passage of the rate bill. Commissioner Garfield, in explaining the general results of his investigation, says:

"Different methods are used in different places and under different conditions, but the net result is that from Maine to California the general arrangement of open rates on petroleum oil is such as to give the Standard an unreasonable advantage over its competitors. The conclusion is unavoidable that the Standard oil company has had an important voice in the construction of such rates, and this conclusion is supported by specific evidence developed by the investigation."

**I**N A reply made for the Standard Oil Company by Mr. H. H. Rogers and Mr. John D. Archbold, they say, in part:



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#### THE DISTINGUISHED SON OF A DISTINGUISHED FATHER

Commissioner Garfield's report on the Standard Oil Company is to be made the basis for prosecutions by the Attorney-General.

"One does not care to bandy words with the President of the United States. It is not easy to differentiate between Mr. Roosevelt the President, and Mr. Roosevelt the individual. He has given us of his advice most generously upon every subject from the size of our families to the mistakes of the federal judges, and some error is inevitable now and then to the most conservative man under such circumstances. We say flatly that any assertion that the Standard Oil Company has been or is now knowingly engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust."

Very many of the commissioner's criticisms, they assert, will be answered by bearing in mind that the Standard refineries are located at centers of distribution, while the independent refineries are usually in the crude-oil fields. The refusal of the New England roads to prorate, they also assert, has not affected the price of kerosene or the Standard's control of the market; and if the refusal of the roads to prorate is in violation of the proprieties, "clearly they and not the Standard Oil Company should be made the object of attack." The reply of Messrs. Rogers and Archbold has not, however, had any appreciable effect upon the tone of the press comment. The President has made no move, according to the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, "that hit the mark more nota-

bly nor at such an effective moment." The *Connecticut Courant* says that "Theodore Roosevelt has smitten with a resounding whack of challenge the biggest golden shield in the world as fearlessly as Wilfred of Ivanhoe tapped the shield of the Templar," and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* sees special significance in the fact that a short time after the reading of the message in the Senate that body adopted by a unanimous vote Senator Lodge's amendment to the rate bill, making pipe lines for the transportation of oil common carriers subject to the regulations of the interstate commerce act. As for the lower house, it broke out into a storm of applause when the message was read.

ONE champion the Standard Oil has, however, found in Chancellor James R. Day, of Syracuse University, the only man, we believe, who was ever elected a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church and then declined the honor. The chancellor accuses the President of "anarchism," asserting that "the President of the United States has positively no right, constitutionally or morally, to attack corporate business, or private business." Dr. Day's comment has, however, been treated with scant courtesy. A journal so far removed from "anarchism" as the *New York Evening Post* and so little disposed to accept the President's views on many questions, says curtly: "It is a singular coincidence that John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, has given much money to Syracuse University, and is now president of the board of trustees. Under such circumstances, the head of a college who springs to the defence



FORTISSIMO

—W. A. Rogers in *N. Y. Herald*.





THE HEAD OF "THE MEAT-PACKERS' TRUST"

The gentleman with his hand on the wheel is J. Ogden Armour, who has been defending his business in a series of well-written articles in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

tax must, according to the present bill, be "denatured" with some material "which destroys its character as a beverage and renders it unfit for liquid medicinal purposes." The present tax on alcohol is \$2.08 a gallon. The cost of production is estimated as low as eight cents a gallon. It can be produced from any wheat, potatoes, beets, rice—any—practicing starch or sugar. The Secretary, in a recent hearing on the Distilleries, the Ways and Means Committee, said:

"The Northern States could readily depend upon the white potato as a source of heat and light, the Southern States upon the yam and the sweet potato, and the Western States upon the sugar beet. . . . The average amount of sugar and starch which goes to waste in the stalks of Indian corn annually would make 100 gallons of commercial alcohol per acre. When we consider that the number of acres in Indian corn is approximately 100,000,000, it is seen that the quantity of alcohol that is lost in the stalks is so large as to be almost beyond the grasp of our conception."

The subject appeals, as no mere political bill ever appeals, to the popular interest, for the promise is held out by the champions of the bill of something like a revolution in domestic life if the bill prevails. In an article

on the use of alcohol in Germany, by C. J. Zintheo, of the Department of Agriculture, published in *The Gas Engine*, we find this:

"For lighting purposes, as alcohol gives a non-luminous flame, a chemical mantle is used similar to the Welsbach burner, which produces a very bright, intense and economical light, costing but one cent per burner, per hour, for 71-candle power. For the production of heat generally it is simply perfection, and nothing has yet been found to equal ethyl alcohol for this purpose, owing to the fact that it produces perfect and complete combustion.

"Alcohol made repugnant to the taste is being used as an incandescent light. Instead of being drunk, it is burned. It propels the farm motor, the automobile and the launch, and the simple fact of obtaining denaturalization permits each private citizen to light his farm or factory, to heat his home, do farm work, or transport himself. One of the neatest of the many new devices used in Germany is an alcohol flatiron with a small reservoir, which, being filled with alcohol and lit, heats the iron for the hour's work, at a cost of less than two cents. The cleanliness and economy of these figures to the housekeeper are obvious. For farm motors alcohol is a perfect fuel because of its complete combustion, the absence of its noxious odors, its uniform quality and its unlimited and universal sources. While it is true that the heat of combustion of alcohol is practically only half that of gasoline, yet twice as large percentage of heat can be converted into useful work as in gasoline, and hence point for point alcohol is as efficient as gasoline."

"We do not know a journal of prominence in this country," says the *Boston Transcript*, "that is not enthusiastically in favor of the measure, and all reflect the sentiment of their readers."



"THEY MAKE HIM SO NERVOUS"

—Minneapolis Journal.





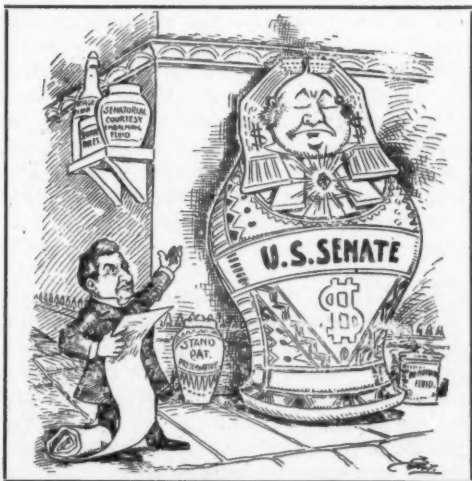
HE closing days of the debate in the Senate on the rate-regulation bill—which was passed in that body on May 18 by a vote of 71 to 3—were marked by maneuvers for party advantage, personal recriminations, and discussion of minor details. When President Roosevelt accepted what is known as the Allison amendments, he healed a breach in the Republican ranks and insured the passage of the bill in a form approved by him; but he did this at the expense of being charged with bad faith by many Democratic Senators, who insist that he has surrendered on the main point to the enemies of rate regulation, and has betrayed the Democratic allies who have been fighting his battle for him. The Allison amendments pertained chiefly to the vexed question of court review, and provide that no preliminary injunction is to be granted without a hearing of both sides, that application for such injunction must be heard by three Circuit Court judges, and that a direct appeal from their decision is to be had to the Supreme Court only. This, Senator Bailey and Senator Tillman and Senator Rayner assert, is the “broad court review” against which the President was supposed to be contending, and they ostentatiously congratulated Senator Aldrich and the other conservative Senators on having captured the President and won their fight. The President, on the other hand, as well as Secretary Root and Secretary Taft, considers that the Allison amendment “does not in the



THE HEAD OF THE “SUGAR TRUST”

Henry O. Havemeyer has been president of the American Sugar Refining Co. (capital \$75,000,000) ever since its organization. The company has just been indicted for accepting rebates.

slightest degree weaken or injure the Hepburn bill,” but “merely expresses what the friends of the bill have always asserted was implied by the terms of the bill.”

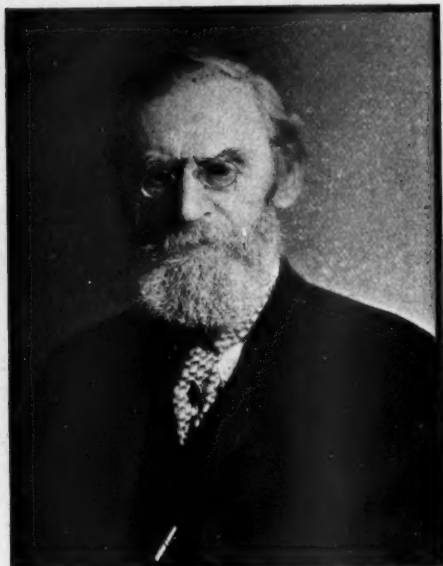


PERHAPS HE IS RIGHT

Senator Tillman insists that the senate is not decaying.

—Minneapolis Journal.

AN unfortunate issue of veracity was raised in the course of the closing debate between ex-Senator Chandler and President Roosevelt. It transpires that the ex-Senator had been acting as a sort of intermediary between the President and the Democratic Senators who were favorable to the rate-review bill in its more stringent form. The understanding of these latter was that ex-Senator Chandler was acting in these negotiations as an emissary for the President. The President's understanding was that Mr. Chandler was acting as an emissary for the Democratic Senators. When the President, therefore, accepted the Allison amendments without notice to ex-Senator Chandler or the Democratic Senators, the latter resented it as an evidence of duplicity and bad faith, and a statement to this effect, written by the ex-Senator, was read by Senator Tillman on the floor of the Senate. It included, also, an assertion that the President had declared in



Photograph by Pach.

"EUROPE HAS GIVEN NO WORTHIER CITIZEN TO AMERICA"

The late Carl Schurz, of whom James Bryce spoke as above, was the first German-born American to take a seat in the Senate of the United States.

conversation that Senators Knox, Spooner, and Foraker were trying to injure or defeat the rate bill by ingenious constitutional arguments. This assertion of the ex-Senator's was stigmatized by Senator Lodge, on the authority of the President, as "a deliberate and unqualified falsehood." From a personal and partizan point of view, these incidents of the discussion have interest and importance; but neither the railroads, the shippers, nor the general public have any vital concern in them and the press has refused to consider them as affairs of very great magnitude at this time. "We do not think," says the *New York Times*, (Dem.), "the country will follow very keenly the difference that has arisen between Mr. Roosevelt and ex-Senator Chandler." But the results, other papers think, upon legislation desired by the President may be far-reaching.



FEW men have played more parts than Carl Schurz played in the seventy-seven years of his life, just ended. He was an active revolutionist in Germany in 1848, escaping from the fortress of Rastadt when it was captured by the enemy through a sewer to the Rhine, and thence to Switzerland. Later he returned in disguise to Berlin to carry out an adventurous

scheme, which proved successful, for the liberation of his former professor, Kinkel, who had been imprisoned for life for his part in the revolution. In London and Paris young Schurz supported himself as music-teacher and newspaper correspondent, ending his career in the latter city by happily and romantically marrying the daughter of a Hamburg merchant. Coming to America a month later, in 1852, he became one of the early organizers of the Republican party, and in 1857 came within 107 votes of being elected lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin, although he had only just become a citizen. He became a lawyer, a lecturer, a party leader, being one of the committee that notified Abraham Lincoln of his nomination in 1860. He served for a few months as minister to Spain, returning to the United States to take part in the Civil War, on the Union side, receiving a commission as brigadier-general. After the war he became, in succession, Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, editor of the *Detroit Post*, editor of the *Westliche Post*. In 1869 he was elected a United States Senator by the Missouri legislature, being the first German-born citizen to serve in the Senate. He became Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes, giving a great impetus to the cause of civil service reform, a cause with which his name has always been very prominently identified. The romantic story of his life is being told in graphic detail in an autobiography that has been running as a serial in *McClure's* for six or eight months. He was the finest example of the idealist that Germany ever contributed to America, according to *The Evening Post* (New York), a paper of which he was for several years the editor. The *New York Mail* calls him another Cato the Censor, and says that he was a born "mugwump," whose gifts fitted him for opposition and criticism, but "quite unfitted him for constructive statesmanship."



UPON that Princess Ena of Battenberg whom June sees transmitted into Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, Madrid is now bestowing an adoration that reflects presumably the state of his Catholic Majesty's heart. White duchess satin, embroidered with silver thread, open-work patterns of large rosettes and short sleeves terminating in frills of lace monopolize in the dailies of all Europe the columns so recently devoted to English discontent at

the abjuration of Protestantism by the object of the Spanish King's love. The wedding tries the patience of the nonconformists not less than that of the dressmakers. The young royal lady swore, in a very elegant hat, that she was very sorry she had been brought up a Protestant. "I now, by the help of God's grace," she declared in the palace chapel at San Sebastian, "profess that I believe the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church to be the only and true church." Amid a chorus of censure from the sectarian evangelical weeklies of her uncle's realm and an outburst of admiration in the society organs, the princess, in white silk and a train embroidered in silver, accepted, on a gilt footstool, everything that has been defined and declared to be truth by the Council of Trent and by the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, and accepted as well the primacy not only of honor but of jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff. This repudiation of the faith of which her royal uncle is the defender makes the princess the center of what the *London World* pronounces the fashionable event of the season.

IT WOULD be idle to pretend, confesses the *London Times*, that this is an act of which the religious sense of Edward VII's kingdom can wholly approve. Why should anyone be offended, asks the *Madrid Epoca*, at what does not offend the religious sense of Alfonso XIII's kingdom? "The instinct which leads to protest and dissatisfaction," adds the *London Times*, "is natural and ought to be respected." "How detestable the bigotry," observes the *Madrid Epoca*, "that impugns the sincerity of conversion." The *London* daily trusts that in the visits which the new Queen of Spain will often pay her native land, "the Roman Catholic aspects of her new dignity will be made as little prominent as possible," while the dynastic organ in Madrid anticipates a day when Spanish ecclesiastical dignitaries shall once more be welcomed in the capital of the great Protestant power. Only when the disputatious dailies approach the subject of sentiment can they agree upon any aspect of the marriage. They all tell us that it was based upon a lambent fire, so to speak, which, playing round this pair of hearts, has penetrated to the very cores or, more accurately, the valves, of the cardiac regions concerned. (See *Madrid Epoca*.) Alfonso's apocryphal passion for an inaccessible Bavarian princess, compared with the absorption of his soul in Ena, is as the unbudded cowslip to the rose in full bloom. (For details of

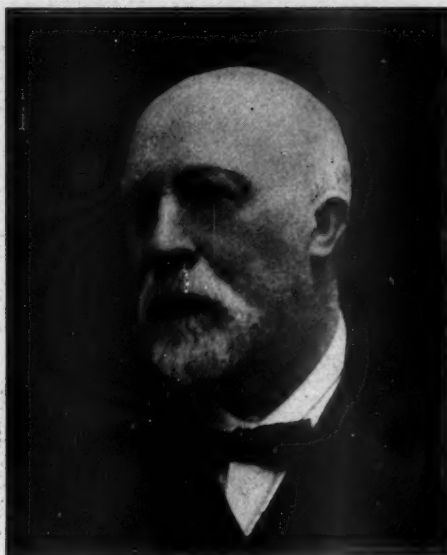


THE PAIR WHO DECLINED TO WED BY PROXY

They are seated side by side in this group. The young lady is the Princess Ena of Battenberg. The youth is the present King of Spain. Standing in the center is the mother of the bride-to-be, formerly Princess Beatrice, favorite daughter of the late Queen Victoria. Following the ancient Spanish royal custom, Princess Ena was to marry Alfonso by proxy. But she objected to being made Queen of Spain by anyone but Alfonso.

Alfonso's love at first sight, see *London Public Opinion*.) Even thus Don Juan's previous attachment to another lady made him feel with greater intensity that heaven was where his last love happened to be—the idea, this, of a Spanish comic paper giving sarcastic form and expression to the emotional state of the entire Iberian peninsula. That peninsula, as reflected in its press, now floats in the ocean of Alfonso's love. There are bull fights everywhere.

HER Serene Highness, or, as she is henceforth to be, her Catholic Majesty, has already proceeded to Spain. The original plan was to have these nuptials celebrated at the home of the royal bride, which would have entailed, in accordance with ancient custom, a marriage by proxy. As it is, all the powers, including the United States, have despatched special embassies to Alfonso's capital to witness the substitution, as mistress of the royal palace at Madrid and as mistress of the Escorial, of a young English girl for a middle-aged Austrian woman. Of medium height, with melancholy countenance, a Hapsburg profile,



HEAD OF THE FRENCH MINISTERIAL  
GOVERNMENT

Jean Sarrien, now Premier in Paris, but soon, it is said, to retire, intends to apply the law separating church and state in all its vigor regardless of the physical resistance of clergy and congregations.

in aspect noble, in religion reverentially Catholic, Doña Maria Christina, the grand figure of the long regency, makes way for a tall, lively, fair girl, one year older than Alfonso himself, a girl graceful of figure, addicted to athletic sports and never melancholy for a moment. Automatically the distinction of commanding the Order of Maria Luisa passes, by this marriage, from the elder woman to her junior. Perhaps the most interesting features of the affair are the bestowal upon Alfonso's new consort of that crown studded with diamonds which was paid for by popular subscription throughout the peninsula and which this bride is to wear as Queen of Spain—mistress of the most ceremonial court in the world—and the public exhibition of the new sovereign's gowns and the whole of her underwear in the show-rooms of the most fashionable modiste in London. All the night-dresses—four dozen—we read in the *London Standard*, are adorned—in the case of a lady, says Gibbon, such details are important—with genuine lace, besides being composed of the finest cambric and high in the yoke. The petticoats are mostly of pale pink broché, with frills of mousseline de soie. There are a good many columns of this in British journals which view with scorn yellow journalism in America.



SEPARATION of church and state was sustained by the French voters in last month's national election; or, as Clémenceau puts it, despotism was not banished from heaven that it might establish its headquarters at Paris. The result is held by many newspapers abroad to prove again that French voters never go over to the enemies of any political combination that passes anticlerical measures. May Day agitations entailed the presence of soldiery in the streets of the capital, and striking miners forced the Minister of the Interior to cease his electioneering long enough to enforce measures of constraint that public order might be maintained. Toward the last the voting-urns seemed magnets for all the elements of discontent. Such things, Clémenceau now tells us, were the instrumentalities, if not indeed the devices, of reaction. But no senile coalition of all the impotents, he adds, with characteristic fierceness, could repel the force which republican France has released into a world made hideous with the hum of clericalism. There is an infinite amount of this sort of thing in that well-known vehicle of Clémenceau's opinions, the *Paris Aurore*. Everything he says is read avidly just now, for the reason that he is the one man to whom all the French ascribe the anticlerical triumph that has just been won. As for the nominal head of the anticlerical combination now in power, Premier Sarrien, he is understood to have already resigned himself to his own resignation. His anticlerical supporters will not support him. He was put in as a mere stop-gap, and is to be defeated by those who won his victory.



ON A certain midnight toward the end of April last, listless members of the House of Commons were rendered wide awake by the news that Mr. John Morley, speaking officially as a pillar of the British ministry, was hurling defiance at the whole bench of bishops. So tame a theme as education provided the Secretary of State for India with his unit of resistance. Scores of members of Parliament sat as rigid as wires while Mr. Morley, guest of honor at a great dinner, placed himself, without insincerity and without impertinence, as he phrased it, in the position of those who are now to raise a tremendous battle—Morley's own words—against the very ministry he adorns. "What is the principle they oppose?" cried that statesman, philosopher and literary oracle

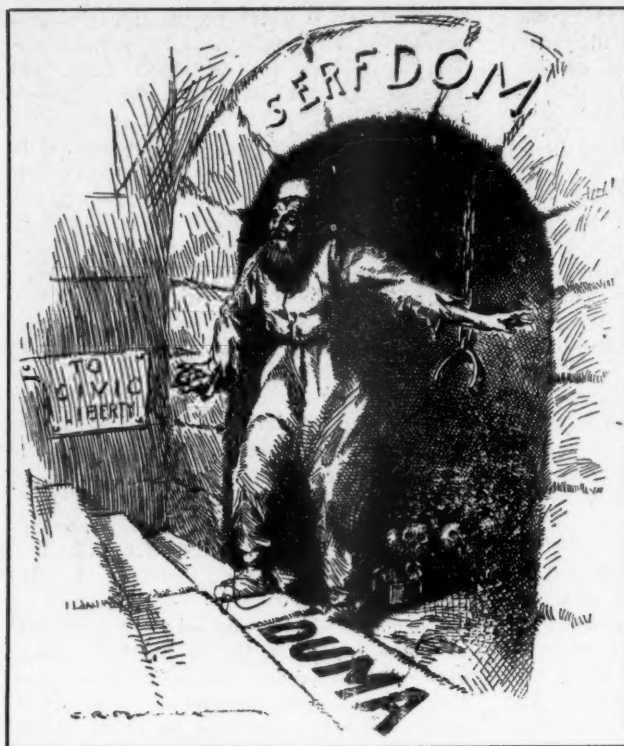


excitedly. "The principle in the [new education] bill that those who provide the money shall control the expenditure of the money." Within an hour the fuse of the London political pinwheel had begun to sputter, and by the next morning every journalistic sky-rocket in England was blazing skyward. "It is obvious," comments the *London Morning Post*, in consternation at what it terms "the outcry," "that the fight which will rage around its [the education bill's] main provisions will be as fierce as any witnessed at Westminster in recent times." The progress of the measure through the Commons must, it concludes, consume most of the ten or twelve weeks that now remain of the session and an autumn session will almost certainly be required to afford the House of Lords time to achieve that rescue of the English people from "the curse of secularism" against which the bench of bishops is in insurrection.

FROM "Birrelligion" has been spawned the new educational hydra which England's priests, peers and prelates are now attacking, fearless of the superior weight of the non-conformist enemy in the House of Commons. Of Birrelligion we have many definitions and one obvious etymology. It is derived from the name of the president of the Board of Education in the Campbell-Bannerman ministry—the Right Honorable Augustine Birrell, K. C., incidentally famous on the American side of the Atlantic for certain jesting essays on themes literary. But Mr. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" passed out of all English minds, when, some weeks ago, he brought in his education bill amid Roman Catholic hierarchical tumult, Anglican prelatical dismay and a sort of popular pandemonium. Birrelligion has since been the only political phenomenon of which Britain seems for the time being to be conscious. On the Saturday before the Monday that brought him this renown, the Right Honorable Augustine Birrell, K. C., sat in a London park framing the speech with which his education bill was introduced to the lawmakers of his native island—"a very beautiful park," he assured the House of Commons, "rich with the promise, I hope not the delusive promise, of early summer, a place simply swarming with children who all seemed animated by one desire, namely, to ascertain the time from me." The laughter that greeted this sally was loud, but the impertinence that prompted it was too characteristic, complains the *London Satur-*

*day Review*. It gives us, we are told, the measure of the man and of his bill, and reveals the lightness with which Mr. Birrell has made himself the instrument of "Nonconformist malice." He is pietistic, too, it is charged, and hypocritical. Line by line, word by word, concludes the Conservative organ, the Birrelligious bill must be fought. Then the House of Lords must deal with it. To this mood had the official opposition press come when Mr. Morley defied the bishops. He implied thereby a defiance of the House of Lords. The *London Spectator* foresees a fresh phase of the agitation for the extermination of the hereditary legislator in the land. If Great Britain escapes a constitutional crisis involving Lords and Commons before the fate of the education bill is decided, then the *London Spectator* is a false prophet.

NOT an instant was lost by the Archbishop of Canterbury in calling the Church of England to arms. Mr. Birrell, powerfully seconded by the support of Mr. Morley—which entails the support of the whole ministry—predicts, none the less, the passage of what has now become the bill of the session. This will mean that on and after January 1, 1908, a school in England shall not be recognized as a public elementary school unless it is provided by the local education authority. From and after the date named, no elementary school shall receive a penny of public money, unless it becomes a provided—or as we Americans would say, a public—school within the meaning of the education act. That is a revolutionary modification of the sectarian system established by Mr. Balfour's government four years ago. The Birrell measure would transform every sectarian school receiving public funds into a provided school within the meaning of the act. Consequently, the school thus transformed would impart the same kind of instruction in religion that is now given—when it is given at all—in the provided schools of England. But this religious instruction is to be subject to the condition that no catechism or formulary distinctive of any religious denomination shall be taught in school hours and to a conscience clause rescuing children from such moral instruction as their parents may oppose. The result would be what Mr. Birrell's opponents contemptuously call "School Board religion." This includes a form of prayer to be used both morning and afternoon in class, hymns for daily use and a syllabus of religious doc-



THE FIRST STEP

C. R. Macauley in N. Y. World.

trine framed by representatives of several denominations.

OWNERS of schools now denominational are to remain their owners in the future. They will have the exclusive possession of the premises during the whole of Saturday and of Sunday. They will likewise have the use of them in the evenings of week days. ("Pretended good will," *The Saturday Review* terms this arrangement.) The maintenance of the buildings as well as the cost of their administration will be provided for out of the taxes. What becomes, asks Mr. Birrell, of the bishops' cry of confiscation? ("This is Stiggins's hour," replies the dissatisfied organ just referred to, "and Stiggins means to get his pound of flesh while he can.") Mr. Birrell pointed out to the House of Commons that the facilities afforded in his bill are confined to "non-provided"—that is, denominational—schools. ("A tasteful touch," our contemporary proceeds, "certain to tickle the Nonconformist palate.") All non-provided schools

electing to receive public money must become provided schools, knowing but one control henceforth, that of the local educational authority. ("Putting the Church," to quote our London commentator once more, "under the heel of the Nonconformists.") However, on two days a week in some schools surrendering to the principle of the bill by abandoning the denominational badge, special denominational teaching shall be given when stipulated for and demanded by parents. ("A concession," proceeds the opposition voice, "which is a studied insult." But this denominational instruction is not to be given by the teacher, nor can it be given in the hours allotted by the bill to secular instruction—nine in the morning to four in the afternoon on five days a week. ("Inflames old sores," expounds our oracle, "and adds others far more malignant in their nature.") The debate is one that stirs all England and arouses many passionate utterances.

STARTING with complete public control, carrying with it the appointment by the local educational authority of the teacher—to whom no creed of any denomination can be applied as a test—and with such a syllabus of religious instruction as the local educational authority adopts, the new and now fiercely fought and fiercely defended education bill embodies, to blend the words of Mr. Birrell with the words of Mr. Morley, the principle that where there is expenditure of public money there must public control be, also. But the whole bill embodies nonconformist religion, contend ecclesiastics of eminence. As a nonconformist born and bred, as a man nurtured in nonconformist history and nonconformist traditions, as one who thinks he may say he was born in the very nonconformist library of a nonconformist minister, Mr. Birrell protests against this misuse of the term "Nonconformist religion." And of all the vile phrases that have climbed to currency in England the vilest, to Mr. Birrell, is "the Nonconformist conscience." "It

must," he said in his great speech on the education bill, "have been the invention of an Erastian humorist." An Erastian, as those members of the Commons who had their ecclesiastical encyclopedias at hand must have noted with admiration, identifies to some extent the church with the state and is accused of denying self-government to the church altogether. The allusion inspired pungency from pulpits wherein Erastianism was viewed as the parent heresy of Birrelligion.

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**D**ISEMBARKING from his yacht at the steps of his winter palace in St. Petersburg barely a fortnight ago, the successor of Ivan the Terrible paraded with a brilliant suite between lines of cavalry to the gilded Hall of St. George and there addressed ambiguous phrases to that Duma which refuses to regard him any longer as the autocrat of all the Russias. Surrounded by the most exalted ecclesiastics of a church which recognizes him as its visible head on earth and with his attenuated figure framed in the gold canonicals and diamond-studded meters of the entire Holy Synod, Nicholas II told the shabby peasants and the impecunious professors in front of him that divine Providence had prompted his summons of them to co-operate in the framing of the empire's laws. He spoke of their arduous labors to come, of the needs of his beloved peasantry, of his own unalterable will and of the little son to whom he would bequeath a firmly established, well-ordered, enlightened state. Never was the nervousness for which this potentate is famous more visible to his applauding courtiers, whose obeisances and genuflections contrasted sharply with the stolidity of the listening Duma.

**N**ICHOLAS II's original determination to honor with his presence only the opening ceremonies of the Council of the Empire seems to have been frustrated partly by his own indecisive temperament and partly by the inflexible pertinacity of two ladies. The Czar's wife and the Czar's mother were for once agreed upon a course for Nicholas to pursue, according to the prevailing gossip. These ladies went through the ceremonies in white silk trains and gold slippers, supporting ancient Russian head-dresses that certainly were high and probably were hot. Less than a week before his Majesty had affronted his mother by dropping Witte. Goremykin, the Russian



WITTE'S REACTIONARY SUCCESSOR

The real power, explains the well-informed correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, is not wielded by Ivan Goremykin, the new Prime Minister of Russia. As Witte's successor, it is understood that he will permit (or rather be forced to allow) General Trepoff to act as Russia's real ruler.

who despises Witte most, and that is saying much, succeeded him as Premier. A decade ago Witte drove Goremykin from power. Goremykin returned the compliment when Plehve became all powerful with the Czar. Witte scored again, and now it is Goremykin's turn once more. Goremykin has always been in touch with reactionary grand dukes and at odds with the faction that rallies around the Czar's mother.

**L**IKE all the older props of the Romanoff dynastic throne, Goremykin is well versed in the orthodox religion and he is said to have great reverence for the episcopal and monastic character. He is said to be so disdainful of the culture of Western Europe as to be unaware of the precise difference in days between the calendar in vogue throughout Russia and that prevailing in the rest of Europe. The amplitude of his estate is not readily reconciled by his critics with the stern regard he professes for the general welfare of the Muscovites and even the creed he accepts is alleged to be tainted with heresy. Considerations of this nature are understood in Europe to have been urged by the mother of Nicholas when she heard the first rumor of Goremykin's elevation. However this may be,

the Dowager Czarina was appeased by the appointment of that tried instrument of her policy, the Chevalier Isvolsky, to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. This experienced diplomatist has long represented his sovereign at the court of Denmark, where, it is said, he imbibed a distrust of Emperor William and a faith in Great Britain which must influence his attitude toward future Anglo-Russian relations. Isvolsky would undoubtedly have succeeded Witte himself had the wishes of the Czar's mother prevailed.

QUITTING the scene, the deputies of the Duma then proceeded to that hall in the Tauride Palace which has been set aside as the cradle of this latest born of parliaments. No caucus in Washington could have organized itself in more cut and dried fashion. By the election of Prof. Sergei Andreievich Mourmontseff as its president, the Duma is said to reveal that if it lacks the wisdom of age it possesses the docility of youth. President Mourmontseff is described as a lecturer rather than an orator, one whose mode of treating public questions is academic rather than practical. He has watched with loving interest the growth of liberal views in Russia, but his mind has been formed in the study and is supposed to be scarcely fitted for the collisions of party spirit. He thinks the Duma will grow a large crop of Robespierres and Dantons, for his mind is saturated with the history of the

French Revolution and it is his theory that history repeats itself.

STRIFE soon became manifest in the Duma itself. The proletarian element dreads a reconstruction of autocracy along middle-class lines, while the liberal minds wish the evolution of a solid and substantial government based upon legality, solvency and the dominance of business considerations. The first clash occurred when the deputy who has been hailed as the Camille Desmoulins of Russia—somehow every conspicuous individual has a label borrowed from the French Revolution—Ivan Petrunkevitch, created an uproar by declaring that the first official word of the representatives of the Muscovite people should be the consecrated one of liberty. Deputy Petrunkevitch is but a type of dozens who, although without parliamentary experience, can construct the lofty harangue, overarch it with metaphor, render it dazzling with epithets and sparkling with jests. Of constructive work there is as yet not a trace. There is much to be heard regarding the ship of state, the holy cause of liberty and the will of the people. Men attend the sessions not yet for the purpose of getting through with the business of the day, but to echo the universal shout for freedom and the rights of man. Premier Goremykin, says rumor, has been personally commanded by Nicholas II to get rid of all these people as soon as practicable.



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#### THE ATHLETES WHO REPRESENTED THE UNITED STATES AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Americans in the Olympic Games at Athens were the winners of 79 points. No other nation won more than 36 points, which were scored by the British. Practically all the leading honors crossed to this side of the Atlantic, a Canadian winning the big event—the race from Marathon to Athens. "America's triumph," says the *Philadelphia Press*, "is natural, inevitable. To-day this is the great center of the athletic world." But the whole tone of the games was lowered, says the anti-American *Saturday Review*, by the participation of Americans in them!



# Persons in the Foreground

## "THE MOST STRIKING AND POSITIVE CHARACTER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES"

"Uncle Joe," otherwise the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has just been celebrating, with the aid of many of his congressional friends, the seventieth anniversary of his birth; yet the New York *Sun* dubs him the youngest man in Washington. It is the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* who characterizes him as in the title above, and he limns the character of the erstwhile "watch-dog of the Treasury" in a way that goes far to justify the characterization. For Uncle Joe Cannon, despite the post of almost immeasurable influence which he now occupies—second in power, indeed, only to that of the President himself—has long been noted for his unconventionality, his humor, his bluntness, and his ability to disarm his fiercest political opponents of all personal enmity. He can do things that, done by most other men, would cause a furore, but which, done by him, arouse more amusement than anger.

Once recently so many Republican members of the House were absent from the floor refreshing themselves in the House restaurant that the Democrats suddenly discovered that they had a majority and they proceeded at once to make use of it. They called up a bill and proceeded to carry it to a vote as speedily as possible. The Speaker sent out a hurry call for Republican members and did all he could parliamentarily to delay the voting. In sheer desperation he was forced at last to order a third roll-call, in violation of all precedents. Up sprang a dozen or two of enraged Democrats, all shouting at once. "Why does the Chair call the roll a third time?" was their indignant demand as voiced by one of their number. "Uncle Joe" never hesitated. "The Chair will inform the gentleman," he replied; "the Chair is hoping that a few more Republicans will come in."

A storm of laughter shook the house, and the angriest of the Democrats sat down to chuckle.

The incident is narrated by C. W. Thompson, *The Times* correspondent, in his new book, "Party Leaders of the Time," from which we

have already had occasion to quote rather freely for this department. The same writer thus describes Cannon in action, on the floor of the House, prior to his election as Speaker:

"The 'Uncle Joe' who for so many years was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, the official watchdog of the Treasury, was a sight worth seeing when a debate was on. His delivery was slashing, sledge-hammer, full of fire and fury. When he got thoroughly interested in his subject the fact was made known in an infallible way. On such occasions he would take off his coat and throw it on his desk. Provoked by opposition and getting warmed to his subject, his waist-coat would follow his coat; and if the occasion was of sufficient moment to warrant it, off would come collar and necktie.

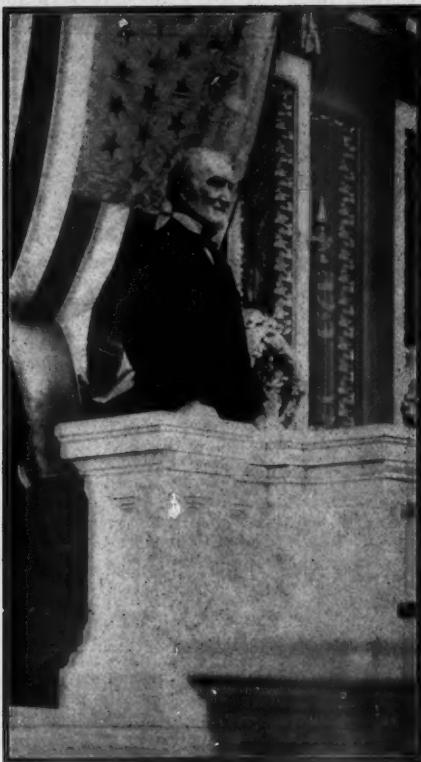
"Thus stripped for action, 'Uncle Joe' would move up and down the aisles in long strides, waving his fists in the air and pouring forth a continual flood of sarcasm, invective and denunciation at a rate that taxed the stenographers. He would roll up his shirt-sleeves to give him greater freedom, and his bony fists would fly around in the heat of his wrath so that the ducking heads of congressmen, dodging to avoid a punch in the eye, marked his dashes up and down the aisles.

"If some unlucky opponent interrupted, Cannon would stride up and down the aisle, jerking his shirt-sleeved arms about in a fury of impatience. As the last word left the questioner's mouth a gigantic roar of 'Oh, Mr. Chairman,' would burst from Cannon as if his pent-up feelings had torn that torrent of sound from his bosom, and behind it would come such a flood of sarcasm, couched in homely language and mingled with soundest sense, that the interrupter wilted under a laugh that shook the house.

"And when it was over Cannon would go back to his place and put on his collar and necktie and waist-coat and coat, and retire to the Appropriations room.

"These speeches were seldom partisan ones; he was engrossed in his work of watching appropriations and defeating extravagance. He never hesitated to beard the House leaders, the august triumvirate of the machine, nor to defy the speaker himself."

Now, as Speaker, he cannot make speeches and he keeps his coat on. "He is the picture of dignity as he stands in the Speaker's place, and it is quaint, natural, unforced dignity; nothing put on about it." Out of the Speaker's chair, however, he is as unconventional as ever. Two days before he became Speaker a friend called on him in the room of the Committee on Appropriations, remarking: "Joe, I



AT THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN

Of Speaker Cannon, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, it is said: "He is the picture of dignity as he stands in the speaker's place, and it is quaint, natural, unforced dignity; nothing put on about it."

had it in mind to drop in on you and say good-by to Joe Cannon." "What do you mean?" was the response. "Well, I have known Joe Cannon many years and I thought I might never see him again, but would hereafter have

to deal entirely with the Speaker." Cannon took the cigar from his mouth, pointed with it toward the Hall of Representatives, and said: "In there I'll be the Speaker; away from there you'll find that I'll be Joe Cannon."

That has been the case, and to that is due much of the power that he has maintained over his associates. Says Mr. Thompson, the correspondent, be it remembered, of a Democratic journal:

"The House loves and trusts him; he is the most popular man in all its membership. The Democrats are little less fond of him than the Republicans. He has not followed the Henderson policy of treating the minority like captives in a Roman triumph; he has treated them fairly and even generously.

"And the House admires him no less than it loves and trusts him. It will follow him to battle anywhere and for any cause, as it rose from its degradation and followed him solidly to battle with the Senate. It knows him as an uncommon man; a man of high ideals and firm convictions and definite purposes."

Speaker Cannon is a Southerner by birth, having been born in Guilford, N. C. But his whole public and professional career (he is a lawyer) has been identified with Illinois. He first went to Congress in 1873, and has been a member of the lower house ever since, with the exception of one term—a period of service of thirty-two years.

"Nobody ever associated 'Uncle Joe's' personality with old age," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "and they are not likely to do so in the near future." He is being prominently mentioned as a candidate for President to succeed Theodore Roosevelt, but he refuses to take such thought seriously. One cartoonist represents him as singing the wings of the presidential bee with the lighted end of his ever-present cigar.

## "THAT HUMAN RADIANCE WE CALL ELLEN TERRY"

"Why do you look so young?" The question was addressed to Mrs. C. Wardell, whom all the world knows as Ellen Terry, and who has just been celebrating the completion of her first half century on the stage. Her answer was: "I think it is because I am never long unhappy. I always try to be happy." This gift of buoyant jollity, in the judgment of Max Beerbohm, is one of the two gifts that have secured for her the peculiar place she holds in the affections of her audiences.

The other of the two gifts is her sense of beauty. Nothing can obscure for us these two gifts, says Mr. Beerbohm in *The Saturday Review*. "Was ever a creature so sunny as she? Did ever any one radiate such kindness and good humor?" Another writer applies to her the happy phrase at the head of this article, and a third calls her "the most marvellous alchemist of our time," for she has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—a neat little compliment, by the way, that is becoming



ELLEN TERRY AS "FAIR ROSAMOND"

"Nothing can obscure for us," writes Max Beerbohm, "her sense of beauty and her buoyant jollity. It is this latter quality that explains the unique hold she has on the affections of the public. Was ever a creature so sunny as she? Did ever anyone radiate such kindness and good humor?"



ELLEN TERRY AND HER SON, GORDON CRAIG,  
IN "THE DEAD HEART"

Mr. Craig, in addition to being an actor, has made a European reputation as stage director.

just a trifle worn from frequent use upon various kinds of anniversary occasions.

These are but a few of the many tributes that Ellen Terry's golden jubilee has brought forth from all sides. The Queen of England sent her a jewel; distinguished men and women in many countries telegraphed their congratulations; and a "shilling fund" recently started in her benefit by a London newspaper has reached very considerable proportions. At the conclusion of a special performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which she participated, Beerbohm Tree, the leading English actor, recited a poem written for the occasion by Louis N. Parker, and presented to her a silver jewel-casket, the gift of the London Playgoers' Club.

Of all the literary tributes evoked by the occasion none is more interesting than that contributed by Bernard Shaw to the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna). His article has a double timeliness, in view of the fact that Ellen Terry is now appearing in his "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," a play which, according to its author, "has been waiting for her for seven years." He writes, in the Austrian paper:

"Apart from her chosen profession, Ellen Terry is such a remarkable woman that it is very difficult to describe her unless one decides to give the history of her life instead of her public activity. The rôle which she played in the life of her times can only be properly estimated when (perhaps fifty years hence) her letters will be collected and published in twenty or thirty volumes. Then, I think, we shall discover that every celebrated man of the last quarter of the nineteenth century (that is if he had been a theatregoer) had been in love with Ellen Terry, and that many of these men had found in her friendship the best return which could be expected from a gifted, brilliant and beautiful woman, whose love had already been given elsewhere, and whose heart had withstood thousands of temptations. To me (for I am also one of her unsuccessful admirers) Ellen Terry's art is the least interesting thing about her. In contrast to Irving, to whom his art was everything and his life nothing, she has found life itself more interesting than art. And while she was associated with him in his long and brilliant management of the Lyceum Theatre she—the most modern of modern women—considered it a higher honor to be an economic exemplary housewife than to be a self-conscious woman whose highest aim was to play the female heroine in the old-fashioned plays in which Irving shone."

Fortunately there were among these old-fashioned plays a handful of Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies. "We saw Ellen Terry as Portia, as Juliet, as Imogene, as Ophelia," says Mr. Shaw, "but never as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' which she would undoubtedly have played very successfully, if she had been as anxious about her own fame as to help Irving." He continues:

"There have, perhaps, never been two members of the same profession so dissimilar as Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. They both had wonderfully beautiful and interesting faces, but faces like Irving's the world has seen for centuries in the pictures of its priests, its statesmen, its princes and its saints, but a countenance such as Ellen's the world has never seen before. She has actually created her own beauty, for her pictures as a girl hardly show a single feature of the wonderful woman who, in 1875, appeared again and took London by storm after she had turned her back on the stage for seven years. That much-used word 'only' can be used literally in regard to Ellen Terry. If Shakespeare had met Irving on the street he would have recognized in him immediately a distinguished type of the family of artists; if he had met Ellen Terry he would have stared at her like at a new and irresistibly charming type of woman. Sargent's picture of her as Lady Macbeth will stand out among all the pictures of distinguished women as one who bears no resemblance to anybody else."

Continuing the comparison, Mr. Shaw says that Irving was "simple, reserved and thoughtful," while Ellen Terry is "quick, restless, brilliant, and is free and easy in her manner



even toward the most bashful stranger." Moreover:

"Irving was not fond of writing letters. . . . Ellen Terry, on the other hand, is one of the greatest letter writers that ever lived. She can dash off her thoughts at lightning speed in a handwriting which is as characteristic and unforgettable as her countenance. If one finds a letter from her in the morning mail it is as if one saw the woman herself, and one opens this letter first and feels that it is the beginning of a happy day. Her few published writings give no idea of her real literary activities. Her letters are all too intimate, too personal, too characteristic to mean anything except to the one to whom they are addressed. And here we come to another point in which she differed from Irving. Irving was sentimental and sympathetic and, like most sentimental and sympathetic people, he was always thinking of his own interests. He never understood other people, and really never understood himself. Ellen Terry is not sentimental and not sympathetic, but she takes a lively interest in everybody and everything that is remarkable and attractive. She is intelligent, she understands, she is interested because she understands, and is kindly disposed, but she was more often excited than deeply moved, and has more often pitied and helped than loved. Although she was always ready to sacrifice her talent and her art, first to her home-duties, and later, after her return to the stage, to the Lyceum undertaking, still she never surrendered her inner self. If she gave up her art, she gave up with it only part of her being. Irving's art, on the other hand, was his whole self, and that was the reason why he sacrificed himself to his art as he sacrificed everybody and everything else to it."

Mr. Shaw goes on to maintain that Irving not only wasted his own talents on antiquated and reactionary drama, but that he wasted Ellen Terry's talents also. To quote:

"If anyone had accused him of such a thing he would have called attention to such of his plays as 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'The Amber Heart,' Will's arrangement of 'Olivia' and 'Faust,' to his Shakespeare repertoire, and, finally, to 'Madame Sans-Gêne,' a bold concession to the ultra modern spirit, made really for Ellen Terry's sake. He would have said: Can anyone but a fool say that to excel in such masterpieces was to waste one's talents? What actress could wish for more? Was not Shakespeare the greatest dramatist of the past, the present, the future? Was not Goethe, although a foreigner, worth revising? Was not Tennyson the poet laureate? Ought obscure executive and immoral Norwegians and Germans like Ibsen and Hauptmann, and their English imitators to be played at the Lyceum Theatre just because literary cliques discussed them, and because Duse and Réjane played them, and because there were English actresses in such a deplorable condition that they were forced to play these new questionable heroines like Hedda Gabler and Nora Helmer in semi-private productions at the independent theatre and for the stage society?"

"All this sounded reasonable, and the majority



ELLEN TERRY AS "MISTRESS PAGE"

Miss Terry's golden jubilee was celebrated by a special performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Beerbohm Tree also took part.

of English theatregoers still think it sounds reasonable. In other countries, Germany and Austria, for instance, her position will be better understood. She climbed to the highest summit it was possible to climb in the old drama, succeeding thereby in completely excluding herself from the modern drama."

Max Beerbohm takes the more generally accepted English view that Ellen Terry was wise in choosing Shakespearean rôles and has made an imperishable reputation in them. Comparing her with the ultra-modern Mrs. Patrick Campbell, he says:

"For my part, I am not sure that in sheer sense of beauty, and in power of creating beautiful effects on the stage, Miss Terry is greater than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I think it would be hard to decide justly between these two. But it is certainly natural and inevitable that in England Miss Terry should be held to be unrivalled. For she is so very essentially English. Or, rather, she is just what we imagine to be essentially English. . . . Anyhow, I have no doubt that to the Italians, Signora Duse's sadness seems typically Italian, just as the sadness of Mrs. Campbell (who is partly Italian) seems typically un-English to the English, and just as Miss Ellen Terry's sunniness

seems to the English not less typically English. Exotic though this sunniness really is, there is in the actual art with which Miss Terry conveys it a quality that really is native. Hers is a loose, irregular, instinctive art, . . . and it is just because her art is so spontaneous, so irreducible to formulae, that she has been and is matchless in Shakespeare's comedies. She has just the quality of exuberance that is right for those heroines. Without it not all her sense of beauty would have helped her to be the perfect Beatrice, the perfect Portia, that she is. In modern comedy that virtue becomes a defect. In 'Alice Sit by the Fire' her beautiful boisterousness wrought utter havoc;

and so it will in 'Captain Brassbound' so soon as she is thoroughly at home in her part. She needs a Shakespeare to stand up to her."

Ellen Terry was married, at the early age of sixteen, to the famous painter, George Frederick Watts. The marriage proved unhappy and a separation ensued. In 1868 she married Charles Wardell, an actor whose stage name was Charles Kelly. Her son, Gordon Craig, has made a European reputation as a stage director.

### A PROPHET OF THE COMING RACE

Very quietly, in the midst of all the Gorky excitement, there came to America, on a flying visit, the unique English writer who, according to Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, is one of our two living prophets, George Bernard Shaw being the other. And no less a critic than G. K. Chesterton couples the same two Britishers as geniuses who have shown that the very best plays and romances produced in England to-day are not "art for art's sake," but "by-products of propaganda."

H. G. Wells, says Mr. Masterman, has entered the profession of prophecy, like the shepherd of Tekoa, by unorthodox ways. Like Bernard Shaw, "he follows the New Testament in preferring the wicked to the mean"; but, unlike Shaw, he has a beautiful faith in youth. Always he appeals to the young men and women to enrol in the crusade for the New Republic. He "ransacks the springs of action, to drive down into fundamental things, to examine how, if at all, it is possible by breeding, by education, by social reconstruction, to hasten the arrival of the Coming Race." Moreover, Mr. Wells is that most remarkable of all things—a prophet who has not stopped growing. "One can lie awake at night and hear him grow," says the delighted Mr. Chesterton.

This powerful and truly imaginative writer is physically rather frail, and only forty years old. He is the least insular of Englishmen, indeed quite world-wide in his interests and sympathies; but he still resides in Kent, the county of his birth. On his card is printed "Spade House, Sandgate." His father was a professional cricketer, and when a lad H. G. Wells was apprenticed to a shop-keeper; but his studies and ambition soon led him to the

Royal College of Science, London, where he proved a brilliant pupil, winning later the degree of bachelor of science at the University of London, with special honors in zoology and geology. All this time he was learning how to write. "I am convinced," he is reported as saying, "that a scientific education is the best possible training for literary work. Criticism is the essence of science, and the critical habit of mind is essential to artistic performance. If I have a critical faculty, it was developed the year I had comparative anatomy. As Huxley taught it, comparative anatomy was really elaborate criticism of form, and literary criticism is little more."

Ill-health obliged Wells to give up the teaching of biology and turn to literature as a profession. Beginning with the brief essay and short story, he developed that fascinating form of fiction the "scientific romance," in such stories as "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds," which made him famous as a writer. The remarkably long list of his published works includes no less than eight of these romances, four volumes of short stories, two novels and the very important sociological essays entitled "Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making" and "A Modern Utopia," which last, he informs us, brought him back to imaginative writing again—to "Kipps" and "In the Days of the Comet," now running serially in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*. "He began," says G. K. Chesterton, "by trifling with the stars and systems in order to make ephemeral anecdotes; he killed the universe for a joke. He has since become more and more serious, and has become, as men inevitably do when they become more and more serious, more and more parochial. He was

frivolous about the twilight of the gods; but he is serious about the London omnibus. He was careless in 'The Time Machine,' for that dealt only with the destiny of all things; but he is careful and even cautious in "Mankind in the Making," for that deals with the day after to-morrow. He began with the end of the world, and that was easy. Now he has gone on to the beginning of the world, and that is difficult."

Like Shaw again, Mr. Wells is a member of the London Fabian Society, as is also his wife, and he is more of a simon-pure Socialist than the average member, lately censuring the society, in a paper entitled "The Faults of the Fabian," for neglecting its main work of propaganda for mere administrative reform. "Efficiency" in trifling matters does not satisfy him. His books are full of practical suggestions as to ways and means of social reorganization, but through them all, as Mr. Masterman says, Wells is appealing to the spirit which must animate these material changes. "With Carlyle and all the school of the prophets, he demands a new heart; in the old theological language, a mind set on righteousness, a will directed toward harmony with the will of God. He appeals to the young. What man over thirty—so rings his challenge—dares hope for the Republic before he die? or for an infantile death-rate under ninety in the thousand, with all the conquered desolation that such a change would mean? or 'for the deliverance of all our blood and speech from those fouler things than chattel slavery, child and adolescent labor?'"

In "Mankind in the Making," Wells presents the unforgettable picture of "all our statesmen, our philanthropists and public men, our parties and institutions gathered into one great hall, and into this hall a huge spout, that no man can stop, discharges a baby every eight seconds." "Our success or failure with that unending stream of babies is the measure of our civilization," he maintains. And starting with this simple declaration, he proceeds to diagnose our present civilization and forecast a future with all the fervor of a Hebrew prophet.

But H. G. Wells is no "crank." As Mr. E. H. Clement, in the *Boston Transcript*, observes: "You feel that he is joining in the common laughter at cranks—jollyng them at the very moment that he is far surpassing them in optimistic imaginings and aspirations for the race—for nothing less wide than the human race holds his interest." "I believe it



A CHIEF AMONG US TAKIN' NOTES

Of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has been unostentatiously visiting our country, a critic says, "One can lie awake at night and hear him grow."

is generally admitted that he has provided England with a good deal to talk about," says Sir Oliver Lodge.

Mr. Wells was in America for six weeks only, to study certain social phenomena, and he was the guest of honor wherever he went.

"It is not difficult," he has said, "to collect reasons for supposing that humanity will be definitely and consciously organizing itself as a great world-state—a great world-state that will purge itself from much that is mean, much that is bestial, and much that makes for individual dulness and dreariness, grayness and wretchedness in the world of to-day. And finally there is the reasonable certainty that . . . this earth of ours, tideless and slow-moving, will be dead and frozen, and all that has lived upon it will be frozen out and done with. There surely man must end. That, of all such nightmares, is the most insistently convincing. And yet one doesn't believe it. At least I do not. And I do not believe in these things because I have come to believe in certain other things—in the coherency and purpose in the world and in the greatness of human destiny. Worlds may freeze and suns may perish, but there stirs something within us now that can never die again."



## "THE MOST PERFECT RULER OF MEN THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN"

The words above were uttered at the bedside of Abraham Lincoln by his Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. They form the keynote of a new life of Lincoln written for the express purpose of bringing out this element of Lincoln's greatness—his wonderful mastery of men. It was a mastery that displayed itself in all its power upon such subjects as Douglas, McClellan, Stanton, Seward, Fremont and Chase, and in concentrating our attention upon this element in the Lincoln personality, an element rendered increasingly significant as year succeeds year, we have, contends Mr. Alonzo Rothschild, in his biography,\* the dominant fact of Lincoln's career. Yet the greatest of all the men upon whom this mastery was exercised—Abraham Lincoln himself—received no adequate credit for any such capacity from the multitude who yielded to it. They thought, so far as they thought of it at all, that Lincoln was weak. Time never wholly eradicated that notion at any stage of his administration, though the more discerning few realized the truth, and some even tried to account for it.

This man of the people, writes Mr. Rothschild, owed something of that subtle, indefinable force which issued in mastery over his fellow man to mere physique. And we are afforded this comparison between the tall Sumner and the tall Lincoln:

"Sumner, whether he gave to the world an oration with carefully studied pose and gesture, or privately employed his powers of persuasion in furthering one of the lofty aims of his career, was ever conscious of the advantage that lay in his commanding figure and he improved it to the utmost. Lincoln, rarely, if ever, self-conscious, made no such application of his strength and stature; but the exhibitions of them that he scattered through his life abundantly manifest his half-serious, half-joking sense of their importance. This appreciation of a superiority, purely physical, by leaders so unlike in temperament and training, is sufficient to warrant the attention that has been given to a seemingly unessential matter. Moreover, it is no mere coincidence that the three most forceful personalities that have directed the fortunes of the American people from the President's chair were embodied in frames of uncommon size and vigor. Their habits of command, confirmed early in life by ability to enforce their wishes, armed them with the irresistible powers of control by means of which they triumphed in great crises of our nation's history. The heaviest demands of this

nature were, beyond a question, laid upon Abraham Lincoln, and he, consistently enough, was, of all the Presidents, the tallest."

Lincoln's mastery of self became, with the progress of time, well-nigh absolute. It needed to be wholly so, suspects our biographer, to carry President Lincoln through the ordeal of his cross-purposes with McClellan. This "smart young general," as Mr. Rothschild terms him, had been at no pains to conceal an overweening contempt for Lincoln and his civilian advisers. It required all the forbearance of the executive head of the United States Government to prevent an explosion of indignation throughout the whole administration circle at the attitude of cavalier disdain manifested by McClellan. Here are some instances:

"Mr. Lincoln had made it a practice, from the beginning, to pay informal visits at McClellan's headquarters. Waiving, with characteristic self-surrender, all questions of etiquette, he hoped thus to keep in touch with military affairs at the least possible expenditure of the General's time. Before breakfast, or after supper, as the case might be, the President would arrive with some such greeting as 'Is George in?' And it became a matter of comment that, if George was in, he did not always receive his distinguished caller promptly. Seemingly unconscious of any discourtesy, Mr. Lincoln waited with unruffled good humor in McClellan's reception room, among the 'other common mortals,' as one indignant chronicler expressed it, until the oracle was pleased to have him admitted.

"More vehement still must have been the rage of a White House clerk, who tells us how he accompanied his chief, one evening, to the headquarters in H Street. 'We are seated,' he writes, 'and the President's arrival has been duly announced, but time is being given him to think over what he came for. General McClellan is probably very busy over some important detail of his vast duties, and he cannot tear himself away from it at once. A minute passes and then another and then another and with every tick of the clock upon the mantel your blood warms nearer and nearer its boiling point. Your face feels hot and your fingers tingle as you look at the man sitting so patiently over there whom you regard as the Titan and hero of the hour; and you try to master your rebellious consciousness that he is kept waiting, like an applicant in an ante-room.'

"On another occasion, Secretary Seward had the honor of sharing a snub with the President. Calling together at headquarters, one evening, they were told that the General was out but would soon return. After they had waited in the reception room almost an hour, McClellan came back. Disregarding the orderly who had told him about his visitors, he went directly up-stairs. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln, thinking that perhaps

\*LINCOLN: MASTER OF MEN. A Study in Character. By Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.



he had not been announced, sent up his name; but the messenger returned with the information that the General had gone to bed.

"It is doubtful whether the President ever required or received an explanation of this gross misbehavior. There was no appreciable change in his friendly attitude toward McClellan."

These were a few of the many occasions upon which Lincoln effaced himself. His self-mastery had extinguished personal vanity—so far as personal vanity means the sense of self-importance—within him. Otherwise he never could have asserted a mastery over Seward. Seward thought himself (and the country thought him) the power behind the throne. That view lingered long after Lincoln's first inauguration. Seward at first entirely misconceived the President's character. The homely simplicity with which Lincoln had borne himself when visited at "his secluded abode" before his inauguration, the candor with which he acknowledged his deficiencies and the meekness with which he listened to innumerable advisers, bidden or otherwise, left most of the politicians firm in the opinion that the conduct of the administration would be in the hands of Lincoln's strongest secretary. This widespread notion of the President's weakness was a favorite one with Seward, who at the same time concurred in the general estimate of his own superiority. And Mr. Rothschild adds:

"In the whirl of events, the Secretary's dazzled vision mistook the President's lack of knowledge for incapacity; his indecision for executive incompetence; his modesty for weakness. The Ship of State seemed to be drifting on to the rocks and a stronger hand—so thought Mr. Seward—was needed, forthwith, at the helm. He had embarked in the administration with the expectation of directing its course. The notion had apparently been confirmed not only by public opinion but also by the deference with which the President treated him."

So Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Lincoln to the effect (as our biographer summarizes the documents in the case) that the new President was unequal to his duties and should turn over the most important of them to a sort of dictator. It was a communication, opines Mr. Rothschild, which could have been addressed by Seward only to a President whom he believed to be totally lacking in strength of character. His error was corrected without delay. The President, with his customary disregard of self, ignored the insult, and as to the exercise of absolute authority remarked: "If this must be done, I must do it." Thus ended Mr. Seward's dream of domination:

"All his romantic notions of saving the country through his own capacity, so freely expressed in confidential letters to his wife, had to be revised, and we find him presently writing to her: 'Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities. The President is the best of us.' In the public eye, however, the Secretary still held sway."

"No one, it is safe to say, appreciated the Secretary at his true value so accurately as the President. In his admiration of Mr. Seward, he overlooked the mistakes, supplemented the important labors, on occasion, with necessary touches of his own shrewd common sense, and kept the brilliant talents employed for the best interests of the country."

"Small wonder that the respect which the Secretary had early learned to show his chief became mingled with a warmth of personal devotion that has not, in similar relations of our history, been surpassed. Renouncing his own aspirations, Mr. Seward dedicated himself without reserve, to the President's political fortunes, as well as to the success of his administration, so far as it might be achieved by the State Department."

Lincoln held his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, by a free rein, writes Mr. Rothschild. But there were times when Chase got out of hand. Then the lines stiffened and one masterful twist of the wrist brought the Secretary back to his work. Like Seward, Chase was made to feel the power that lurked in Lincoln's slack hand. Unlike Seward, Chase never became reconciled to the sway. From the very outset, the man at the head of the Treasury chafed under whatever limitations were placed upon his authority. It was in vain. Chase, says Mr. Rothschild, never entirely forgave Lincoln the latter's victory at the Chicago convention that nominated the candidate for the presidency of their mutual party. That a man so markedly his inferior in education and public achievements should have been preferred to himself was as grievous to the Ohio statesman's self-love as it was irritating to his sense of equity. That this man, moreover, when he came to the presidency should persist in actually running the administration while his brilliant Secretary of the Treasury—so willing at every turn to relieve him of the burden—remained merely head of a department, hardly allayed the statesman's resentment. The prejudice engendered in the defeated candidate took deeper root in the disappointed Cabinet minister. Mr. Chase's failures, withal, to sway the President in many important matters filled him with amazement. The character, or fancied character, of the chief who overruled him made his cup of subordination doubly bitter. The masterful Chase had met his master, says Mr. Rothschild, yet he could not bring himself to

the point of admitting it. The men were not in sympathy.

"One rarely finds two public men working together so earnestly for the triumph of the same principles who are, at once, so essentially dissimilar in social attributes as they happened to be. Lincoln's ways—unconventional in the extreme—grated upon the sensibilities of the dignified Chase. To the Secretary's fondness for forms, pride of intellect, distaste for humor, and

serious, almost ascetic devotion to his tasks, must be ascribed, in a degree at least, the absence of cordiality between him and a President who made no secret of his ignorance, troubled himself not a whit about precedents and was reminded, on all conceivable occasions, of stories hardly constructed according to classic models. Not the least of Lincoln's offenses against the Chesterfield of his Cabinet was the ill-concealed amusement with which he regarded that gentleman's displeasure at his levity. The President's bump of reverence appears to have been so exceedingly flat that the frowns of an important personage, however great, failed to abash him. Mr. Chase once told with evident disgust, how an old-time crony of Lincoln in the Thirtieth Congress was permitted to interrupt a meeting of the Cabinet. That body was in session one day when the doorkeeper announced that Orlando Kellogg was without and wished to tell the President the story of the stuttering justice. Mr. Lincoln ordered the visitor to be ushered in immediately. Greeting Kellogg at the threshold with a warm grasp of the hand, the President said, as he turned to his Cabinet:

"Gentlemen, this is my old friend, Orlando Kellogg, and he wants to tell us the story of the stuttering justice. Let us lay all business aside, for it is a good story."



#### READING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Of Chapin's Lincoln, the *New York Evening Post* declares: "Those who most deeply venerate the memory of Lincoln would find nothing to wound them in this respectful attempt at his re-embodiment.



#### "YOU GAVE US THIRTEEN STARS"

Lincoln a stranger to his biographers. Benjamin Chapin here interprets the Lincoln of whom it has been said that no man hid more innate solemnity with more outward comicality.

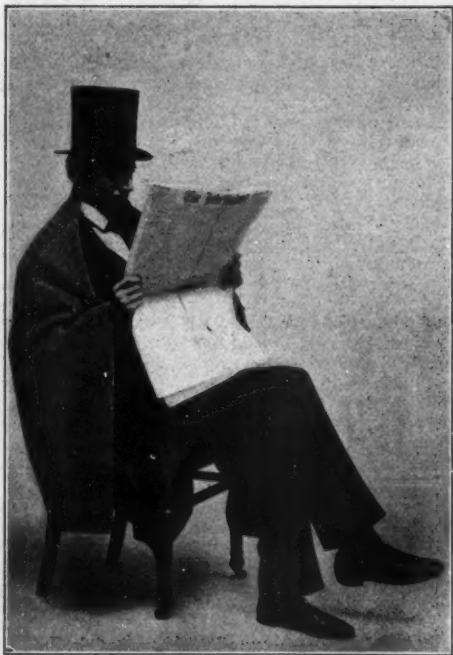
#### BENJAMIN CHAPIN'S IMPERSONATIONS

"So statesmen as well as affairs of state waited while the humorous Kellogg spun his yarn and Lincoln had his laugh.

"In strong contrast to the distant relations between Lincoln and Chase was the cordial good fellowship which the President evinced toward Seward. The Secretary of State appears to have been especially congenial to his chief. For Mr. Lincoln, of all men, could appreciate a cabinet minister who, whatever may have been his failings, submitted loyally, in the main, to superior authority, fomented no quarrels and adapted a cheery, resourceful disposition, with rare felicity, to the President's moods. Seward's influence with Lincoln was notably greater than that of Chase—greater, in fact, than that of any of his colleagues; but not nearly so great, be it said, as was at the time generally believed. Great or small, however, the prestige thus enjoyed by the Secretary of State became particularly galling to the man in the Treasury."

Edwin McMasters Stanton was the third member of what Mr. Rothschild pronounces Lincoln's great Cabinet triad. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the boundless contempt for Lincoln with which Stanton fairly ached in 1861. According to at least two chroniclers, he alluded to the President as "a low, cunning clown." According

to another he referred to Mr. Lincoln as the "original gorilla," and "often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could so easily have found at Springfield, Ill." No one who knew Stanton courted an encounter with him. Only a master of masters, says Mr. Rothschild, could control such an embodiment of force.



SLEEPLESS BENEATH A LOAD OF CARE

Lincoln's gauntness in his closing year of life—a gauntness made effective in Benjamin Chapin's impersonation—is attributed in part to his lack of opportunities to get to bed.

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME



TALLEST OF ALL THE PRESIDENTS

There is an appropriateness between Lincoln's physical size and his mastery of men, says his latest biographer, Alfred Rothschild. Benjamin Chapin's success as "Lincoln" is attributed in part to the actor's height.



At the time of his appointment as Secretary of War Stanton had manifested most, if not all, of his extraordinarily vitriolic traits. They boded no good for the Cabinet nor for the President's authority. So thought the friends who warned Mr. Lincoln that nothing could be done with such a man unless he were allowed to have his own way. They appeared to have abundant ground, moreover, for their comforting prediction that "Stanton would run away with the whole concern." Strangely enough, the President showed no alarm:

"The ability and self-sacrificing patriotism with which the appointee administered, from the outset, the affairs of his office, secured to him the President's unreserved confidence. 'I have faith,' said Mr. Lincoln, speaking of the new minister and another, 'in affirmative men like these. They stand between a nation and perdition.' He not only permitted Mr. Stanton largely to control the details of the War Department, but in matters of general policy as well he frequently deferred to that officer's judgment. Men of such dissimilar temperaments, however, working together toward a common end in wholly unlike ways, naturally had frequent differences of opinion. Their very earnestness bred trouble. Mr. Stanton, moreover, conducting his department solely with regard to military requirements, could not fail to clash with a President who had to face the complex problems of a Civil War in their political as well as their strategic aspects. But Mr. Lincoln fathomed the man with whom he had to deal. When a misunderstanding arose he ignored the Secretary's flashes of temper and fixed his attention on the question at issue. Indeed, the President exercised tact enough for both of them."

The irritability to which Stanton was addicted contrasted strongly with a playfulness always characteristic of Lincoln in his management of the ebullient Secretary of War. Up to his eyes in affairs, much in love with the authority of his official position, Stanton would say to those who interrupted him with written orders from the President: "I will not do it. Go right back to the President and say I refuse to obey!" The geniality with which Lincoln tolerated his insubordinate subordinate did not affect the inflexibility of the presidential will. Mr. Lincoln would deferentially insinuate that the authority of the President of the United States was a fact. Nor did Stanton succeed in ignoring the fact. Obstinate as Stanton was, the fact was more so. A mind less conscious of its mastery than Lincoln's might have inflicted upon Stanton a personal humiliation in overruling him. Not once, however, did Lincoln offend the spirit he subdued.

Stanton's distrust, even contempt, of Lin-

coln in 1861 had given way by 1865, says Mr. Rothschild, to entirely different sentiments. Like his associates in the Cabinet, with possibly one exception, the Secretary of War had correctly gaged the President's intellectual and moral force. That this force, when exerted to the full, was well-nigh irresistible he had painfully learned by repeated but unsuccessful strivings to get his own way. No one had ever so worsted Edwin M. Stanton. He was outclassed. With his increasing respect for Mr. Lincoln's power came, naturally enough, something like a fair appreciation of the President's lofty character. Such magnanimity, devotion to duty and homely sincerity could have but one effect upon a man of Stanton's intense nature. He began with reviling Lincoln. He ended with loving him. Stanton, the lion-hearted Secretary of War, could achieve this moral thing. Nevertheless, Stanton needed a sharp word now and then. But Stanton got to know that Lincoln was a master of men:

"Secretary Stanton's temperament rendered him anything but an easy instrument in any man's hand. His very faults partook of the rugged strength which, viewed at this distance, makes him stand out as the Titan of Lincoln's Cabinet. That the President controlled so turbulent a force without sacrificing aught of its energy was, perhaps, his highest achievement in the field of mastership. This was due, primarily, of course, to his insight into Stanton's character. Few men, if any, had fathomed as truly the sterling qualities that lay beneath the failings of the great Secretary. For the real Stanton revealed himself to the President in the daily—at times hourly—meetings imposed upon them by the requirements of the war. Together they bore the anxieties and shared the joys of the struggle. Their co-operation in the absorbing work to which both had dedicated themselves established between the men, dissimilar as they were by nature, a bond of sympathy which even Stanton's headiness could not destroy. Indeed, Mr. Lincoln, treating the Secretary somewhat as a parent would a talented but high-strung child—now humoring, now commanding—appears to have risen above even a shadow of personal resentment and to have overlooked an occasional opposition that, however violent might have been its outbursts, always yielded in the end to his authority."

"A notable group watched around the bed on which he [Lincoln] breathed his last. Among all the public men in the sorrowing company, no grief was keener than that of his iron war minister. None of them had tested, as Edwin M. Stanton had, the extraordinary resources of the stricken chief. It was fitting, therefore, that he, as 'passed the strong, heroic soul away,' should pronounce its eulogy:

"There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."



# Literature and Art

## THE BANE OF IRRESPONSIBLE CRITICISM

From three countries have lately issued vigorous protests against the alleged incompetent and irresponsible literary criticism of the day. Marcel Prevost, the well-known Parisian critic, sees a "book crisis" impending in France and thinks that one of the chief reasons for the failing condition of the book trade lies in unsatisfactory book reviewing. Writing in the *Paris Figaro*, he says: "We shall have to establish something like honest criticism, and something like intelligent and independent criticism; but how many Paris newspapers can to-day boast of intelligent and independent criticism?" Richard Bagot, an English novelist of distinction, writes in the same spirit in *The Nineteenth Century and After*. He thinks "there can be no doubt that the present system of reviewing works of fiction is far from being satisfactory either to novelists or to the general mass of novel readers." He points to the often ridiculously contradictory nature of press notices, and cites from his own experience a case in which a journal, in error, printed in different issues both a highly flattering and a very adverse review of one of his own books! The perplexed novelist constantly "reads in one leading organ that he has written a work which places him 'in the front rank of living writers of fiction,' and in another that he is ignorant of the very rudiments of the art of novel-writing." Mr. Bagot says further:

"In the case of every other branch of literature and art, criticism is, with rare exceptions, entrusted to critics who are recognized authorities on the particular subject dealt with by the producer of the work criticized. Works of fiction alone are in countless instances relegated to the superficial and hasty judgment of reviewers who, as often as not, lack that authority which should render them competent to record their opinion in the public press. A novel dealing, we will say with foreign life is reviewed perhaps by a critic who has no knowledge of the people and of the country in which the scene of the book in question is laid. How, it may be asked, is such a critic to be a sound and reliable guide either to author or public?"

Gertrude Atherton, the talented American novelist, takes up the cudgels against the critics in this country. During the course of an article in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, in which

she takes exception to that journal's characterization of Edith Wharton as "the foremost woman novelist in the United States," she says:

"Those that are carried away by booming and blinded by success—and they are more numerous than sheep—have only to glance back and ponder for a moment upon the *furors* of other years to realize what this sort of thing amounts to. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, Amélie Rives was heralded as 'the greatest genius since Shakespeare,' and every scribe took up the cry with the enthusiasm of those whose mission it is ever to be in fashion. Ten years ago, and for several subsequent years, Mrs. Craigie had a boom in London quite as persistent and extravagant. She was 'the greatest novelist since George Eliot.' Comment is unnecessary. In 1898, I think it was, an American that had just come over to London told me, literally with an expression of awe in his eyes—he was young and enthusiastic—that the great American novel had been written—'Richard Carvel'—'everybody said so.' About the same time I saw a serious discussion in an American literary journal as to whether 'Janice Meredith' would be considered as great a historical novel a hundred years hence as at the present date. Then came Mary Johnston with her knightly and polished English. She fairly inflamed the sober pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that another fixed star had arisen.

"As far as I know the success of the last three authors was entirely spontaneous and also legitimate: they responded to the public mood of the moment. But there is no question whatever of the prolonged and systematic booming of the first two; and however innocent they may have been of direct effort, the booming was the result of the same human weakness that has prompted Mrs. Wharton's; the ineradicable and most mischievous weakness of snobbery. All three of these writers have sufficient merit to furnish an excuse for loud and continued public worship, but not one of them has the remotest claim to greatness, nor ever had a chance of endurance. Although no one would listen to me at the time, I predicted the inevitable end of Amélie Rives and Mrs. Craigie. The former had talent without brain, and the latter brain without talent. I am quite as ready to predict Mrs. Wharton's. Five years from now she will have worked out her thin vein of ore, her friends will have wearied, and the public and critics will be excited over some new 'genius,' who, like the rest of the world, mistakes an accident for genuine popularity."

Granting the incompetency of much of our latter-day criticism, the question naturally arises: What is to be done? Mr. Bagot has

a practical proposal. He suggests that "it would at once greatly lessen the arduous labors of reviewers of novels for the press were it possible to organize a species of 'clearing-house' for works of fiction," and submits that "some such process as this would also tend to give the public a more weighty opinion as to what to read and what to ignore than the press can, under present circumstances, supply." He continues:

"Would it not be possible for our press itself to institute, I do not say an Academy of Belles-Lettres, but a body chosen from among its most capable critics, whose office it should be to sift the tares of fiction from the wheat, and whose opinion on the technical merits of novels submitted to it should form as it were the passport of those novels to the subsequent notice of the press, without thereby limiting or influencing in any way the free expression of subsequent press criticism? I make my suggestion with all possible reserve. . . . At the same time, I do not hesitate to say that some system of responsible criticism would be to me, as a writer of fiction, of far greater use and benefit than are individual, and therefore irresponsible criticisms, often at variance with each other, which are the outcome of our actual system of reviewing. I am confident that I am by no means alone among novelists in holding these sentiments."

The *Chicago Dial*, an influential organ of literary opinion, devotes a leading editorial to this subject. "That such defects as have been indicated, and many others as glaring, characterize most current criticism of fiction," it says, "is a fact too apparent to need demonstration." It proceeds:

"The reasons are equally apparent. To make a truly intelligent estimate of even a novel requires ability of a sort so rare and valuable as to be at the command of very few newspapers or

other periodicals. It also demands an amount of space that cannot possibly be devoted to any single book of the class that numbers its thousands yearly. The problem set the average reviewer of the average novel is simply this: What is the most profitable employment I may make of the two hours and the two hundred words which are all I can give to this book? A personal impression, a bit of description or classification, an indication of some salient feature, and a word or two about the workmanship are all that may be attempted under the narrow conditions imposed. Reviewing done subject to those limitations will have weight in proportion to the ability and knowledge of the reviewer—and the brief paragraph may often be surprisingly weighty—but of course it will be anything but adequate to the claims of any book that really calls for serious consideration."

The *Dial* recognizes practical difficulties in the way of establishing Mr. Bagot's suggested tribunal, but thinks that, on the whole, his plan would do more good than harm. It comments:

"The difficulty, of course, would lie in the constitution of the tribunal organized for this judicial sifting of the tares from the wheat. To accept the responsibilities of a Rhadamanthus in this matter would be to accept a thankless task, and one certain to entail much discomfort upon the incumbent. The rage of the rejected would be anything but celestial, and would be declared in a manner both personal and pointed. Mr. Bagot appreciates the difficulty of the problem, and it is with no little diffidence that he proposes his press-constituted academy. But the experiment is not beyond the range of possibility, and the literary profession is already looking for some way of trying it. Certainly the long-suffering public, now misled by so many blind guides, deserves to have its interests protected by the critical guild more effectively than they are at present protected, and no suggestion aiming at so praiseworthy an end should fail of being examined with due deliberation."

## ONE OF THE GREAT STORY-TELLERS OF THE WORLD

As a novelist of the first rank, well qualified to take his place with the foremost of the European masters, Fenimore Cooper is characterized by William Crary Brownell, the distinguished American critic. Mr. Brownell thinks that America has been inclined to neglect one of its greatest literary figures, and he asserts that the attitude is not creditable. Cooper belongs, he says, "in the same category with Scott and Dumas and George Sand"; in some respects has surpassed Scott; in short, is "one of the great story-tellers of the world."

Balzac's indebtedness to Cooper is well known. "If Cooper," he once said, "had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature he would have uttered the last word of our art." And Thackeray has put himself on record to this effect: "I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin, are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leatherstocking is better than anyone in 'Scott's lot.' 'La Longue Carabine' is one of the great prize-men of

fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all, American or British—and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

Cooper has his faults, of course; what author has not? At times he is too prolix. It is easy to point out technical blemishes in his work. He is "nothing at all of a poet—at least in any constructional sense." But over and above these blemishes he has qualities of commanding genius. Says Mr. Brownell (in *Scribner's Magazine*):

"There is a quality in Cooper's romance that gives it as romance an almost unique distinction. I mean its solid and substantial alliance with reality. It is thoroughly romantic, and yet—very likely owing to his imaginative deficiency, if anything can be so owing—it produces, for romance, an almost unequalled illusion of life itself. This writer, one says to oneself, who was completely unconscious of either the jargon or the philosophy of 'art,' and who had a superficially unromantic civilization to deal with, has, nevertheless, in this way produced the rarest, the happiest, artistic result. He looked at his material as so much life; it interested him because of the human elements it contained."

The verisimilitude of Cooper's Indians has been a main point of attack of his caricaturing critics; but Mr. Brownell avers that "the introduction into literature of the North American Indian, considered merely as a romantic element, was an important event in the history of fiction." To quote further:

"He was an unprecedented and a unique figure—at least on the scale, and with the vividness with which he is depicted in Cooper, for the Indians of Mrs. Behn and Voltaire and Chateaubriand can, in comparison, hardly be said to count at all. They are incarnated abstractions didactically inspired for the most part; L'Ingénu, for example, being no more than an expedient for the contrasted exhibition of civilized vices. But Cooper's Indians, whatever their warrant in truth, were notable actors in the picturesque drama of pioneer storm and stress. They stand out in individual as well as racial relief, like his other personages, American, English, French, and Italian, and discharge their rôles in idiosyncratic as well as in energetic fashion. To object to them on the ground that, like Don Quixote and Athos, the Black Knight and Saladin, Uncle Toby and Dalgetty, they are ideal types without actual analogues would be singularly ungracious."

Taking up Balzac's dictum, above quoted, Mr. Brownell makes the statement: "Nowhere else has prose rendered the woods and the sea so vividly, so splendidly, so adequately—and so simply," as in Cooper's novels. There is a peculiarity in Cooper's view and treatment of nature, he continues. "Nature was

to him a grandiose thaumaturgic manifestation of the Creator's benevolence and power, a stupendous spectacular miracle, a vision of beauty and force unrolled by Omnipotence, but a panorama, not a presence. There was nothing Wordsworthian, nothing pantheistic in his feeling for her—for 'it,' he would have said. No flower ever gave him thoughts that lay too deep for tears. He was at one with nature as Dr. Johnson was with London. There is something extremely tonic and natural in the simplicity of such an attitude, and as a romancer the reality and soundness of it stood Cooper in good stead." To say, however, that Cooper was unsurpassed in a certain attitude toward nature, adds Mr. Brownell, is not to depreciate his portraiture and his knowledge of human nature. On this point we read:

"No writer, not even the latest so-called psychological novelist, ever better understood the central and cardinal principle of enduing a character with life and reality—namely, the portrayal of its moral complexity. To open any of the more important 'tales' is to enter a company of personages in each of whom coexist—in virtue of the subtle law that constitutes character by unifying moral complexity—foibles, capacities, qualities, defects, weakness and strength, good and bad, and the inveterate heterogeneity of the human heart is fused into a single personality. And the variety, the multifariousness of the populous world that these personages, thus constituted, compose, is an analogue on a larger scale of their own individual differentiation. Cooper's world is a microcosm quite worthy to be set by the side of those of the great masters of fiction and, quite as effectively as theirs, mirroring a synthesis of the actual world to which it corresponds, based on a range of experience and framed with imaginative powers equalled by them alone."

Above all, concludes Mr. Brownell, Cooper was an American of Americans; his work has always made for the "rational aggrandizement" of this country.

"Quite aside from the service to his country involved in the fact itself of his foreign literary popularity—greater than that of all other American authors combined—it is to be remarked that the patriotic is as prominent as any other element of his work. To him, to be sure, we owe it that immediately on his discovery, the European world set an American author among the classics of its own imaginative literature; through him to this world America, not only American native treasures of romance, but distinctively American traits, ideas and habits, moral, social and political, were made known and familiar. He first painted for Europe the portrait of America. And the fact that it is in this likeness that the country is still so generally conceived there eloquently attests the power with which it was executed."



## GORKY AND THE NEW RUSSIAN LITERATURE

Americans familiar with the works of Tolstoy, Turgenieff and Dostoyevsky probably regard Russian literature as the *ne plus ultra* of radicalism. In this regard Russia is certainly abreast, if not in advance, of all the modern tendencies manifested in the latest schools of European letters. But Maksim Gorky, in a recent series of essays, maintains that Russian literature up to the present has really been a very bourgeois product—the direct and logical expression of Russian conditions as they existed previously to the entrance of the revolutionary forces as a powerful factor in the social and political life of the country. He believes that only now is a truly radical Russian literature possible, now when a new era is opening inspired by the growing strength of the Russian proletariat.

These essays appeared in the heat of political controversy in a party newspaper in Russia, and have been collected and printed in German under the title of "Political Reflections." They deal chiefly with political questions, but some twenty pages of the booklet are devoted to a criticism of Russian literature.

Writing of this portion of the work in an article in *Die Neue Zeit* (Stuttgart), Henriette Roland Holst says:

"It is the work of a poet at a time when he only wanted to be a fighter, and felt only as a fighter. He does not attempt to show *why* Russian literature is as it is; his chief aim is not to explain its connection with social conditions, although he sees this connection clearly. He merely endeavors to express and judge the character of this Russian literature as he sees it with new eyes and estimates it with a new heart and a new brain, that is, from the standpoint of a new-world conception, the class standpoint of the revolutionary proletariat. This is the significance of the work of Gorky and this is the significance which he desired to impart to it. This is what is peculiar, new and important in it. For the first time a distinguished Russian author sees the whole of Russian literature with new eyes. For the first time he expresses firmly, bravely and passionately what he sees. For the first time, through him, a new class regards this old, reverent and adored structure of Russian literature without awe, without fear, without adoration. For the first time, through him, the new class rejects the old measure of critical values, and fashions a new one for itself. For the first time it estimates its national literature as it estimates everything else upon earth, in the light of *its* needs, *its* hopes, *its* love, and *its* hate."

"No other literature like the Russian," says

Gorky, "has represented its people so repulsively sweet, and has described their sufferings with so peculiar and questionable a devotion. Consciously or unconsciously, but always persistently, it has represented the people as patiently indifferent to the course of life, always preoccupied with thoughts of God and of the soul, with a desire for inner peace, with a bourgeois mistrust of everything new, good-natured to disgust, ready to excuse everything and everybody." It raised the people to the point of heroism, but it was the heroism of patience. This patience drew hymns of praise from Russian literature, but the outbursts of anger, the spirit of passionate revolt against misery, the spirit of true heroism were not recorded. And this, notwithstanding the fact that Russia had its true heroes, such as the predecessors of the present revolutionists, the heroes of the "Narodnaya Volya." Gorky recalls the words of one of their contemporaries, the great poet Nekrasov, who in a fragmentary poem only offered a message of resignation to his people, "Good night." "And that," Gorky continues, "at a time when so many storm bells had already begun to sound, and had endeavored to awaken the people! In those days when the heroes in the struggles for liberty fell alone!"

Gorky states a new philosophy of literature, says the writer in the *Neue Zeit*, and in so doing furnishes a vivid example of the fact that the author's social-democratic opinions "do not work to his injury but lift him up above his former self." In conclusion the writer observes:

"Gorky's work is not only a reckoning with the old; it becomes the resurrection of new Russia in art. . . . In this book, in which the soldier of the revolution speaks his thoughts, his images, his language rise to a proud, forceful, dazzling beauty which he never reaches in any of his previous works. One needs but read the words dedicated to the memory of the fighters of the Narodnaya Volya, the description of incoming capitalism, and, above all, the splendid tribute to the 'hero-man,' that is to say, to the unfolding of the proletarian ego to the world. He has completely shaken off the element of weakness, which in former works occasionally clings to his thoughts and images. Formerly the highest form of revolt that he knew was the individual revolt of vagabonds or gipsies, who thirsted for freedom, but lacked the power to change the world. Now he sees rising up from the depths a new force, a reasoned and organized rebellion—and he has the good fortune to be able to see it, this proletarian consciousness of victory."



## A JAPANESE "DON QUIXOTE"

Western culture and literature have been proud of Cervantes's immortal masterpiece, but there is danger that the charge of plagiarism will be preferred against the author of "Don Quixote." A French writer, Léon Charpentier, shows in the literary supplement of *Le Figaro* that the Japanese anticipated Cervantes, and that, of the adventures and incidents narrated in "Don Quixote," several of the most extraordinary and diverting had been imagined long before by the romancers of the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Japanese "Don Quixote" is a novel of fanciful adventure based on historic fact. It is called "The Horrific Yorimitsu," and describes, with fantastic exaggeration and poetic license, the actual career of a feudal warrior and hero, Yorimitsu, who was born in the year 947 of our era and lived to be seventy-four years of age—"which proves," says a Japanese legend, "that heroism is conducive to health." Yorimitsu made war on the brigands and bandits who infested the district of Kioto, the scene of his labors. After his death the people and the literary classes alike seized upon his interesting and busy life and glorified it in order to inspire the Samurai and encourage a warlike spirit in the young. They imagined all sorts of grotesque and thrilling exploits with which to credit him, and it was no longer robbers whom he fought, but ogres, ghosts, evil spirits. M. Charpentier says:

"Yorimitsu is still popular in Japan. Like Don Quixote, he fights non-existent enemies. He makes himself the champion of the weak, and is ever the dupe of his fancies. He deploys an enormous activity, but the work is actually done by his four lieutenants—Tsunu, Kintichi, Suyemada, Sadamichi. He attacks a windmill that, from a distance, he mistakes for a terrible adversary. He gallops furiously toward a mist; he always pursues the wicked, but those he slays always come to life again."

"The Horrific Yorimitsu," M. Charpentier says, can best be judged by a characteristic chapter describing one of the more important adventures of the hero and his faithful lieutenants. He accordingly translates and condenses the following:

One day the valorous Yorimitsu and his faithful Tsuna were exploring the country in quest of opportunities for new prodigies of enterprise, new occasions for glorious deeds, when they suddenly perceived before them, on the horizon, a white cloud. The apparition caused their blood to boil and filled their heads with sublime ambitions.

It was not a banal cloud. It was almost round.

It had several openings—two that were like eyes, one that looked like a mouth, another where the nose should be placed.

"Tsunu," cried Yorimitsu, "what do you see in the sky?"

"The head of a dead creature," replied Tsuna.

"Yes, exactly; but what does it indicate?"

"It means that there, in that direction, there must be a nest of evil spirits who spread terror and death through this land."

"Let us march upon them, Tsuna. So far we have fought and conquered human beings only; ours shall be the glory of slaying also ghosts and ogres. Forward!"

After several hours of slow but courageous riding, the heroes reached a dilapidated old house. The cloud then dissipated, thus showing them that this was their goal. This was the retreat, the headquarters, of the evil spirits.

They knocked. An old, half-blind, doddering woman opened the door. Who was she? What sort of house was she living in? She had served five generations of Samurai; but the last survivor of the race had died twenty years ago, and she was all alone, waiting to meet death in the ruin. And, in truth, there were ghostly enemies of the extinct house bent on the destruction of the abode. Nightly assaults were made on the already tottering walls by invisible foes.

"Tsunu!" exclaimed Yorimitsu, "this is our battle-ground! We need know no more."

They sent the old servant to bed, determined to keep vigil and encounter the malign spirits and fight them to the death. A storm broke out. There was a terrific gale, and our heroes heard the sound of drums and galloping horses, the flapping of wings and the marching of serried columns. Now and then the door was burst open, and they heard the voices of the enemy challenging them: "We are an army of phantoms, a crowd of ghosts, a band of skeletons. Come out, if you dare!"

The impetuous Yorimitsu leapt forward and looked out each time he heard this challenge, but he saw nothing. He only heard the distant sounds of the drums, and the rain drops cooled his head and face.

Our heroes decided that they could but remain on the defensive. The ghostly army continued to pass by, but beyond provocative cries, laments, shrieks and sighs gave no direct sign of a disposition to attack the armed and resolute warriors.

Other adventures are described by M. Charpentier. The hero has a portentous dream; a beautiful woman is trying to ensnare him. He awakens, furiously attacks a big spider (whose shape the temptress has assumed), and pursues her into a dark, gloomy cavern. He captures young maidens and brings them to the emperor as the rescued victims of awful plots of which they know nothing.

The story of "The Horrific Yorimitsu" appeared first in the twelfth century, and its authorship is not exactly known. It is supposed to be the composite work of several romancers.

## THE MOST INFLUENTIAL OF LIVING CRITICS

George Brandes, it may safely be said, is the one living critic of world proportions. For the present generation he continues the tradition of an intellectual lineage represented during the past century by such men as Matthew Arnold, Taine and Sainte-Beuve; and he owes his success as a critic to much the same methods as those employed by the writers named. In the sixth and final volume of his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature"—a work comparable to Taine's "History of English Literature"—he gives us a remarkable psychological study of one of the most interesting and pregnant epochs in human history. And in an explanation of his purposes and methods, he lets us into his mental workshop, so to speak. His intention, he tells us, is by means of the study of certain main groups and main movements in European literature to outline a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century. His first proceeding was to separate and classify the chief literary movements of the period; his next to find their general direction or law of progression, a starting-point, and a central point. The direction he discovered to be a great rhythmical ebb and flow—the gradual disappearance of the ideas and feelings of the eighteenth century until authority, the hereditary principle, and ancient custom once more reigned supreme; then the reappearance of the ideas of liberty in ever higher mounting waves. The starting-point was now self-evident, namely, the group of epoch-making French literary works denominated the Emigrant Literature, the first of which bears the date 1800. The central point was equally unmistakable. From the literary point of view, it was Byron's death; from the political, that Greek war of liberation in which he fell. This double event is epoch-making in the intellectual life and literature of the Continent. The concluding point was also clearly indicated, namely, the European revolution of 1848. Byron's death forming the central point of the work, the school of English literature to which he belongs became, as it were, the hinge upon which it turned. The main outlines now stood out clearly: the incipient reaction in the case of the emigrants; the growth of the reaction in the Germany of the Romanticists; its culmination and triumph during the first year of

the Restoration in France; the turn of the tide discernible in what is denominated English Naturalism; the change which took place in all the great writers of France shortly before the Revolution of July, a change which resulted in the formation of the French Romantic School; and, lastly, the development in German literature which issued in the events of March, 1848.

The completion of "Main Currents of the Nineteenth Century" may be described as the culmination of Brandes's life—a life that has been filled with inspiring activity, but the data of which are but little known in this country, though his name has become so familiar. He was born in Copenhagen in 1842. His full name is George Morris Cohen Brandes, and he is of Jewish race. His parents were in comfortable circumstances. At seventeen he entered the University of Copenhagen and devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence. This was followed by a course in philosophy and esthetics. His superiority was apparent from the first and attracted the admiration of the authorities of the university. In 1862 he won the gold medal of the university by his essay on "Fatalism Among the Ancients," a remarkable effort for a youth of twenty, full of originality and brilliancy of expression. He was graduated with the highest honors and received the degree of doctor of philosophy. His next five years were spent in travel on the Continent, and these were as fruitful in intellectual experience as the years spent in the university. As might be expected, the transition from the world of ideas to the world of action made a profound impression upon him. He visited Paris (spending a year there) and the principal cities of Germany. Contact with the great centers of modern intelligence and with the actual leaders of what he afterward called "The Modern Awakening" inspired in him an eager desire to be the light-bearer to his own country and to northern Europe in general. He had become an able linguist, speaking and writing French and German almost as readily as his mother-tongue, and his general equipment was peculiarly adapted for the task.

He had not, however, reckoned with the proverbial backwardness of average mankind in accepting new ideas. When, upon his return to Denmark, the enthusiastic young scholar, fresh from the sources of modern learning,

\* MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Company.

entered upon his task of bringing his countrymen *en rapport* with European ideas, he found himself confronted, as it were, with a wall of lead. The Denmark of that day was distinctly hostile to modern thought, which it associated directly with infidelity, and Brandes found to his disappointment and disgust that those whom he had counted upon as allies in his campaign of enlightenment were in reality his uncompromising foes. He had just published his book, "The Dualism in Our Most Recent Philosophy," a work in which he had discussed at length and with entire freedom the perilous subject of the relation of religion to science. This was regarded as a defiance by the orthodox party, and a veritable crusade was started against him. He was made the object of malicious attacks. Life in his native country became unbearable, and in 1877 he went to Berlin. Here he found the *milieu* he desired, and he entered upon a period of literary activity which resulted in his gaining a place of recognition among German men of letters.

Perhaps no truer idea of Dr. Brandes's literary status and of his relations to his native country can be given than by quoting from an essay written some years ago by Professor Boyesen, a noted Norwegian writer:

"The Danish horizon was, twenty years ago, hedged in on all sides by a patriotic prejudice which allowed few foreign ideas to enter. The people had, before the two Schleswig-Holstein wars, been in lively communication with Germany, and the intellectual currents of the Fatherland had found their way up to the Belts, and had pulsed there, though with some loss of vigor. But the disastrous defeat in the last war aroused such hostility to Germany that the intellectual intercourse almost ceased. German ideas became scarcely less obnoxious than German bayonets. Spiritual stagnation was the result. For no nation can with impunity cut itself off from the great life of the world. . . . It seemed for a while as if the war had cut down the intellectual territory of the Danes even more than it had curtailed their material area. They cultivated their little domestic virtues, talked enthusiastic nonsense on festive occasions, indulged in vain hopes of recovering their lost provinces, but rarely allowed their political reverses to interfere with their amusements. They let the world roar on past their gates without troubling themselves much as to what interested or agitated it. A feeble, moonshiny, late-romanticism was predominant in their literature; and in art, philosophy and politics that sluggish conservatism which betokens a low vitality, incident upon intellectual isolation. What was needed at such a time was a man who could re-attach the broken connection—a mediator and interpreter of foreign thought in such a form as to appeal to the Danish temperament and be capable of assimilation by the Danish intellect. Such a man was George Brandes. He undertook to put his people *en rapport* with the nineteenth



GEORGE BRANDES

A critic who maintains for our generation the intellectual traditions represented during the past century by such men as Matthew Arnold, Taine and Sainte-Beuve.

century, to open new avenues for the influx of modern thought, to take the place of those which had been closed. . . . But a self-satisfied and virtuous little nation which regards its remoteness from the great world as a matter of congratulation is not apt to receive with favor such a champion of alien ideas. The more the Danes became absorbed in their national hallucinations, the more provincial, nay parochial, they became in their interests, the less did they feel the need of any intellectual stimulus from abroad; and when Dr. Brandes introduced them to modern realism, agnosticism and positivism, they thanked God that none of these dreadful 'isms were indigenous with them; and were disposed to take Dr. Brandes to task for disturbing their idyllic, orthodox peace by the promulgation of such dangerous heresies. When the time came to fill the professorship for which he was a candidate, he was passed by, and a safer but inferior man was appointed."

It is gratifying to learn that, in time, the Danes repented their harsh treatment of their most distinguished man. In 1882 his friends in Copenhagen were strong enough to invite him back to Denmark, and to offer him an important and profitable post. He now resides in Copenhagen, as a public lecturer, with a sub-

scribed guarantee of \$1,000 a year.

Dr. Brandes is a tireless literary worker of the type of Sainte-Beuve and Balzac, a writer who is satisfied with nothing less than perfection, and who never allows any careless work to reach the public. He gives a hint of this in the motto taken from Balzac which is prefixed to his volume, "Young Germany":

"If the artist does not throw himself into his work as Curtius hurled himself into the gulf, as the soldier dashes over the redoubt; and if he does not toil in his crater like the miner buried under an avalanche; if he contemplates the difficulties instead of conquering them one by one, his work will never attain completeness; it will perish in the atelier, or production will become impossible and the artist will be a witness of the suicide of his own genius."

### THE LITERARY "FLOWER FESTIVALS" OF COLOGNE

For eight years the city of Cologne, on the Rhine, has been holding each spring a "flower festival" in the interest of literature. This movement has attracted international attention, and is not unparalleled in other countries. Centuries ago the people of Wales inaugurated the *Eisteddfod* prize contest, which still takes place every year in a Welsh village, according to sacred custom, under the auspices of an arch-druid. During the middle ages French and German princes took an active interest in "flower festivals." Under Charles V of France such festivals were celebrated at court to counteract the demoralizing influence of the pest. The "Blumenspiele," as they were

called, were very closely connected with medieval minnesingers. Coming down to more recent times, poetic festivals have been held in Spain, in Mexico, on African soil, in Meddilla, and among the Germans of our own country in the city of Baltimore.

The Cologne "Blumenspiele" are a direct result of the wave of romanticism that has lately swept over Germany. Some ten years ago literary Germany was under the influence of the crassest materialism. The young writers out-Zolaed Zola, and the savor of their work was not pleasant to the nostrils. Then a powerful reaction set in and a great romantic wave carried Hauptmann, Sudermann and Schlaf,



THE FLOWER QUEEN AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR AT THE COLOGNE FESTIVAL  
Each spring the city of Cologne holds a literary festival, offering a prize for the best love poem by a woman and crowning the winner Flower Queen.





DR. JOHANNES FASTENRATH  
Founder of the Cologne "Blumenspiele"

and all the lesser men before it. It was during this period that the festivals were founded by Dr. Johannes Fastenrath. Fastenrath, who is himself a poet of considerable merit and ranks high as a translator from the Romance languages, had become acquainted with a similar institution at Barcelona during a long sojourn in Spain. Immediately he realized the possibilities of transplanting this heirloom of the troubadours to German soil. He hoped by its means to stimulate poetic activity, and to help in turning back the threatening tide of materialism. The results have more than justified his optimism. This year the demonstration was more imposing than ever, and took place in Cologne in an ancient hall—the "Gürzenich"—which has seen emperors and kings crowned in its time.

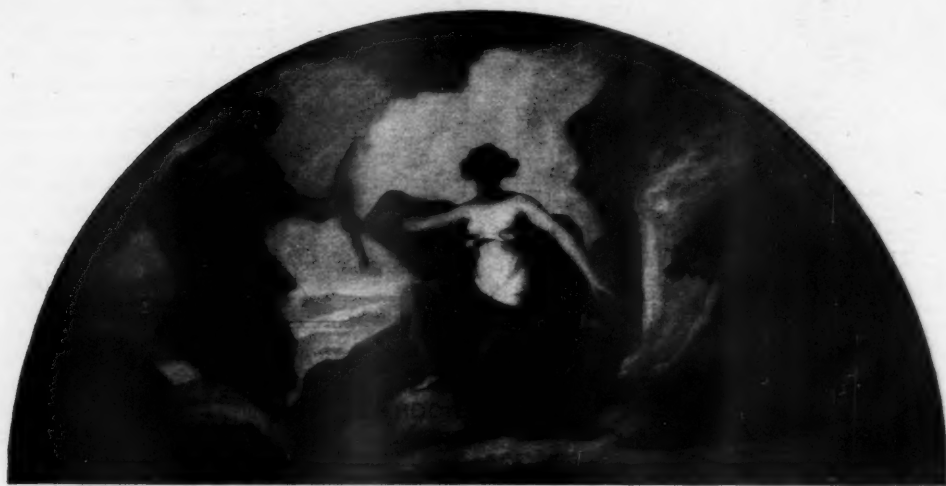
Fastenrath is sixty-six to-day, but still as enthusiastic as when, in 1898, he proposed first to the "Literary Society of Cologne" the annual celebration of this poetic festival. From his own pocket he gave ten thousand marks, the interest upon which was to go toward buying prizes. The city of Cologne, the King of Spain and the Queen of Roumania, princes of the royal house of Bavaria, and many

others interested in literature, gave their hearty support and established a number of additional prizes for the best love poem, the best religious poem, the best patriotic poem, the best short story, the best fairy story, etc. With the prize for the best love poem goes the right to appoint the Flower Queen who presides over the festivals. If, as this year and once before, the winner is a woman, she is crowned queen by her own right. One of the Flower Queens was Carmen Sylva, poetess by vocation and queen by profession. This year's chosen Flower Queen is Miss Therese Keiter, a celebrated Catholic lyricist and novelist. Unfortunately sickness prevented her from occupying the throne, and she had to reign by proxy. German-Americans have always taken an active part in the festivals, and twice in the history of the institution they have succeeded in carrying off a prize. The story which received the prize for the best fairy-



THERESE KEITER

A Roman Catholic lyricist and poetess, whose love poem entitles her to the "Flower Throne" at Cologne.



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"YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW"

(Painting by H. O. Walker in the Minnesota State Capitol.)

tale (*Märchen*) this year the reader will find in another part of the magazine.

For the facts stated we are indebted to the annual published by the society. It is a voluminous document of over five hundred pages, containing photographs of prize-winners, poems and stories which have been awarded prizes or honorable mention by the committee of competent literary men, and greetings in French, Provençal, Spanish, Swedish, Czech, Dutch and German. Of all the great world-languages English alone is so far unrepresented.

The celebration at Cologne is a picturesque affair. It is conducted with all the pomp of a high mass. Representatives of the German student bodies in their many-colored costumes strangely contrast with more soberly clad visitors from all parts of the world—from Germany, France and Spain, from the Mazanares and from the blue Adriatic. The hall is filled with beautiful ladies in festive garments, all adorned with flowers. Flowers are everywhere. In the center of the "Gürzenich" rises the golden throne decked with roses, palms and laurel. It is surmounted by a canopy bearing the in-



Copyright 1905, by E. H. Blashfield. Photo by Inaloe & Deck Co.

"WESTWARD"

(Painting by E. H. Blashfield in the Iowa State Capitol.)



Copyright 1906, by Kenyon Cox. Photo by De W. C. Ward.

"HERDING"

(Painting by Kenyon Cox in the Iowa State Capitol.)

signia of the cities of Barcelona and Cologne, and the initials of the Queen in letters of violets, surrounded by an oval of heliotrope upon a background of white anemones. To the right and left are grouped the maids of honor with their flowers. Then sonorous peals issue

from the mouth of the great church organ. All eyes are turned toward the Flower Queen, who enters, conducted by the Herald of the Festival and the venerable Dr. Fastenrath, assumes her seat on the throne and distributes the prizes.

## MURAL DECORATION—AN ART FOR THE PEOPLE

"The future great art of this republic, as far as it is expressed in painting, will find its complete and full development on the walls of our public buildings." This prediction, made recently by an American art critic, is not unreasonable in view of present tendencies in the artistic world. Such well-known American artists as John La Farge, Edwin H. Blashfield, F. D. Millet and Kenyon Cox are devoting a larger and larger share of their time to mural painting. In our Eastern cities there already exist many notable examples of decorative work. Washington has its superb Congressional Library, and Boston its Public Library embellished by Puvis de Chavannes, Abbey and Sargent. Bowdoin College, in Maine, boasts of four beautiful mural paintings. A bank in Pittsburg gave Blashfield and Millet commissions for large lunettes. The criminal and appellate courts in New York

and several hotels in Chicago, New York and Boston are similarly decorated. The Baltimore Court-house has lately acquired a number of panels by C. Y. Turner, commemorating "The Burning of the *Peggy Stuart*," and R. T. Willis has made for the Second Battalion Armory in Brooklyn decorative designs showing the sea battles between the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard* and the escape of the *Constitution*. And now, on a larger scale than has been attempted before in this country, two Western State Capitols—those of Minnesota and Iowa—have engaged the efforts of our best mural painters. All of which, as a writer in *The Craftsman* (April) points out, makes for democracy in art; for while easel pictures too often go to the costly private collections of connoisseurs, "the paintings on the walls of public buildings are for the people, and to the people they chiefly appeal because of beautiful



Copyright 1905, by John La Farge.

**"THE RECORDING OF PRECEDENTS: CONFUCIUS AND HIS PUPILS COLLABORATE AND TRANSCRIBE DOCUMENTS IN THEIR FAVORITE GROVE"**

(Painting by John La Farge in the Supreme Court Room of the Minnesota State Capitol.)

symbolism or vivid recording of some historic event of which the nation or the State is justly proud."

The new State Capitol of Minnesota, pronounced by Kenyon Cox "one of the most beautiful and imposing of modern classic buildings," is the work of the well-known New York architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert. The beauty of the structure and of its decorations will be it is believed, when completed, unequaled elsewhere in the country. It is to be a marble palace, constructed at a cost of four million dollars. The color scheme and the decorations for the walls of the entire building were planned by Mr. Gilbert, the beautiful marbles and bronzes, the sculpture, even carpets, the furniture and the curtains being the choice of his artistic judgment. All were selected with the same end in view—the erection of a building of harmonious beauty. Throughout the rotunda, the corridors, and the rooms there is a perfect rhythm of color. Even the predominating colors in the individual mural paintings were suggested to the various artists who painted them, so that all the pictures blend with the general scheme of decoration, and there has been a complete collaboration of architect, sculptor and painter. Throughout the building there are mural paintings of superior merit by La Farge, Blashfield, Millet, Cox, H. O. Walker, E. E. Simmons, R. F. Zogbaum, Douglas Volk, and Howard Pyle.

The four paintings by Mr. La Farge are in

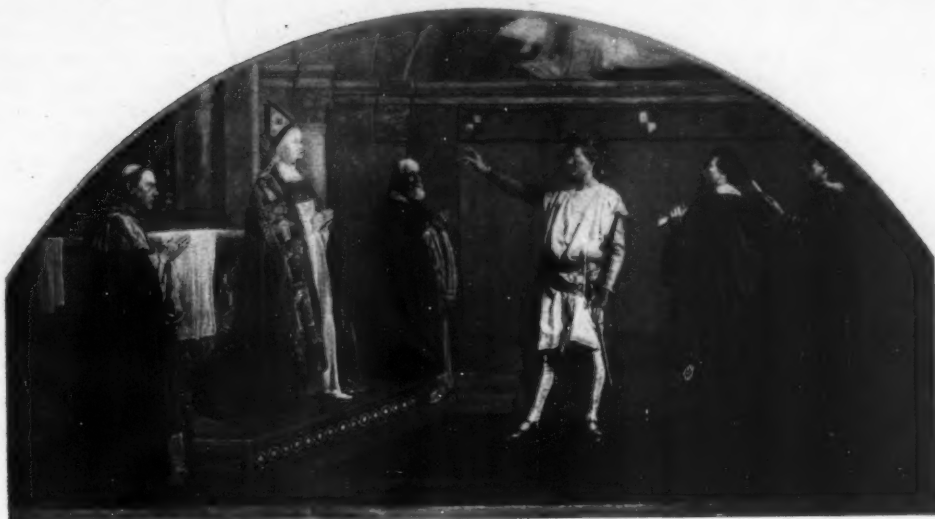
the Supreme Court room. They are described as follows by Grace Whitworth:

The pictures are both symbolic and realistic. They relate to law and represent distinct and successive periods in the history of its advancement. The first of the group is "The Moral and Divine Law." The painting is of a rough and rugged mountain, representing Mount Sinai, to the summit of which Moses and Aaron have ascended. In the center of the picture is the figure of Moses, kneeling with arms outstretched, receiving the Law of the Commandments. Mr. La Farge's intent is to typify "the forces of nature and the human conscience."

In the second painting, "The Relation of the Individual to the State," Mr. La Farge has represented an imaginative but typical scene from Plato's "Republic." Socrates is portrayed in conversation with the sons of Cephalus and a friend, the particular subject of the discussion being Socrates' argument that "the true artist in proceeding according to his art does not do the best for himself, nor consult his own interests, but that of his subject." The scene of the painting is a bright, out-of-door one, and the important figures in the painting are informally arranged. At the right of the canvas is a slave girl, with tambourine, who has chanced along; and beyond is a glimpse of a charioteer and his prancing horses. Mr. La Farge has wished "to convey in a typical manner the serenity and good nature which is the note of the famous book and of Greek thought and philosophy,—an absolutely free discussion of the interdependence of men."

Another painting is "The Recording of Precedents." "Believing and loving the ancients, Confucius was a transmitter and not a maker,"—and this great commentator Mr. La Farge has selected as the best type for the subject of his third lunette.





Copyright 1905, by John La Farge.

**"THE ADJUSTMENT OF CONFLICTING INTERESTS: COUNT RAYMOND OF TOULOUSE SWEARS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE BISHOP, TO OBSERVE THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITY"**

(Painting by John La Farge in the Supreme Court Room of the Minnesota State Capitol.)

The painting represents a Chinese garden situated on the bank of a river. Confucius and three of his disciples are comparing and recopying the writings of their predecessors. At the extreme left are a number of other manuscripts which a messenger has just delivered to the great philosopher. The Chinese musical instrument called the "kin," upon which it was Confucius's habit to play before discussion, is lying on the ground before him. The purpose of this painting has been to express a method of instruction different from that of verbal argument denoted in the Greek picture.

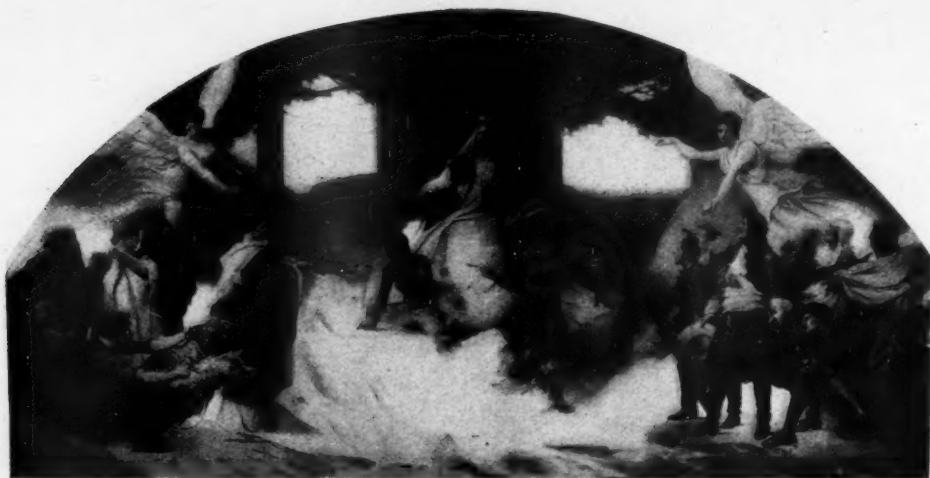
In the last of the series, "The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests," Mr. La Farge has selected Count Raymond of Toulouse as a type of the medieval ruler, confronted with conflicting political and ecclesiastical dissensions. The painting represents the interior of a church. Before the altar are grouped the bishop, priests, and civic magistrates. Count Raymond is swearing in their presence to heed the rights of the city. "These chiefs," explains Mr. La Farge, "represent organized bodies that meet in a form of war, wherein strict law is observed and ethical justice is no longer the theme."

Many months of study and labor have been given by Mr. La Farge to these paintings. He is now seventy years of age, but he is still to be found, usually, in his studio at nine o'clock—the studio in which he has worked for forty-seven years. The Confucius lunette (reproduced here) has been of intense interest to him and upon the subject of this painting alone he has read thousands of pages. He

commissioned two Chinese scholars to translate for him many of the early Chinese works, and advised with a third who has recently been in China searching the first records of that country's history. Forty thousand dollars were paid to Mr. La Farge for his four paintings. In depth of intellectual influence and artistic impressiveness, they undoubtedly outrank any murals that he has ever produced.

The most recent mural paintings by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield are those for Minnesota's new State Capitol and Iowa's remodeled Capitol. Two of these paintings constitute the principal decoration of the Senate Chamber in the Minnesota building. They are large lunettes, each measuring thirty-five feet across the base. They are described as follows by Miss Whitworth:

One lunette, entitled "The Discoverers and the Civilizers led to the Source of the Mississippi," has in the center a cluster of wide-spreading pine trees, beneath which is seated the great spirit, Manitou. Beside him is an urn symbolic of the source of the Mississippi River. From the urn flows a narrow stream of water that spreads wider and wider in its outward flow. At the feet of the Great Spirit, rising from out the rush and spray of water, are an Indian youth and maiden. At the right are French and English discoverers led by the spirit of Enterprise. In the left-side group are types of colonists who became Western civilizers. A priest among them offers a crucifix to the Indian woman, and over them all is the



Copyright 1905, by E. H. Blasfield. Photo by Inalce & Deck Co.

"THE DISCOVERERS AND CIVILIZERS LED TO THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI"

(Painting by E. H. Blasfield in the Senate Chamber of the Minnesota State Capitol.)

winged figure of Civilization. At either extreme of the painting are a sledge and a light-boat—the vehicles which were the first to open up the Northwest.

Mr. Blasfield has named his second painting "Minnesota, the Grain State." There is an imposing central group of several figures—the principal one being that of a woman representing Minnesota. She is seated on a load of wheat-sheafs, drawn by two white oxen. Hovering about her are two ideal figures protecting her with their widespread wings and holding over her head a crown typical of the triumph of Minnesota as a grain State. The two figures on each side of the oxen serve as decorative objects in the composition of this central group. Just in advance of the oxen is a spirit-child bearing a tablet with the inscription, "Hic est Minnesota Granarium Mundi." The group at the right is meant to be suggestive of the Civil War epoch and of Minnesota at the beginning of her Statehood. Here are the figures of several soldiers, old and young, and in their midst is an army nurse carrying a basket filled with rolls of bandages. Above floats the spirit of Patriotism, a helmeted figure, holding in her hands the sword and palms of victory. In the left section of the painting are several other realistic figures expressive of the Minnesota of to-day. At this end of the picture is a reaping machine, its operator mounted for action. Near him are father, mother and child leaning against a huge sack of flour. The symbolical and realistic are again mingled in this group, for above the human types glides the spirit of Agriculture, holding in outstretched arms stalks of wheat and corn which she eagerly offers to the figure enthroned upon the load of wheat. The men and women on both sides of the painting are intently gazing at the central figure, Minnesota. In the background on the left looms the dome of the new Capitol building. The dominating compositional pattern of the picture is the festoon expressed in light colors against the

darker background. All degrees of white are used—creamy white, cold blue white, chalky white, greenish and pinkish whites. The figure of Minnesota is draped in white, and over her knees falls a covering of gold brocade. The floating robes of the spirits are painted in red, shot with silver. These figures with their beautiful pink-white wings appear most brilliant against the deep blue of the sky.

Mr. Blasfield's "Westward," reproduced herewith and painted for the recently remodeled Iowa State Capitol building, is a wondrous composition in subject, in color, and in expanse. It is forty feet long and fourteen feet high, and is placed on the wall of the building at the landing of the main stairway. The painting represents the pioneers traveling toward the West. In the center of the canvas is a large caravan drawn by a double team of oxen. Some of the women and children are riding in the wagon, and others are walking beside it with the stalwart men. One note of especial interest to Iowans is that of the central figure on the wagon, which represents a Des Moines girl. Leading the oxen are the spirits of Enlightenment carrying an open book and a shield, the latter bearing the coat of arms of the State. Two other spirits hold a basket from which they are scattering the seeds of Civilization. In the rear of the caravan are two spirits symbolizing other degrees of Progress. They carry small models of the stationary steam-engine and the electric dynamo. At the lower right corner of the painting is the standing corn, suggestive of the very fringe of civilization which the travelers are leaving, and, at the lower left corner the wildness of the unsettled country toward which they move is typified in the huge buffalo skull that looms above the extremely short grass of the Western plains. This picture is painted in large, simple planes of creamy white and exquisite orange and blues. The hour of the painting is twilight and Mr. Blasfield has caught the beautiful glowing colors and the mysterious

deep blue shadows of sky and plain to be seen lingering over the unlimited Western prairies.

Soon after the painting had been placed in the Capitol building a few Iowans discovered that, according to teamster tradition, the man driving the oxen was guiding them from the wrong side of the wagon, a detail that aroused some good-natured newspaper comment. "I was quite well aware," says the artist, "that the left side was the one on which the driver should have been placed, but to make the painting compositionally agreeable

it was necessary to put the teamster on the other side of the wagon."

Such a criticism is a small point of difference to bring forth when contemplating the entirety of so beautifully composed and executed a painting. The picture is realistic as well as symbolic, but an artistic painting is seldom an exact copy of nature. Art is the significance of truth. In this deeply interesting painting, not accuracy of detail, but the spirit of Heroism and Progress possessed by the State's forefathers should be the all-absorbing theme.

## THE ULTIMATE SIGNIFICANCE OF ART

Whistler defined art as "the Science of the Beautiful," and many of us have thoughtlessly echoed the definition. But as Haldane Macfall, an English writer, points out in a brilliant little book just published,\* art is really no such thing. It is not science and it is not necessarily beauty; and the above definition partakes of the "wisdom of the wisecracks who defined a crab as a scarlet reptile that walks backwards—which were not so bad, had it been a reptile, had it been scarlet, and had it walked backwards." Mr. Macfall continues:

"Art concerns itself with tears and pathos and tragedy and ugliness and greyness and the agonies of life as much as with laughter and comedy and beauty.

"Neither Whistler nor another has the right to narrow the acreage of the garden of life. What concern has Shakespeare with beauty? In the Book that Shakespeare wrote, beauty is not his god—beauty is not his ultimate aim. Is jealousy beautiful? Yet 'Othello' is great art. Is man's ineffectual struggle against destiny beautiful? Yet 'Hamlet' is rightly accounted the masterpiece of the ages. Are hate and despair and fear beautiful? It has been written that Millet's 'Killing of a Hog' is beautiful. It is wholly unbeautiful. Had Millet made it beautiful he had uttered the stupidest of lies. Nevertheless, the statement of it may be art. Indeed, Millet's aim in art, a large part of his significance in art, is a protest against the pettiness of mere beauty. He took the earth, this great-souled man, and he wrought with a master's statement the pathos and the tragedy and the might and the majesty of the earth and of them that toil upon the earth. The 'Man with the Hoe' is far more than beautiful—it holds the vast emotions of man's destiny to labor, and of man's acceptance of that destiny; it utters the ugliness as loudly as it states the beauty of the earth and of toil; and it most rightly utters these things, so that they might take equal

rank, and thereby add to our knowledge of the emotions of life through the master's power and the beauty of craftsmanship whereby he so solemnly uttered the truth."

Art, says Mr. Macfall, is not an oil-painting on canvas in a gilt frame. It is not the exclusive toy of a few prigs, nor the password of a cult. Art is universal, eternal—not parochial. It is *the emotional statement of life*. Every man is an artist in his degree—every man is moved by art in his degree. To conclude:

"It was exactly in his confusion of art with beauty that Whistler fell short of the vastnesses. There are far greater emotions than mere beauty; and it was just in these very majestic qualities, in the sense of the sublime and of the immensities, before which his exquisite and subtle genius stood mute. But at least one of the greater senses was given to him in abundance—the sense of mystery. He never 'sucked ideas dry.' His splendid instinct told him that suggestion was the soul of craftsmanship, and he never overstated the details of life. Out of the mystic twilight he caught the haunting sense of its half-revelation and its elusiveness with an exquisite emotional use of color; and in the seeing he caught a glimpse of the hem of the garment of God.

"For when all's said and the last eager craving denied, it is all a mystery, this splendid wayfarer thing that we call life; and it is well so, lest the reason reel.

"That which is set down in clear fulness; that of which the knowledge is completely exhausted, shall not satisfy the hunger of the imagination—for the imagination leaps beyond it. That which is completely stated stands out clear and precise; we know the whole tale; it is finished. But that which stands amidst the shadows, with one foot withdrawn, that which is half hid in the mysteries of the unknown, holds the imagination and compels it.

"If man once peeped within the half-open door and saw his God, where He sits in His Majesty, though the vision blinded him, his imagination would create a greater . . ."

\*WHISTLER. By Haldane Macfall. John W. Luce Company.

# Music and the Drama

## MAX REGER: A NEW PROBLEM IN MUSIC

"Max Reger is the musical hero of the day," says a writer in *Die Musik* (Berlin). It would be more accurate to say that he is the musical *problem* of the day, for the most varied opinions in regard to his work are expressed. Germany is seldom without its musical problem. The day before yesterday it was Wagner; yesterday it was Richard Strauss; today it is Max Reger. By some of the critics Reger is hailed as a genius of the first order and the founder of a new school of music; others speak of his compositions as "ragged, haggard, deformed monstrosities."

For some years Max Reger has held a position as Professor of Counterpoint in the Munich Conservatory. He has just resigned his chair, at the age of thirty-three, in order to devote his time to composition. Some ninety works—songs, sonatas, organ works, a "Sinfonietta" for orchestra—already stand to his credit. "Reger evenings" are given in German concert halls, and have led to fierce controversies. "In Munich they no longer fight about Strauss," says Mr. H. T. Finck, of the *New York Evening Post*; "he is *passé*, dethroned, discarded—a victim of what now seems his Bellinian mania for kindergarten simplicity in orchestral construction. Reger is now the leader of the band of unmelodious composers who make a sport and specialty of writing dissonantal concatenations." Mr. Finck goes on to recount the following anecdote:

"During and after a recent concert at which his 'Sinfonietta' was played, things happened that caused the *Münchener Post* to say that 'the Reger disease is assuming the aspect of a musical epidemic dangerous to the community.' There was a disturbance at the concert, and afterwards a band of young men paraded the streets with torches; they serenaded Reger, and also Mottl, who had conducted the 'Sinfonietta'; then they provided themselves with tin horns and kettles, and had a charivari before the house of a critic who had spoken disrespectfully of Reger. But the critic got even with them. The next day he printed this notice: 'I herewith desire to express my cordial thanks to those members of the Max Reger community who rejoiced me, on the night of February 9, with a serenade, in which, so far as I could make out, fragments from the master's 'Sinfonietta' were reproduced in a highly characteristic manner.'"

Not merely in Germany, but also in Eng-

land and this country, Max Reger's music is exciting the liveliest interest. Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*, commenting on the examples of Reger's art that have been heard in New York during the past winter, says: "It is impossible to make even a provisional estimate of Reger from the few works that have been heard here. . . . But it is an interesting career to watch, even at a distance." Mr. Frederic S. Law, a writer in the *Boston Musician*, comments:

"Reger appears to be a problem of more than usual difficulty. Some deduce a *plus* result and hail him as the greatest of his time. Others can obtain nothing but a *minus* answer and find him incomprehensible, not, as they maintain, on account of exceptional depth in his ideas or their novel and original musical treatment, but because he has nothing to say and says it badly.

"One of the latest pebbles thrown into the pool of criticism has been his sonata for violin and piano, Op. 72. One authority pronounces this 'a thoroughly wonderful work, leading us into worlds of feeling before untrodden and opening vistas, new, great, and astonishing.' Others as fully accredited say that it shows no organic unity; that its thoughts are wandering and obscure; that its ideas are incoherent and have no relation to each other.

"These latter *dicta* have a familiar sound. They and others similarly phrased are to be found as far back as the history of music can take us. The clear, transparent Haydn was at one time considered heavy and complex in instrumentation; Mozart was reproached with having placed his statue in the orchestra and his pedestal on the stage,—the accusation still hurled against Wagner. As we have long ago cleared the former of the charge, so the end of the century will probably find the other also pronounced not guilty.

"We should bear in mind that such comments often signify a new style, an extension of conventional limits, a hitherto unsuspected scheme of relations, all of which seem arbitrary and far fetched to those unprepared to grasp them in their entirety through lack of the study and thought which makes them second nature to their originator. Whether Reger is in truth to prove one of the masters of the new century may be safely left to time. One thing is evident: that his is an aggressive artistic temperament and one that justifies expectation for the future."

Ernest Newman, the well-known English critic, takes a decidedly derogatory view of Reger's talents. Writing of his songs (in the *Boston Musician*), he says:

"Reger is unquestionably an interesting and in



some respects a powerful personality. Let us begin by saying the best we can of him. In his early songs, such as those of Op. 4, Op. 8, Op. 12, and Op. 15, we can see a young man of a rather forcible temperament, anxiously striving to be original as no one has ever been before. The work is occasionally not pleasing, the melodies being undistinguished, the harmonic and other procedure too deliberately sophisticated, and the feeling too often dull; but here and there one comes across a song that is natural, sincere, and impressive, such as 'Glück' (Op. 15, No. 1), or fanciful and charming, like the 'Nelken' (Op. 15, No. 3). Even in his later work, if you are fortunate enough in your selections, you will find a fair number of songs either of a simplicity that lets you grasp them at once, or of an apparent complexity that soon vanishes if you take a little trouble over them. . . . But we work on and on, through another fifty or sixty *Lieder*, and gradually we come to the conclusion that after all Max Reger is not a born song-writer, and that, if the truth were told, he is doing the form rather more harm than good by the way he handles it. We see that instead of being the master of his own complex harmonies he is really the slave of them. They are too abstruse, too alembicated, for him to carry on the same train of thought for more than a bar or two; so that the song as a whole lacks homogeneity. He begins with a text that he forgets all about before he has reached his sixth bar, and ends on a topic that had never entered his head when he began to write. There should be no waste matter in the song; everything that appears should bear in the closest way on what has gone before and what comes after,—an esthetic principle that Reger too rarely bears in mind. The value of a song by Hugo Wolf, for example, is that no matter how long or how complex it is, it is dominated throughout by one central conception, which we can see clearly from every point of the song. His music is 'thought out' like Beethoven's,—that is, no matter how rapidly it is conceived and executed, it is based on a fundamental logic of the emotions that becomes more convincing to us the more often we examine it. The majority of Reger's songs cannot stand such a test as this. Their light shines intermittently; their wisdom consists of scattered aphorisms, that do not compose into an organic whole."

Mr. Newman sums up the argument:

"On the whole, then, as we survey Reger's hundred songs in their totality, we come to the conclusion that his is too factitious, too theatrical a talent for this kind of work. His hits hardly count against his misses; and to make such misses as he has done is conclusive against his having any inborn faculty for song-expression. It is almost pathetic to think of the vast number of black notes he has put on paper and the relatively small outlet the human soul finds through them. He is too self-conscious, too bent on dazzling us with his flow of language, on subduing us by any means but those of simplicity and truth. He is the Cagliostro of the song,—a Cagliostro who occasionally lapses into sincerity."

A writer in London *Truth* finds much both to blame and to praise in Reger's music.

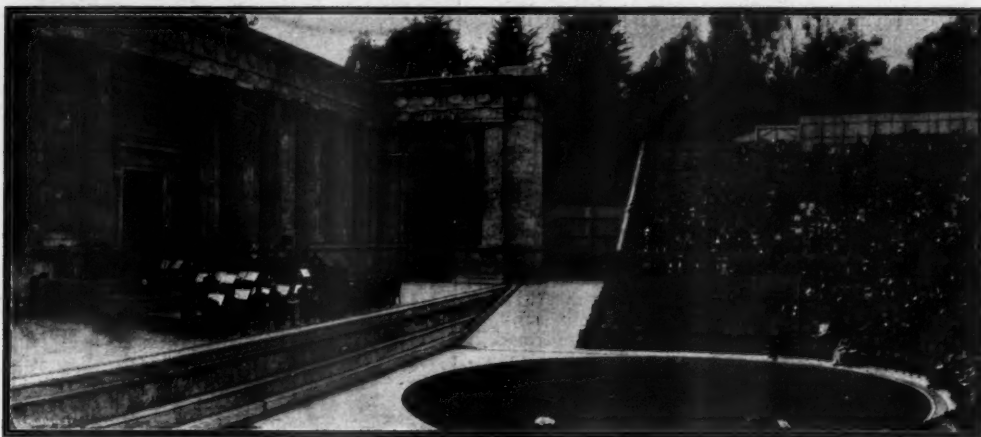


THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

By some of the critics Reger is proclaimed a genius of the first order; others speak of his compositions as "ragged, haggard, deformed monstrosities."

Speaking of a recent performance of Reger's sonata for violin and piano, he says:

"To a considerable extent the predominant impression which it produces on a first acquaintance is sheer bewilderment—bewilderment tempered by doubt as to whether the performers are not by some misunderstanding or other playing in different keys. At times indeed the effect was almost comic. Each seemed to be playing with the utmost determination, gravity, and enthusiasm music which did not in the least go with that of the other. Or anon one gained the impression that the music might be all right if the one performer did not appear to be a bar or so behind the other all the time. Then a comparatively lucid interval would bring relief, to be quickly succeeded once again by a long stretch of seeming chaos and cacophony. And yet with it all there remained, strange to say, an abiding sense of underlying strength and purpose. Herr Reger's music, if one may judge it by this single example, has at least one admirable quality. There is nothing about it of the decadent, degenerate, or morbid. On the contrary, it leaves a general impression of abounding vigor and virility. It is not subtle and elusive after the manner of, say, Debussy. On the contrary, among its leading characteristics are a wholesome directness and forthrightness which seem to justify to this extent at least the alleged watchword of its composer, 'Back to the Classics.'"



Courtesy of *The Musical Courier* (New York).

LISTENING TO MUSIC

## SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN A GREEK THEATER

"Symphony concerts under the open sky, though at midwinter, and given in a Greek theater by a university orchestra of seventy professional musicians, before audiences of 4,000 or 5,000 people"—such is the new departure reported from the University of California. The prime mover in this remarkable undertaking has been Dr. J. Fred Wolle, already well known as the creator of the great Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pa., and now Professor of Music in the University of California. Upon assuming his new position last September he applied all his energy to the task of establishing a university orchestra of professional musicians which should maintain the highest musical traditions and render the noblest compositions. And what auditorium could be more appropriate than the magnificent Greek theater recently presented to the university by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst?

The results of his experiment are chronicled in an article in *The Musical Courier* (New York), from which we quote:

"For many years past San Francisco has had a series of symphony concerts every season, with varying degrees of artistic and popular success. Always the undertaking has been a difficult struggle, and never before has there seemed a prospect of permanency. As Dr. Wolle's concert-meister the University appointed Gulio Minetti, who had served Fritz Scheel and the conductors of other seasons in San Francisco in a similar capacity. Into its orchestra the University gathered together absolutely the best professional musicians in San Francisco, including a large number of men who are themselves directors of or-

chestras, and the best soloists and players of chamber music in San Francisco. Among the number are many who have played with the chief American symphony orchestras. For the opening concert of the series, at the Greek Theatre, February 15, more people came from San Francisco to Berkeley than had ever listened to a symphony concert in San Francisco. For the second concert, on March 1, three times as many people gathered in the Greek Theatre as had ever heard a symphony concert in California. There is an inexpressible delight in hearing the masterworks of orchestral music under such surroundings as those in which the University orchestra plays. In the rising tiers of the vast Greek Theatre are assembled thousands upon thousands of eager listeners. The orchestra is ranged upon the immense stage of the Greek Theatre, and for a background is a stately Doric columned temple front, overhead the blue sky of California midwinter, and all about a great forest of eucalyptus and cypress trees, with a glimpse between the branches of the green Berkeley hills, rising steeply behind the theatre. There is nothing to intrude on the entrancing music, no sound but murmurs, now and again, from the high tree-tops, or the call of a bird as it wings its way above the theatre. This first series of symphonies at the University of California consisted of but six concerts. While the musicians devote but a share of their time to the service of the symphony orchestra, and for the most part play nightly in San Francisco orchestras, yet there is the greatest artistic promise in the work of the organization. There are four rehearsals each week, that is, eight rehearsals for each of the symphony concerts. For the very reason that the musicians are not required to play in the symphony orchestra alone, it is possible for the University to command the services of the best professional musicians in a city of half a million population. These men are for the most part German or Italian by birth, well trained, long experienced, and



UNDER CALIFORNIAN SKIES

highly skilled, possessing unusual versatility, responsiveness and temperament. All the more because membership in the symphony orchestra is not their one occupation, they come to its work

with the enthusiasm and delight inhering in the fact that this is a longed for opportunity to express in the highest degree their hopes, their ambitions and their artistic ideals."

### THE "SONG OF SONGS" AS A POETIC DRAMA

Mrs. Mercedes Leigh, an English actress who has recently come to this country and has appeared here in Oscar Wilde's "Salome," is presenting in New York a dramatized version of the "Song of Songs." This ancient love-song has played an interesting part in literary and dramatic, as well as in theological, controversy. It was greatly admired by Goethe, and Ernest Renan made it the basis of a five-act drama for which he invented persons, constructed situations and built a more or less arbitrary framework. A later French writer, Jean de Bonnefon, has converted the "Song of Songs" into a one-act drama, which was given in Paris about a year ago, with Made-moiselle Vellini in the leading rôle. Both M. de Bonnefon and Mrs. Leigh feel that in the simplicity of the one-act play they have found a stronger and more sincere expression than existed in the complicated drama of Renan.

In Mrs. Leigh's version the biblical model and language are closely followed. The drama resolves itself into a love rhapsody, full of passion and poetic feeling. There are practically only two characters—the Sulamite woman and King Solomon. The woman has been brought to the court against her will.

She addresses herself, as in a dream, to the shepherd lover she has left in her native village, and, through him, to the country from which she is exiled. Solomon at first takes her ardent words to himself; and a chorus of his court followers intensifies the situation. Finally Solomon speaks: "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. Thy cheeks are comely, thy naked neck is as a jewel, yet will we make for thee chains of gold inlaid with silver."

The swing and rhythm of the measured iterations following are comparable to the chants and responses of a sacred ceremony. The subject is one which contains the qualities of music, and in order to intensify the peculiar scriptural effect, music has been composed to accompany the drama throughout. Miss Frances Greene, whose music for "Electra" and "Salome" has already been heard in New York, is felt to have caught the spirit of the play admirably. She expresses in her score solemnity, passion, the Oriental pulse of mystery, by means of insistent and soothing rhythms, monotonous melodic phrases, based on the richer harmony of our modern Occidental musical development.

An extract will show the feeling as of a litany which pervades the whole piece.

SOLOMON: Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair, thou hast dove's eyes.

SULAMITE: Behold thou art fair, my beloved, my adored one.

SOLOMON: I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. As a lily among thorns so is my love among the daughters.

SULAMITE: As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

After this the chorus begins to perceive that it is of another than Solomon that she is speaking. But the king charges them authoritatively to remain calm, and the Sulamite, still in a dream, does not hear them, but is absorbed in her ecstasy of love. She says:

"The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart; behold he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake and said unto me: Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, the vineyards are in bloom and exhale all their perfume. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

"O, my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.

"My beloved is mine and I am his, he feedeth his flocks among the lilies. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, return, my beloved; and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bethel."

The woman cries out:  
"I will arise now. . . .  
I will seek him whom

my soul loveth," and there is a movement of indignation among the chorus, astonished at her audacity. But Solomon says: "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love until she pleases." Then the chorus sings the praises of the king:

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant?"

"Behold his bed which is Solomon's; three score valiant men are about it of the valiant of Israel.

"They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

"King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made pillars thereof of

silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple; the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion and, behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."

The "Song of Songs" develops in these large rhythms into an emotional climax. Little by little Solomon comprehends the true meaning of the appeals of the girl to her absent lover. He becomes sincerely in love with her, and addresses her in words that match her own in eloquence and intensity. The disdain of the Sulamite then mounts to the height of insolence. Solomon is routed in a final apostrophe. And this is all. It is the triumph, says M. Bonnefon, of the scriptural narrative, of love over venality. It is a pamphlet of genius against a king so great that the pamphleteers of his time needed genius themselves to understand it.



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MRS. MERCEDES LEIGH

As the Sulamite woman in her own dramatic version of "The Song of Songs."



## J. M. BARRIE'S TWO NEW FANTASIES

Mr. J. M. Barrie might have called his two new "playlets" a "Revue des Deux Mondes," says William Archer, the eminent London critic; for the first of the two, entitled "Punch," is a "revue" of the artistic, and the second, "Josephine," of the political world. Both are full of quaint fantasy, and both have been enthusiastically received at their first performances in London. Writing of the first-named play in the *London Tribune*, Mr. Archer says:

"The scene of 'Punch' is the home of that popular entertainer, the inside of his show. On the window-sill—his stage—he is going through his performance, Judy, his faithful old wife, handing him his puppets and generally assisting. But alas! his humors have palled on his public; they find his drama 'crude,' and the curtain falls to a chorus of groans and hisses. Punch is heart-broken. His artist's pride is wounded, and he is at a loss to imagine what the public wants. They have applauded him for forty years—why should they desert him now? All he asks is 'praise, praise, praise'; why should they refuse it him? Judy offers to tear up her treasured marriage-lines and pretend they are not married, for 'it's never serious drama if they're really man and wife'; but Punch will by no means sanction this sacrifice. Then the Public enters, incarnate in a butcher-boy, and declares that he has transferred his allegiance—he doesn't know why—to 'the New Man.' Punch hits the butcher-boy over the head with his staff, and so commits 'his last murder.' But then the New Man, or Superpunch, enters to take possession of the booth; and on his head Punch's staff breaks innocuous—the public, he explains, tried to bludgeon him at the outset, but found his head too hard. The New Man is, of course, made up to resemble—rather remotely—Mr. Bernard Shaw. When Punch, acknowledging his defeat, offers to hand over to him his properties and puppets, the New Man answers that he requires nothing but 'a pot of ink' (it should have been a type-writer) 'and a few carrots.' In the end Superpunch seats himself on the window-ledge stage, amid thunders of applause, while Punch and Judy beat a mournful retreat. The little apologue, though it may be called a 'revue' of to-morrow rather than of to-day, is full of point and humor."

Of "Josephine" Mr. Archer despairs of conveying the slightest idea, "unless by comparing it to a dramatization of the 'Political Parables' of the *Westminster Gazette* Office Boy." "There is no coherent action," he declares, "and the dialogue is one long series of topical 'hits,' some of them clear and entertaining, many of them far-fetched and very difficult to follow. For my own part, I confess that I found it very fatiguing to keep pace with Mr. Barrie's thick-coming quips and quilllets." The *London Athenæum* says:

"The action of 'Josephine' passes in three scenes, whereof the first two take place in the country house of Mr. John Buller, and the third in his town mansion, which is also the House of Commons. John Buller, the somnolent type of the Englishman of old days, in blue coat, top boots, and other signs of agricultural occupation, has four sons, all of whom are anxious to enjoy the supremacy, otherwise the conduct of affairs, which involves the Premiership. Each of these is distinguishable as some recent Prime Minister or the representative of some power in the State; Andrew, given to ploughing a lonely furrow, is Lord Rosebery; James, with his vacillations, is Mr. Balfour; and Colin is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; while a fourth—a huge and formidable figure—is Bunting, standing for the Labour party."

"Not very brilliant in conception is all this; nor do the amours of James with Josephine or his dalliances with Free (Trade) or Fair (Trade), two nymphs of rival and well-balanced attractions, impart any great probability or vivacity to the proceedings."

While it is generally conceded that the two fantasies have scored a decided popular success, the critical verdict is, in some instances, unfavorable. The *Athenæum* comments:

"As a humorist Mr. Barrie is indeed light, sparkling, inventive, resourceful, but in dramatic grip there has been a constant declension, and later pieces are not to be compared in that respect with 'The Little Minister,' or even 'The Professor's Love Story.' The vein of pretty sentiment in which Mr. Barrie formerly indulged is absent, moreover, from the later works; and the unbridled drollery which brought with it compensation for many shortcomings is no longer assertive. In its place comes a sort of freakishness which is effective when it hits, but which does not always hit. It is difficult to refuse admiration to the cleverness of the workmanship, though the sense of dulness is never far away."

A writer in *London Truth* also thinks that Mr. Barrie can do better:

"Of course, there are witty lines in the revue ['Josephine'], but the main point for the audience seemed to be to identify the characters with well known sayings of their originals. To some minds it may afford satisfaction to hear people talk about plowing lonely furrows or to see orchids banded about the stage. To me such obvious symbolism is wearisome to a degree. None of the personages in the revue are entities; they are merely abstractions dressed up in cuttings from the newspapers. In fact, I am sure that if an unknown writer had submitted these two revues to the management of any theatre, neither would have had a chance of being accepted. Mr. Barrie can do far better than this, as he has amply proved, and I hope that the next work we see from his hand will deal either with human nature or fairy nature."

## THE PROBLEM OF SELF-REALIZATION AS TREATED BY SUDERMANN AND HAUPTMANN

The plays of Ibsen, it has been said, are "a long litany praising the man who wills," and Ibsen himself, in his recently published "Letters," has made it clear that the motive underlying all his work and life has been a passion for self-realization. In a hundred different ways he endeavors to convey to his audiences a fundamental message which might be stated in ethical terms thus: Be true to yourself. Be true to the highest that you know, at whatever cost. This is the only thing in life that is important.

The burden of this same message has fallen on the shoulders of Sudermann and Hauptmann, the leading representatives of contemporary German drama. Sudermann's two greatest women characters, Magda, in the play of that name, and Beata, in "The Joy of Living," both transgress the social law in their struggle to "realize" themselves—to live the richest and fullest life of which they are capable; and Master Heinrich, the hero of Hauptmann's poetic drama, "The Sunken Bell," deserts his wife and children because he "finds" himself, for the first time, in his love for the fairy sprite, Rautendelein. It is significant, however, that all three of these characters bring intense suffering upon themselves and those nearest to them, and that all are broken in their efforts to live what they conceive to be the highest life.

Prof. Otto Heller, of the Washington University, St. Louis, who suggests these facts in his new "Studies in Modern German Literature,"\* points out that Sudermann has passed through three distinct stages in his treatment of the human problem:

"At first, in his plays, the class conflict *per se* is in the foreground, the fates of the individuals are of secondary interest. The type of these dramas is 'Die Ehre.' In that play the final destinies of Robert and Lenore, Alma and Kurt, are disposed of with a nonchalant wave of the hand. . . .

"It is not long, however, before the major sympathies of Sudermann are transferred from the sociologic class phenomena in the abstract to the concrete, living individual. The first play of the second phase is 'Magda.' The connection with the teachings of Friedrich Nietzsche is obvious. The highest duty of the exceptional type is to cultivate its true genius, regardless of the statutes and by-laws of society. The exceptional man or

woman must, therefore, follow the path-finding instinct. Such is the prime consideration. The most sacred bonds must be severed as soon as they become a hindrance to the free unfolding of individuality. At the same time, genius may not, after defying the conventions and thus securing its own higher form of happiness, expect to participate with equal share in the happy lot of the throng. Thus every genius is placed in the Sapphic dilemma.

"There is a third class of plays by Sudermann representing a yet higher stage of ethical conception. A person may be at the same time sovereignly independent and sovereignly unselfish. 'Teja' is an apotheosis of civic martyrdom, 'Johannes' a glorification of the gospel of love. Marikke ['St. John's Fires'], too, and Beata ['The Joy of Living'] in their way show their strength not so much in self-assertion as in self-abnegation."

Hauptmann's development, while much less logical and definite than that of Sudermann, presents many points of similarity. He, too, is constantly preoccupied with the struggle of the "exceptional type" to "cultivate its true genius," and his most characteristic plays, such as "Lonely Souls" and "The Sunken Bell," vividly illustrate this attitude. On the first-named play, which has been compared with Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," Professor Heller comments:

"The simple action of 'Einsame Menschen' revolves round one of those persons for whom Goethe discovered the appellation *Problematische Naturen* (problematic characters). Johannes Vockerat is studying to be a theologian, when through Darwin and Haeckel the drift of the modern scientific era is forcibly borne upon him. He forsakes theology and becomes a philosopher of the psycho-physiological school, though the old orthodox Adam is not quite dead within him. For years he has now been fretting over his prospective *magnum opus*. But it is safe to say he would never have achieved the work, even if Hauptmann's five-act tragedy had not effectually cut him off from the possibility, for he is a man with a broken will. We meet his brothers and cousins everywhere in Hauptmann's dramatic world. The family type is classically expressed in Master Heinrich of 'The Sunken Bell' celebrity. Johannes loves his wife for a while and after a fashion; but when by chance he meets Anna Mahr he finds that she is more congenial to him. She understands him, and, mark well, he has never been understood before. So he falls in love with her, after a fashion, and now we behold him swinging to and fro between two poles of amatory attraction, just as he has all the time been the shuttlecock between the battledores of two opposite philosophies. His curse is indecision; his only stability is in his self-love. . . .

\*STUDIES IN MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. By Otto Keller, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The troublous aspect of such Wertherian characters as Johannes was for a long time of absorbing interest to Hauptmann. He dedicated 'Einsame Menschen' to those who 'had lived through the tragedy.'

In the end, Johannes committed suicide; and this tragedy finds a counterpart in the fate of Master Heinrich, who was cut off, at last, from the "shining heights," and from his valley home as well. They both failed because they hesitated, and in hesitating were lost. Says Professor Heller:

"The tragic fate of Master Heinrich would infallibly have appealed to us had the poet fully convinced us of his hero's overmanhood. In that case Master Heinrich might have been reckoned among those brethren-in-fate of Faust whom we hesitate to judge according to the usual standards of human conduct. As it is, he is too small of stature to be compared with Faust, even though he does distantly resemble him. Faust triumphs because he is an overman, Heinrich perishes because he would like to be. He is a calamitous blend of the Titan's ambition and the weakling's lack of self-control, a hybrid between overman and decadent. His flight from the narrower circles of life looks suspiciously like an escapade. No lofty

fellowship of spirit or congeniality of mind, no profound mutual comprehension, joins Heinrich and Rautendelein by main force; nothing but a sensual attraction draws them together. And the sacred fires in Heinrich's new-built temple cannot long be kept glowing when fanned only by such a fickle breeze as his passion for Rautendelein. If the fate of Heinrich, the lesser mystic, fails to wring from us as much sympathy as we feel for the greater mystic, Faust, it is principally because we ourselves are more nearly concerned in the fate of Faust. The great problems of life which he finally solves in spite of all hindrances are of universal human relevancy. The whole aim and endeavor of Hauptmann's hero, on the other hand, is centered exclusively on artistic ideals, to realize which he deserts his nearest obligations. In spite of all its beauties, 'The Sunken Bell,' after all, does not appeal irresistibly to all our human nature at once, because it deals with human nature under exceptional aspects.

"The enthusiastic acceptance of 'The Sunken Bell' served as an unmistakable sign of the trend of the literary taste. For the poet himself, as well as for the public, it testified to the truth of the blunt saying in Paul Heyse's anti-naturalistic novel, 'Merlin': 'Though with the pitchfork of naturalism we may drive out never so vigorously that longing for the great and beautiful which is called idealism, it forever returns.'"

## A PLAY BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

The appearance of Margaret Anglin, one of our most talented actresses, in the title rôle of "A Sabine Woman," a play by William Vaughn Moody, has aroused much interest in the literary as well as the dramatic world. Until now Mr. Moody has been chiefly known for his work in the domain of pure poetry. Some competent judges have assigned him the first place among living American poets. But it seems that his great ambition has been to write plays that could be staged and that should grip the heart of the American people. This ambition has been in part fulfilled by Miss Anglin's production of his play, which took place in Chicago a few days ago. It provided, according to the newspapers of that city, "the most exciting first night" the stage had known there in many years.

The "Sabine Woman" of the drama is an American girl who, by force of circumstances and against her will, is entrapped into marriage with a rough Westerner. She becomes a "Hedda Gabler" of the mountains, restless and bitter, but, unlike Ibsen's heroine, is finally reconciled to her husband. From an account of the play appearing in the Boston *Transcript* and based on Chicago newspaper

accounts, we take the following details of the plot:

The first act reveals the situation on which the whole action pivots. We are made acquainted first with the heroine—a young woman who has reached that epoch in her life where the girl and woman meet, and to whom the joy of life is the holiest and best reason for living. Suddenly she faces a great crisis. She is alone at a ranch in Arizona at night. She is attacked by three drunken, roistering, passion-crazed brutes. Passing over the probability of her having been left alone in this out-of-the-way place, even while a known enemy is lurking in the vicinity, we face a strongly dramatic situation. She grasps a revolver with which to protect herself, but she does not fire it. She is disarmed and then, to protect herself, agrees to become the wife of the least offensive of the three if he shall save her from the others. This he agrees to do. He buys off one of the trio, a dissolute Mexican, and agrees to fight a duel with the other. Here the first weakness in the dramatic structure occurs. Men do not fight duels on the spur of the moment, even in southern Arizona. Then, at the return of the con-

queror, the intensity of the situation is impaired by its rambling continuance. The unreasoning mastery of the man must dominate the situation. The scene in which the girl wavers between thoughts of murdering her conqueror and of committing suicide is strong and the logical close of the act. He must live, she says, that he may suffer and atone; she must live because life is dear to her.

The second act shows Zona, the heroine, eight months later, in practically the same state of emotional extremity. She is out of harmony with existence, at war with nature, in a state of physical and mental unrest. She loathes her husband, yet is held to him by the hate that is akin to love. She is slaving her life away that she may buy back and return to him the string of nuggets with which he bought the chance to save her of the Mexican. Her inner soul revolts at the thought of the unspeakable bargain he drove to secure her, and she has a deep desire to reach beneath the heart of him and make him suffer as she suffers, and atone through his suffering, that a new respect may awaken in her. And here we get a technical and contradictory weakness, for on top of this feeling of deep loathing which Zona makes us feel she has for her husband, he recounts in poetic prose the early months of happiness or of simulated happiness, when she clung to him as she clung to life. There is a strong scene, half of pleading, half of denunciation, between the two, in which the blundering, pathetic, ignorant husband does not, cannot, understand aught save the fact that they are man and wife, that he loves her, and is willing to devote his life to her. He takes the string of nuggets she casts at his feet, puts it around her neck, and decrees that as they are man and wife such they must remain. Zona, weakened in strength of purpose as well as in body, agrees to return to her New England home with the relatives who have sought her out.

The third act is again somewhat pervaded with gloom, though Mr. Moody makes a rather deft and grateful use of humor through the character of a sister-in-law. Zona, at home again, is again downcast, sullen, resigned, hopeless. She has become the mother of a son, but she treats the babe as a mechanical toy, not as her offspring. Her soul's call is that of "unclean, unclean," whenever the world approaches. The husband, secretly, blindly praying a reconciliation, has come East and is in hiding. In his effort to restore the happiness he has destroyed he has saved

the fortune and the home of Zona's parents. She still lives as one apart from all who have known her. When she is told that her husband has followed her she again turns upon him and, to her mother, lashes him for the crime he committed, a confession that inspires a doubt as to the final settlement with the family after the curtain cuts from view the exposed portion of the life of these people. The husband comes, faces Zona, and again they grope for the light with which to read their lives aright. Here, as an example of Mr. Moody's style and dialogue and command of emotion, is a page or two of their talk:

*Stephens:* It has been our life . . . and . . . it has been all—right.

*Zona:* All—right. All—right—

*Stephens:* Some of it has been wrong, but as a whole it has been right—right—right. I know that doesn't happen often, but it has happened with us because—because—because since I came in that door I don't know what I'm saying except that it's just the opposite of what I came to say, because the sight of you puts nonsense and the strength of angels in me—because the first time our eyes met they drove away what was bad in our meeting and left only the fact that we had met—pure good—pure joy—a fortune of it—for both of us. Yes, both of us. You'll see it yourself some day.

*Zona:* I tried—I tried with my whole strength. I went through the valley of the shadow of death holding our life high in my hands and crying to Heaven to save us, as by fire—by the fire of suffering and sacrifice. And you would not suffer. You were too busy and contented. Even now it might not be too late if you had the courage to say "The wages of sin is death" and the strength to suffer the anguish of death and to rise again. But instead of that you go on declaring that our life is right when it is wrong—from the first instant horribly and hopelessly wrong.

*Stephens (indicating the portraits on the walls):* Zona, those fellows are fooling you. Don't you see it? That little mummy there in the wig is the worst. (He points to a clerical portrait of the eighteenth century.) He is a money grubber turned saint and balancing the books on the old basis. He is the one that keeps your head set on mortgages and the wages of sin and all that rubbish. What have you got to do with self-respect? That's all well enough in its place, but it's got no business coming between us. What have we got to do with suffering and sacrifice? That may be the law for some, and I've tried hard to see it as our law, and thought I had succeeded. But I haven't. Our law is joy and self-fishness. The curve of your shoulder and the light on your hair as you sit there say that as plain as preaching. Does it gall you the way we came together? You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whiskey and the sun and the fork-tailed devil. Well, I tell you I'm thankful on my knees for all three. Does it rattle in your mind that I took you when I could get you by main strength and fraud? I guess most women are taken that way if they only knew it. Don't



you want to be paid for? I've paid for you not only with a nugget chain, but with the heart in my breast. Do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me—the man you've made me. Wrong is wrong from the minute it happens to the crack of doom and all the angels in Heaven working overtime can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. I guess it's spelled in mountain letters across the continent of this life. Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up—God knows for what reason. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heartbeat.

Then the brother of Zona bursts in upon them, shoots and wounds the husband, and this brings the love that has been struggling in the woman's heart to her lips, and the reconciliation follows.

"There is a strong vital dramatic idea at the foundation of the play," comments the *Chicago Tribune*, "and when considerable of the clogging talk is lopped off, certain of the characters more clearly defined and the situations made more intelligible, a drama of power and strength should result. There is excellent material in the play, and while it seems that

Mr. Moody has not in all instances made the best use of his materials the dramatic scheme just as it stands is good, and with elimination and condensation the play can be made effective beyond the usual. . . . Its stage value lies more in the interest that the spectator feels in the husband's winning of his wife's love than in the problem of the psychological changes the woman undergoes. The author may have intended this problem to be the chief element in the drama, but if so he has failed to make it such."

The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* pronounces the first act of the play "one of the strongest any American dramatist ever has written," but thinks the second "indirect, contradictory, clouded and unnecessarily oppressive." It adds: "Fortunately for Mr. Moody his original intent is but slightly obscured by his superior intellectuality, which inspires decorative verbiage, profound philosophy, suggestive symbolism, and leads even unconsciously into those psychological depths that belong to the chamber music of the drama, but not to the broader function of the stage."

## IS THERE A DISTINCTIVE NOTE IN AMERICAN MUSIC?

The recent organization of the New Music Society of America, a body which has for its aim the encouragement and performance of American music, and the first two concerts of the society, given in Carnegie Hall, New York, lend a special timeliness to the question which stands at the head of this article.

The claims of American music, so to speak, have come up for settlement. Have we as yet any genuinely American music? is being asked. If not, is there any prospect that we shall have a native school of composition in the near future? And is it true, as has been alleged, that the works of American composers have been unduly neglected? In regard to the last point, Mr. Philip Hale, the musical critic of the *Boston Herald*, waxes satirical:

"There are American composers who are sure that there is a sworn conspiracy to crush them. Mr. Zenas T. Field can not understand why Mr. Gericke will not produce his tone poem, 'Lucy of Hockanum Ferry,' and Mr. Bela Graves knows that there are sinister and malignant influences against him, otherwise Mr. Walter Damrosch would look favorably on his great orchestral fantasia, 'The Springfield Arsenal.'"

Mr. Hale evidently feels that the really

gifted American composer has had his full meed of recognition. But several of the younger American composers take issue with him. Lawrence Gilman, of *Harper's Weekly*, Arthur Farwell, of the Wa-Wan Press, Harvey Worthington Loomis, of New York, and others, have expressed the conviction that American musical compositions are neglected because they are American, and that the works of European composers are apt to receive more generous treatment. This has led to a consideration of the distinctively American contribution thus far made to world-music.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the well-known critic of the *New York Tribune*, who writes on this subject in the *Philadelphia Etude*, says:

"During our Colonial life there was no 'call' for a distinctive note; we were English. During the Revolution we were rebellious Englishmen—nothing more. We wrote patriotic poems but we sang them to English tunes. When the War of 1812 came upon us, we boasted and celebrated our naval triumphs particularly, in song, loud and long; but we stuck to the old tunes. We sang 'Adams and Liberty' to the tune of 'To Anacreon in Heaven'; 'Hull's Victory' to the tune of 'We be Three Poor Mariners' or 'Heart of Oak'; 'The Constitution and Guerrière' to the tune of



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA CARICATURED: A VERY "DISTINCTIVE" FIGURE IN AMERICAN MUSIC

His comic opera, "The Free Lance," has just been successfully produced in New York.

From *The Musical Courier* (New York).

'The Landlady of France'; 'The Sovereignty of the Ocean' to 'The Kilruddery Fox Chase'; 'The Yankee Tars' to 'Derry, Down Derry,' and so on for quantity. Our sentimental ballads were English, Englishmen like Incedon and Phillips came over here to sing them for us, and Horn and Russell later to sing and write them.

"But when we were shaken by the Civil War, a war of brothers, involving moral and social as well as political question—then we saw the spirit of folk-song awakened. When the names of Root and Work are forgotten, their songs will be folk-songs. They are American, not because they speak an American dialect, but because they proclaim an American spirit."

Just in so far as we have adopted idioms "racy of the soil," continues Mr. Krehbiel, we have come nearest to creating distinctively American music; and the Afro-American and Indian sources have in the past proved most fruitful. He writes on this point:

"Let him laugh who will, I have no hesitation in confessing that were I anywhere in the world, far from home and thoughts of home, I would not be able to keep down a swelling of the heart were the strains of 'The Old Folks at Home' or

'At a Georgia Campmeeting' to fall into my unsuspecting ear. No other popular music would affect me in such a particular manner. For me, then, there is something American about it. It is thirty years since I began the study of American slave music and I am still as interested in it, and as convinced of its potential capacity for artistic development, as I have ever been. For preaching the doctrine I have been well laughed at by my friends among the critics; but no harm has been done. It was all in good nature, and they had scarcely closed their mouths after the first guffaw with which the suggestion that Indian, but more especially Afro-American, melodies might profitably be used as thematic material for artistic composition, before Dr. Dvorák showed, with his quartet, quintet and symphony composed during his stay in America, that the laughter of the skeptics was as 'the crackling of thorns under a pot.' In those works we find the spirit of Negro melody and some of its literal idiom, though there was no copying of popular tunes. Then came Mr. MacDowell with his 'Indian' suite (fruit of a conversation held as long ago as 1888 in the Botolph Club in Boston), and his exquisite pianoforte piece 'From an Indian Lodge.' Then my contention with the wise men of the East reminded me only of the old story of Diogenes crawling out of his tub and walking, wordless, up and down in front of it, while he listened to the arguments of the sophist who was busily proving that there was no such thing as motion. While the skeptical critics talked, Dvorák and MacDowell walked. To say the least, they set up fingerposts which will be looked at more than once while composers are hunting for a distinctive note in American music."

*The Etude*, commenting editorially, takes the view that "America is in the beginning of the era of producing good composers":

"It took Germany seven hundred years to produce a Beethoven. In one hundred America almost has arrived at the point where Germany now is, and in another century it may overtake the older land, who can say? But there will need be used every influence that can be brought to bear on the artistic education of the people. For it takes a thousand cultured musicians to produce a good composer and a thousand good composers to produce a great composer.

"Just now America is in the beginning of the era of producing good composers. Perhaps there are half a hundred names that could be included in a catalogue of such. Of course there are hundreds who do a little writing of more or less merit, sporadic attempts that do good only to those who practice such. They gain the technic by this experimenting, but, when they get the technic, have nothing to say.

"Some day out of the wealth of commonplace compositions there will be evolved a writer who will combine sentiment, technic, and originality in such proportions and in such prominence as will entitle him to the term 'great.' But before that day arrives the thousand good composers must be encouraged in every possible way, by private word and by public hearing, that from this myriad-headed individual there may spring a genius worthy to represent the New World side by side

with the best representatives of European art. Every society for the encouragement of American composition, every American name on a program, every recital of American compositions brings the day nearer when America can take her place in the front ranks of musical creativeness."

In concluding, it is interesting to note that Prof. John Knowles Paine, director of the musical department of Harvard University since 1875, was engaged, at the time of his death, a few days ago, on a symphonic poem on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. Of this work Mr. Louis C. Elson wrote recently: "We can all hope that when we have the pleasure of hearing it performed we shall be justified

in calling it the American 'Heroic' Symphony, upon a greater man than Napoleon, whom Beethoven honored in music. Lincoln is so pre-eminently a man of the American people that American characteristics must come to the fore in such a work." How far toward completion this work had gone is not now known. Professor Paine has been called "the Nestor of American composers," and has written a long series of compositions, mostly, however, on un-American subjects. His death, coming so soon after the disablement of MacDowell, is a serious loss to American music.

### "THE AWAKENING"—HERVIEU'S LATEST PLAY

Paul Hervieu's latest play, "Le Reveil," which, as stated in these columns three months ago, was the chief sensation of the theatrical year in Paris,\* will probably constitute one of the leading events in the coming dramatic season on the American stage, with Olga Nethersole in the star rôle.

Thérèse de Mégée, wife of Raoul, has fallen in love with Prince Jean, but has resisted his importunities and is about to give him his final dismissal when she learns that he is in danger of losing his life if she does not detain him in Paris. Jean's father, Prince Grégoire, has come to Paris from the Sylvania frontier. He tells of a plot to wrest the Sylvania throne, rightfully belonging to his family, from its present occupant, and, as he is himself very unpopular, he has decided to declare his son king the moment the usurper is overthrown. He has come to Paris to summon his son to Sylvania for this purpose. But Jean flatly refuses to follow his father's lead, giving as the reason his love for Thérèse. Thérèse, learning of the sacrifices Jean is willing to make for her, and the probability of assassination if he returns to Sylvania, abandons her scruples, and the two lovers appoint a rendezvous for the next day. The house in which they meet belongs to Prince Grégoire, who just previously to their arrival, has come there to hold a secret conference with Keff, an emissary of the Sylvania conspirators. He learns that his son is momentarily expected there with Thérèse, and he decides to make an attempt to foil the lover's purpose by strategy. Keff and Prince Grégoire withdraw into the next room. Jean enters, with Thérèse, the room they have left.

*Jean:* We're alone. (*She enters.*) Here you are at last.

*Thérèse:* Yes, here I am, as I promised.

*Jean:* Hurry up and take off that horrid veil.

*Thérèse:* If you don't want me to faint, give me a chance to come to myself. (*She sinks on a couch.*)

*Jean (having removed her veil and hat):* My love! My love! Don't tremble all over that way. Won't you tell me you have some happiness to grant me?

*Thérèse:* O Jean! The thought that some day I might be united to you, body and soul, has always come to me with the indefiniteness of a dream. It always passed into the haze of the far-off, the unreal. I never conceived that the gift of myself would occur in any other way than unexpectedly, when bereft of my senses. But this rendezvous, arranged twenty-four hours beforehand, all that time for surrendering my conscience, that's what has tortured me; that is what has made me regard you as my conqueror. And that word means that I must suffer a little oppression, and that there is a touch of cruelty in your contentment. Oh, forgive me these miserable words! I withdraw them. I haven't come to break my promise.

*Jean:* Understand me, Thérèse! Understand that I do not consider myself victorious as long as I have not brought confidence to your soul and a smile to your lips. No, my dear, dear love, I do not regard you as already mine. In this first meeting when we are really alone, I feel that it is an added delight to conquer you entirely, by my humble fervor, my respectful patience. Show me all the shadows that darken this dear forehead, so that I can chase them away with my kisses.

*Thérèse:* I am in a hurry to get rid of one thought that still weighs on my mind. But there need be no misunderstanding between us, Jean. Do you thoroughly realize what it means that yesterday, when I pledged myself to you, I at the same time gave up the rest of the world? You see, here I am; I have left my home never to return. Do you comprehend the full significance of this thing?

\*See the March number of CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Jean*: Yes. I expected a resolve from you as strong as mine, without any reserve, without thought of turning back. I, too, for love of you have lost my family. I give up my chances of reigning, my military duties, my honor as a man, for you, for you, for you.

*Thérèse*: Ah! Yes, I am your chattel. Hide me from the eyes of the world. Take me and keep me forever.

*Jean*: I will carry you away this evening. Not a soul who knows us shall ever see us again.

*Thérèse*: Ah! Take away my senses! Drug me, so that I do not see on what ruins I am stepping.

*Jean*: I adore you!

*Thérèse* (yielding to Jean's embrace): I adore you! (Then breaking away from his embrace) Listen! (She points to the door in the rear from which a sound has issued.) There is someone there.

*Jean*: Yes, I hear someone walking. It's the servant.

*Thérèse*: Someone is talking.

*Jean*: I'll go and see.

*Thérèse*: Stay here with me.

*Jean*: Let me go. Don't show yourself. (He opens the door in the rear. The lights in the room are extinguished. Jean is lost in the darkness. The door is shut. His voice is heard in one stifled cry.) Come here!

*Thérèse* (alone, throwing herself against the door in the rear, which is now bolted): Who is there? They're fighting. Someone has fallen. Open the door, Jean! Open the door! Jean! Answer me! Answer me! He cried out only once! Jean! Let me hear your voice! Jean! He doesn't answer! Not a sound! Nothing! The silence of death! No! Someone is coming! (She recoils in fright. The door is opened again. Keff appears.) Ah! Who are you?

*Keff* (standing in the open door and obstructing the way): Prince Jean was watched by spies. This morning they discovered that he had a rendezvous here. That was their opportunity.

*Thérèse* (a rising note of despair in the exclamations): Jean! Jean! Jean!

*Keff*: You see he does not hear you any more. (The door having been bolted from the inside, he moves away. Thérèse throws herself against it again and tries to make it give way.)

*Thérèse*: Tell me he has been dragged off. Tell me he is gone. Tell me he's not there any more.

*Keff*: Prince Jean is there, killed by one blow, in the heart.

*Thérèse* (with a piercing cry): Ah! You killed him.

*Keff*: His death brings peace to my country.

*Thérèse*: I want to see him.

*Keff*: There are companions there who do not want to be seen.

*Thérèse*: I will look only at him.

*Keff*: We do not want the screams of a woman over a corpse.

*Thérèse*: Then kill me, too! Kill me!

*Keff*: You have nothing to do with the cause we serve. We know that you are a married woman who would lose all by denouncing us. Once on the street, you will not breathe a whisper. We have nothing to fear from you. Go now!

*Thérèse*: I will not go. All is over for me. There is only one thing for me to do, to kill myself near him.

*Keff*: You would not want to be recognized in a rendezvous? You would not want to be lifted from the corpse of your lover to be carried to your daughter?

*Thérèse* (losing courage at the thought): Oh! Not that! Not that!

*Keff*: You can do nothing more for Prince Jean. As for yourself, the thing to do is not to be mixed up in a most terrible scandal. A maid who was sent away will return any minute now, with her curiosity excited. She'll go prowling about, and possibly discover the state of affairs immediately. If you are still here, you'll not escape any more.

*Thérèse*: Leave! Yes, I had better do so.

*Keff*: Time presses. It's to our interest, too, the interest of us others, to be at a distance from here. Leave this room, which is in demand. Go now.

*Thérèse* (making an effort): I cannot. I cannot stand. I will fall.

*Keff* (advancing toward her): I took upon myself the duty of making you leave by persuasion or by force. I will carry you downstairs.

*Thérèse* (reanimated by horror): Oh! Your hands shall not touch me. Don't touch me! I'm going! I'm going! (With one hand she gathers up her cloak, lying on a chair, with the other she picks up her hat from a table.)

*Keff* (pointing to the veil, which she has forgotten): Don't let this lie about here!

*Thérèse*: Oh! (She snatches it with the air of a thief and exit by the left, walking unsteadily.)

*Keff* (after having listened for the shutting of the door downstairs): My lord, she's not here any more.

*Prince Grégoire* (going to look out through the parting of the curtains): She is leaning against a wall. She is going toward the Bois. (To Keff) Call Maria.

*Keff* (calling through the door on the left): Maria!

*Prince Grégoire*: You, go unbind my son. (To Maria) Come here. (Keff exit rear.)

*Prince Grégoire* (pointing through the window): That woman there—see what becomes of her.

*Maria*: Very well.

*Prince Grégoire*: If she attempts anything foolish—throws herself under a carriage, for instance—Oh, I cannot explain—I don't know what. Well, then, do whatever you can to prevent her, to defend her against herself.

*Maria*: Very well.

*Prince Grégoire*: Don't lose her from your sight until she's had enough time to become sensible.

*Maria*: I understand.

*Prince Grégoire*: Now, then, hurry up. Go on. (Maria exit on left.)

*Prince Grégoire*: This is the only way of getting out into the street. The window is barred. There will be no difficulty in keeping Jean.

*Keff* (returning): He is getting his breath again.



*Prince Grégoire:* Leave us alone together. Keep watch behind that door. (*Keff exit left.*)

*Jean (entering, pale, bruised, suffocated):* Where is she?

*Prince Grégoire:* Gone.

*Jean:* You had her chased from here ignominiously?

*Prince Grégoire:* The ignominy! The ignominy was in her remaining any longer at your mercy. The ignominy was in your ruining the wife of your friend!

*Jean:* You have subjected me to a savage act of aggression, for which you must now justify yourself.

*Prince Grégoire:* You made sport of me. I showed you how good a clown I make.

*Jean:* By what right did you knock me down? Why did you gag me with your own hands?

*Prince Grégoire:* I had to get you back, and I did get you back, no matter how. And now I'll keep you.

*Jean:* As amazed as I am at your abominable violence, I am still more astonished at your foolishness. What good does it do you to have me in your power for one moment? My only thought is of that woman—to go to her again; to consecrate myself to her.

*Prince Grégoire:* And so, before that mass of men who beg you for a reign of greater justice and a life of less misery, before those heroic and humble legions, you do not experience a thrill as of a heaven-imposed mission? You do not want to throb with that superb, keen sensation which comes from the knowledge that so many eyes are turned on you, ready to express gratitude, adoration, ecstasy, at the mere sight of their legitimate master, the elect of God!

*Jean:* Keep your Utopias and let me live in my natural feelings. In my eyes happiness does not consist in the artificial ostentation and glory, in the showy make-believes that you flash before my eyes. In this greedy, grasping, lying world, it is only in love that I see the sacrifice of oneself, limitless devotion, the true joy, the true beauty of life, and a real majesty for human beings.

*Prince Grégoire:* And our country? Our partisans? Your people?

*Jean:* I have no people. I feel myself the master, the chosen one of a single being, who gave herself to me entirely and for whom I want to sacrifice everything.

*Prince Grégoire:* Then you declare yourself incorrigible, since you would brazenly sink into the worst moral pit, openly court public degradation. As for myself, I would not hesitate to keep you in hiding all your life; if need be, pass you off as dead. In fact, the woman who was with you is convinced that you were killed.

*Jean:* Oh! You made her believe that! That's a crime for which I demand satisfaction from you. But first I must disabuse her of her wrong impression. I will go to her again! (*He runs to the door on left.*)

*Prince Grégoire:* You cannot any more. She is already too far away. And you are in a cage.

*Jean:* Then I'll speak to you as a suppliant. I tell you, because I have proof of it, I tell you the strongest feeling in Thérèse de Mégée is the feeling for my life. The very thing that chased away the last scruples of her virtue was the fear

that I was going to expose myself to death. If she realizes now that my death has been brought about, if it is my ghost that you have set upon her heels, come with me and see to what point her lost wits will carry her.

*Prince Grégoire:* I have assumed that you no longer exist for her. I have placed her outside your destiny. Let her go her own way.

*Jean:* Oh, you have cherished a horrible hope! You hope, yes, you do, for a solution that terrifies me. You hope that Thérèse will herself assume the charge of freeing you of her! At last I understand you! I understand your aim in frightening her. I understand of what interest it is to you to detain me here, so that your attempt on her may bear results, your attempt to murder—

*Prince Grégoire:* Ascribe to me all the designs you want! If this woman who is a wife and mother does not recognize her duties toward her family, if the only duty she imposes on herself is toward her lover, if she kills herself for you, that is her crime, not mine.

*Jean:* You will kill me, too. I am bound to her in death as in life. I will follow her into the extremities, the whirlpools in which she will be engulfed. You have my pledge that I shall not survive her.

*Prince Grégoire:* Rather than let your name be inscribed on the page of infamy in history, rather than that, I'd see you buried in your grave.

*Jean (drunk with fury):* Make your inexorable vows. When you surprised me, I prided myself on denying you as my father. The ties of blood no longer bind us to each other. Each of us has abandoned everything that passes for filial or fatherly. We are nothing but two enemies.

*Prince Grégoire (carried away by horror):* Take care! There is the look of a parricide in your eyes.

*Jean (with a frightful expression):* I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

*Prince Grégoire (responding to his desperate words with a curse):* Let fate do with you what she will! Return to your love, since it's so sure a treasure! Run and seek her!

*Jean (lightly):* Ah!

*Prince Grégoire:* Get out of my sight! Keff, let him pass! Go! Go! Go! (*Jean exit, left. Keff jumps forward to catch Prince Grégoire, whose entire being, for an instant, seems to give way.*)

Thérèse reaches home half dead. She has been expected anxiously by her husband and her daughter Rose. Rose is in love with a young man of a respectable family, and they were about to become engaged when the love-affair of Thérèse interfered and now threatens to bring all their relations to an end. If Thérèse does not appear at the dinner to which they are invited that evening by the family of the young man, all is over between him and Rose. The affection displayed by Raoul to Thérèse when he sees her return in distress brings her to a realizing sense of the misfortune she would have brought upon her husband if she had carried out her purpose; and the grief of her daughter over the ob-

stacles put in the way of her betrothal, the cause of which Rose cannot surmise, acts still further in recalling her to a sense of her duties to her family. Despite her agitated condition and her ill-health, she decides to attend the dinner. Consequently when Jean arrives he finds her dressed in a gorgeous dining-gown ready to depart.

*Jean (alone):* At last! (He sees Thérèse, who enters on left, and greets her with a deep cry of joy.) Ah!

*Thérèse (with the same impulse):* You! Alive! By what miracle?

*Jean (transfixed. His regard has rapidly taken in Thérèse from head to foot. Thérèse, frozen in her turn, with trembling fingers draws her evening cloak over her bare shoulders):* My father arranged this plot. But you, tell me you did not think I was dead! Tell me, to save me from losing my senses at seeing you dressed up in this way.

*Thérèse (overwhelmed):* I did think you were dead.

*Jean:* You thought me dead, and you adorn yourself!

*Thérèse:* The moment in which I see you again is sacred. Do not say anything that will make it taste of gall.

*Jean:* Everything made me think that it was a sick-room, a room of desolation and solitude. I still hear you cry out my name; it sounded like a trumpet call on judgment day, and I trembled in my bonds, a gag in my mouth. You who raised me from that tomb with a supernatural voice, is it you yourself I now see, leaving in this way for some social function?

*Thérèse:* Don't go on in that way. Oh, don't speak!

*Jean:* What? You were going to make a show, listen to everybody, talk, smile. Thérèse! How could you? How could you? (He bursts into tears.)

*Thérèse:* Ah, do not show such grief! I cannot console you. On the contrary, I would only double your pain if I tried to explain my conduct, since it was inspired by my feeling for others than you.

*Jean:* You can easily imagine that in my mad rush to find you, my one hope, my fervent desire, was that you would have abstained from the irreparable act. To chase away the visions in which you appeared disfigured by suicide, I told myself that perhaps your reason would carry you safely beyond that act of desperation. I should have found it perfect if you had dragged yourself here, just as wounded animals instinctively find their way back to shelter. But I could not foresee that you would be so amiably brave, nor that your needs for me would be so décolleté.

*Thérèse:* Jean! You weren't present at my Calvary. You do not know the chain of events that forced me. And besides, I alone am in a condition to measure the influences that acted on me since I was carried to this home. Know, at least, I wanted to die. When I fell down on the way, I was on the road to drown myself.

*Jean (mollified):* Thérèse!

*Thérèse:* If there are other women who in the same circumstances would have borne them-

selves better, let God judge between them and me. As for myself, I did what I could, what it was possible for me to do.

*Jean (after a pause):* I was wrong, I dare say. I yielded to a thoughtless fit of passion. The impression I did not check will pass—

*Thérèse (firmly):* No, it will not pass.

*Jean:* How do you know? Why be so decided?

*Thérèse (with a mournful authority):* Poison has been thrown into the sources of our love. The other lovers live in the thought that they are inseparable. They walk along asleep in their prodigious dream. You and I have been awakened. When you arise from death, you find me making a pact against you with the living. And I—I am granted the revelation that you have disappeared without arresting the course of my life, without deflecting it for even one night. The word that says always, the words that promise the infinite, all the big words, are congealed in the rouge that I have just put on my lips (*retreating before his advance toward her*). Now that I can no longer believe my passion for you is my supreme faith, now that I no longer dream of you as my only master and my god, now that I no longer have these wild excuses, I would be a monster to wish to sacrifice my family to you! (*Retreating before him and with still more resolution*) I pitied my husband. And I have just experienced the feeling that I am forever enlaced by the arms of my daughter.

*Jean (after having questioned himself in a feverish walk up and down the room):* It is my despair that I cannot find the words with which to give you the lie. Yes, we have seen an abyss opening between us. I will not say that I no longer desire you; the moments in which you and I were so close to each other could only heighten my sensual appetite. But I also pursued in you the ideal, the absolute; and behold, in my flight into the infinite I have struck against limitations. I would not content myself with a falling-off from my exalted feelings. The hymn of joy which was interrupted will never sound in me again. An icy breath is exhaled from the things that once kindled my enthusiasm. There is an irony in the air; it emanates from the folds of this robe, from its perfume; you wore it in the city at the very time when I was condemned never to enjoy it again. (*Discovering something essential*) Oh! We have lost only our illusions, and it is love which we will not find again!

*Thérèse:* My friend! My friend! This time it has really come from death to the place where we are!

*A Servant (entering by the rear):* The carriage is waiting. (He goes out. Thérèse goes to open the door on the left and with a sign calls the maid.)

*Jean:* We will see each other again?

*Thérèse:* No. (The maid brings Thérèse a fan, readjusts her cloak on her shoulders and goes out by the door on the left, leaving it open.)

*Jean (his voice half veiled):* Oh! This is not the time when we will say good-by to each other?

*Thérèse:* Yes. As in a chamber of death, without a sound, without a gesture, without a word; only a handshake. (Thérèse and Jean shake each other's hand in silence. She goes out by the right. He falls sobbing on a chair.)

# Religion and Ethics

## THE SOUL OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Columbus once said: "Gold is the most excellent thing in the world; with gold we pile up a treasure with which its owner may have everything in the world; it can even force the gates of paradise." It has been suggested that America inherited its worst national trait from its discoverer. Yet a Harvard professor, Louis Agassiz, is remembered because he declared that he had "no time to make money"; and Andrew Carnegie has already achieved a kind of immortality for his statement that "it is a crime to die rich." Mr. William M. Ivins, the well-known lawyer and late Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, who takes a serious view of our national destiny, and has lately endeavored to give us some insight into what he calls the "soul" of the American people,\* is by no means prepared to admit that money-grubbing, or even commercialism, is the ruling American quality. He says:

"The earliest manifestation of the American Spirit came from the Puritan and the Cavalier, and it was a good spirit, born of the reading of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer and the Elizabethan dramatists, and of Milton and of Locke. It was a colonizing spirit, which pushed farther and farther to the west and south, until the whole land was covered. But for many decades, while theoretically hospitable to all the world, we remained a more or less exclusive and isolated people, for in the history of immigration into America this is to be noted, that it is divided into three periods—the first one that of the early comers, followed by a long interval, let us say from 1700 to 1848, during which immigration played a smaller part in the determination of our national psychology; and then from 1848 to date, a new and tremendous incoming, a veritable transplanting of Europe, which has so modified the character of our people and of our national life as to leave the old controlling Puritan and Cavalier strain something to be sought for historically rather than to be felt intimately and actively.

"Our country presented every variety of natural gift and our Constitution offered every temptation to men of breadth and boldness. Everything favored our becoming the final readjuster in the history of the peoples, with practical immunity for a century and a half from outside interference, while the bone of our character was setting, with steady progress, with un-

broken evolution, with final culmination of continental and national unity, with room for everything and for every one in all possible trades and in all possible professions. Thus, with society built up upon the principle of peace, for the last half century we have been transplanting Christendom and becoming the direct and the sole heir of that *Welt Geist* which is 'the inherited collective wisdom of the world.'"

If, as Mr. Ivins asserts, the work of America is to "remake the world," no question can be more pertinent than this: What character are we bringing to, what character are we building up for, the performance of this task? In endeavoring to answer this question, he says:

"Underlying the national spirit, I find primarily these things: the flavor of the soil and of the atmosphere, of the high, clear heaven, the endless prairie, the rolling country, the great cloud-gathering mountains; begetting in men an aptitude for freedom of thought and speech,—the essence of the life of the intellectual man,—and rewarding the worker with pure food and ample, a good roof and a warm coat,—plenty, in a word, the basis of strength in the physical man. It is due to this, and to other causes that I have hastily touched on already, that our people has become physically—and as an entire people, I do not hesitate to say, intellectually as well—the best product of the past and the finest promise for the future. And we are both one and the other precisely because we have not permitted the past to dwarf the present, because we have not let reverence for yesterday spread a pall over to-morrow. This, I take it, is the most notable thing in our attitude towards life, in what may be called our national culture, if Goethe was right in saying of culture that it was simply 'putting every man in a proper attitude towards life.'"

Proceeding, next, to an attempt to "place" our spiritual center of gravity, Mr. Ivins says: "As a nation, we certainly have one; but for me, at least, it is hard to find, and I am not prepared to admit that it is pure commercialism, although commercialism is a very obvious national trait." To quote further:

"The spiritual centre of gravity can still be located in European peoples—among the English, the Spanish, the French and the German. It was easily enough located here in 'old colony times,' when in the South it was the spirit of generosity and chivalry, and in the North the spirit of Puritan fine living. But it is infinitely more difficult now to locate it in a great city

\* THE SOUL OF THE PEOPLE. A NEW YEAR'S SERMON. By William M. Ivins. The Century Company.

like New York, to which more than half of our people are practical strangers from the point of view of intellectual community in our traditions and ideals. However, I should say that our spiritual centre of gravity is a national love of work, which is the mainspring of the ethics of our new civilization. That is why we, as yet, have no intellectual proletariat, and no body of the unclassed, as in Europe; for, notwithstanding all appearance, we have here no 'classes' in the European sense of the word. The tools to him who can use them—that is our motto. Or, as Ferrero says, 'Let him who can do a thing well step forward to do it, and no one will question where he learnt it: such is the university degree required of an American engineer, lawyer, clerk, or employee.'

There is somewhere always, in every people, continues Mr. Ivins, a moral unity; but, like the spiritual center of gravity, this moral unity of our new race is also difficult to find. It often seems, as he confesses, that "for all our lower wants and interests the whole people are in unison, dominated by a devouring spirit of commercialism"; but he finds, in connection with our higher wants, a baffling conflict of motives. He adds:

"And one thing which I believe I discover with great precision is that as a nation we are too far away from the spiritual, too near the physical and the sensual. We are suffering from the contagion of luxury. It was one of the causes of both Greek and Roman decline; yet the luxury of Rome was sordid want compared with the luxury of our American cities. We are certainly not a religious people, in the old sense of the word,—minding authority, careful of tra-

dition; but if religion mean for others what it means for me,—if it mean the quest of the eternal, if it mean the hunger for the knowledge of the infinite, then, in that sense, I do not hesitate to say that our people are *not* irreligious, even if it be a fact that the nation is not spiritually potent enough to raise up a Francis of Assisi, a Savonarola, a Milton, a Pascal or a Newman. It *did* beget its Emerson, its Parker, its Channing, its Hecker, its Lowell, and its Phillips Brooks, but who have taken their places? Mind you, I do not mean for a minute to say that we are incapable of begetting such men, but that I do not detect them now, although it is part of my creed that the need begets the man, and that somewhere, 'in shady leaves of destiny,' our redeemers are growing to full-statured manhood, and will declare themselves with the coming of the hour of our necessity."

Returning to the main argument, Mr. Ivins lays it down as a historical fact that with every people in the world before ourselves there has always been something that has been sacred, and states his conviction that there must, if a people is to endure, always be some one thing which is sacred to the national conscience. What is it that is sacred to us? he asks. The law? "We are probably more disregarding of law than any other people in the world." The church? "There is no church in the political sense." Property? "Possibly." But Mr. Ivins thinks that on the whole "what we hold most sacred is the ennobling power of work," and that "deep down beneath everything else our nation has a sovereign and a saving ideal of righteousness."

## THE MOST VITAL ELEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY

What is the essential element in Christianity, the essential theoretical element which inspires its teachings on the ethical side? This question has been raised hundreds of times by Christian thinkers and theologians, but has seldom received a more notable answer than that given by Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, in the latest issue of *The Hibbert Journal* (London). He says that he has tried to discover the element which Christianity possesses in excess above other religions—the "vital element which has enabled it to survive all the struggles for existence, and to dominate the most civilized peoples of the world"; and he adds: "I believe that the most essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe,

not outside it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the Incarnation." To quote further:

"This perception of a human God, or of a God in the form of humanity, is a perception which welds together Christianity and Pantheism and Paganism and Philosophy. It has been seized and travestied by Comtists, whose God is rather limited to the human aspect instead of being only revealed through it. It has been preached by some Unitarians, though reverently denied by others and by Jews, who have felt that God could not be incarnate in man: 'This be far from thee, Lord.' It has been recognized and even exaggerated by Catholics, who have almost lost the humanity in the Divinity, though they tend to restore the balance by practical worship of the Mother and of canonical saints. But whatever its unconscious treatment by the sects may have been, this idea—the humanity of God or the Di-



vinity of man—I conceive to be the truth which constituted the chief secret and inspiration of Jesus: 'I and the Father are one.' 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' 'The Son of Man,' and equally 'The Son of God.' 'Before Abraham was I am.' 'I am in the Father and the Father in me.' And though admittedly 'My Father is greater than I,' yet 'he that hath seen me hath seen the Father'; and 'he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.'"

According to Sir Oliver Lodge's view, the real meaning and significance of this conception of Godhead needs to be re-stated. It has been felt to rest upon miracles and portents—Christ's miraculous birth and portentous death and the ascent of his body into Heaven; but Sir Oliver says: "I suggest that such an attempt at exceptional glorification of his body is a pious heresy—a heresy which misses the truth lying open to our eyes. His humanity is to be recognized as real and ordinary and thorough and complete: not in middle-life alone, but at birth and at death, and after death. Whatever happened to him may happen to any one of us, provided we attain the appropriate altitude, an altitude which, whether within our individual reach or not, is assuredly within reach of humanity." Above all, this conception of Godhead impresses the fact that the Christian deity is *not* a being outside the universe, above its struggles and advances, but one who "enters into the storm and conflict, and is subject to conditions as the Soul of it all." To quote again:

"Consider what is involved in the astounding idea of evolution and progress as applied to the whole universe. Either it is a fact or it is a dream. If it be a fact, what an illuminating fact it is! God is one; the universe is an aspect and a revelation of God. The universe is struggling upward to a perfection not yet attained. I see in the mighty process of evolution an eternal struggle towards more and more self-perception, and fuller and more all-embracing Existence—not only on the part of what is customarily spoken of as Creation—but in so far as Nature is an aspect and revelation of God, and in so far as Time has any ultimate meaning or significance, we must dare to extend the thought of growth and progress and development even up to the height of all that we can realise of the Supernal Being. In some parts of the universe perhaps already the ideal conception has been attained; and the region of such attainment—the full blaze of self-conscious Deity—is too bright for mortal eyes, is utterly beyond our highest thoughts; but in part the attainment is as yet very imperfect; in what we know as the material part, which is our present home, it is nascent, or only just beginning; and our own struggles and efforts and disappointments and aspirations—the felt groaning and travailing of Creation—these are evidence of the effort, indeed they themselves are part of the effort, towards fuller and completer

and more conscious existence. On this planet man is the highest outcome of the process so far, and is therefore the highest representation of Deity that here exists. Terribly imperfect as yet, because so recently evolved, he is nevertheless a being which has at length attained to consciousness and free-will, a being unable to be coerced by the whole force of the universe, against his will; a spark of the Divine Spirit, therefore, never more to be quenched. Open still to awful horrors, to agonies of remorse, but to floods of joy also, he persists, and his destiny is largely in his own hands; he may proceed up or down, he may advance towards a magnificent ascendancy, he may recede towards depths of infamy. He is not coerced; he is guided and influenced, but he is free to choose. The evil and the good are necessary correlatives; freedom to choose the one involves freedom to choose the other."

The idea of a God that could share all the struggle and travail of humanity, that could sympathize, that had felt the extremity of human anguish and the agony of bereavement, had submitted even to the brutal, hopeless torture of the innocent, and had become acquainted with the pangs of death—this, says Sir Oliver Lodge, has been "the chief consolation of the Christian religion." He continues: "This is the extraordinary conception of Godhead to which we have thus far risen. 'This is my beloved Son.' The Christian God is revealed as the incarnate spirit of humanity, or rather the incarnate spirit of humanity is recognized as a real intrinsic part of God. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you':—surely one of the most inspired utterances of antiquity." He concludes:

"Infinitely patient the Universe has been while man has groped his way to this truth; so simple and consoling in one of its aspects, so inconceivable and incredible in another. Dimly and partially it has been seen by all the prophets, and doubtless by many of the pagan saints. Dimly and partially we see it now; but in the life-blood of Christianity this is the most vital element. It is not likely to be the attribute of any one religion alone, it may be the essence of truth in all terrestrial religions, but it is conspicuously Christian. Its boldest statement was when a child was placed in the midst and was regarded as a symbol of the Deity; but it was foreshadowed even in the early conceptions of Olympus, whose gods and goddesses were affected with the passions of men; it is the root fact underlying the superstitions of idolatry and all varieties of anthropomorphism. 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me': and with dim eyes and dull ears and misunderstanding hearts men have sought to obey the commandment, seeking after God if haply they might find Him; while all the time their God was very nigh unto them, in their midst and of their fellowship, sympathising with their struggles, rejoicing in their successes, and evoking even in their own poor nature some dim and broken image of Himself."

## NEW REVELATIONS OF NIETZSCHE

The unflagging interest in Nietzsche and his work on the other side of the Atlantic is exhibited, as we have pointed out before, most strikingly in recent Continental literature—in novels, plays and poetry, as well as in religious and philosophical writing. Two important articles by his intimate friends, Prof. Julius Kaftan and Prof. Frank Overbeck, have lately appeared in German magazines, the first in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the second in the *Neue Rundschau*.

It is significant that both of these writers, though religious men and out of sympathy with Nietzsche's extreme position, unite in paying tribute to his extraordinary power and brilliancy as a thinker.

In the seven years immediately preceding his illness, says Professor Kaftan, Nietzsche constantly planned to write a work which should set forth his ideas as a coherent, comprehensive and systematic whole. The book was to serve as a parallel to 'Zarathustra.' All that in the latter had been proclaimed under a poetical guise, Nietzsche desired to arrange in strictly logical form as his philosophical teaching. The failure to understand his 'Zarathustra' made him the more eager to accomplish this task. But he was not destined to complete his plans. Before he even began to put his material into shape, the malady declared itself, forever putting an end to his mental activities. Some notes, however, have been published posthumously and furnish us with a groundwork of his beliefs, which are thus summarized by Professor Kaftan:

Nietzsche's fundamental quarrel is with those who deny, misconceive and abuse the "real world" in which we live, and who set up in its place a "true world" of their own imagination. Not merely the pessimists are to blame in this respect; most religious thinkers have fallen into the same mistake. They all try to make man feel that he is a *Hinterweltler*, a crawling creature seeking for something behind or beyond the world. Thus it becomes an inborn trait with religious people to regard the real world with an evil eye and inculcate a contempt for it. This is true of Buddhism and Christianity more than of all the other religions. Indeed, Nietzsche always looked at Christianity through Schopenhauer's spectacles, hence for him it belongs in the same category as Buddhism, whereof it is only a less logical form.

Agnes long, Religion, Ethics, and Philosophy have ruled men's feelings. Everywhere mankind has interpreted the world according to their stock phrases. But everywhere in Europe to-day their supremacy is undermined and tottering, since all their interpretations of the world's meaning have been shown to be false. A stage of develop-

ment now faces us which will—nay, which must—proceed irresistibly, since none can contradict definitively Positive Science and its results. Positive Science confutes the interpretation of the world according to the false valuation hitherto given it, a valuation due to decadence and exhaustion. This interpretation tumbles to pieces and drags down in its ruins Religion, Ethics and Philosophy. Art, also, in so far as it is tainted with this malady (Wagner's music first and foremost) cannot avoid the same fate. There is nothing which the intellectual and historical world can rescue from this state of corruption. Nihilism with its universal sway is the only conceivable end.

True philosophy, Nietzsche's philosophy, understands all this, explains its development and accepts it. Its underlying truth and its strength lie in the fact that it has thrown off all notions of a "true world" as taught by Religion, Morality and a decadent Philosophy. There is only the real world which ever was and ever shall be. This perception is the great and new achievement of mankind.

But then, we ask almost involuntarily, what is the goal, the end of the world? For with the idea of anything in process of being we connect that other—What is it to be?—and only in this connection are we wont to attach any value or meaning to an idea. We regard everything that exists in the light of its origin, and conceive that it must be a means to an end, the way to some goal. But concerning the process of being, which is manifested in the real world, we have no right to raise such a question. Here it would be folly. There is no wherefore and no end in view. This any thinking man must see if he stops to reflect. For were there a wherefore or an end in view, it must have been reached long ere this. To suppose a time when there was naught, *i.e.*, nothing in process of being, would be the barrenest of propositions, an empty thought. The real world was always, and always was in process of being. Had there been anything which was to develop from it or be made out of it, surely it would have appeared long since and the process of being would have had its end. That is not, however, the case; the processes of development go on forever. Consequently there is no wherefore and no goal,—what we have is the real world, always in process of being, a development forever lasting.

But what, then, is the real world, so highly to be prized, so deeply to be cherished? How are we to regard it, we men of intelligence and free souls? The answer comes: "Energy!" This question can only be replied to figuratively, and accordingly we call it a Sea of Energy! This figure indeed is one grown familiar to us who have wandered with Zarathustra along the Mediterranean strands; the Sea with its restless waves rising and sinking, the Sea in storm and in sunshine, now lying so still before us like a snake with its shimmering scales, now rearing and raging in monstrous sport with its powers, as though it were a pack of gigantic lions. That is an image of the real world—a Sea of Energy.

Energy is the being, the substance, of the real world; the "will to do" is the countersign which

admits us to a comprehension of mortal things and their evolution.

Man's life is but a short minute in the course of a long day, and, when we think of that moment, what signifies it in comparison with the endlessness of billowing energies? Nevertheless it is a link in the Ring of Rings, was ever such, and ever will be again. In fine, all Zarathustra's passionate zeal is centered on how best he may order every second in that minute so to bring about an appreciation of the real world in mankind, and give that thought its true value."

Professor Overbeck's article is in large part devoted to personal details connected with the man "whose intimacy had, more than all else, filled his [Overbeck's] life"; and he furnishes the first authentic account of Nietzsche's mental disintegration and final insanity. He writes, in part:

"As to his genius, in the highest sense of the word, Nietzsche himself never believed in it, or rather he never believed in himself. . . . His end does not at all,—as his opponents would like to have us think,—furnish argument against his possession of genius, though perhaps it may account for the limitations of his gifts. One thing about these gifts seems to me most tragic, their one-sidedness. Nietzsche had genius, but it lay in his talents as a critic. All these critical gifts of his genius, however, he turned in the most dangerous direction, that is, against himself, after a fashion positively lethal.

"His madness, which *no one* had any such opportunity to watch from its inception as I had, was, according to my first and lasting impression, a catastrophe which struck him with lightning-like suddenness. It took place between Christmas, 1888, and Epiphany, 1889. Previously to that, though in a state of nervous exaltation, if you will, he was certainly not crazy."

Still Overbeck confesses that as far back as 1881 Nietzsche had shown peculiarities which would probably have convinced an experienced observer that he was "a destined candidate for the insane asylum." His madness, however, his friend contends, had no effect on his written works until the fall of 1888. Professor Overbeck insists most emphatically on this point in opposition to such as have found traces of "mad eccentricity" in all Nietzsche's works.

After relating certain incidents to prove that Nietzsche was no Superman, especially in his infrequent dealings with women, his friend hastens to add "that none can question the genuineness of his manhood. Whatsoever he may have seemed, he was no actor; though oftentimes seemingly affected, he really lived the rôle he was representing. . . . Though perhaps not in everything, yet in very many of his habits of living, and especially in what we call every-day ways, Nietzsche was one of the

most steady and regular men I have ever known. . . . Although an 'immoralist' he was to an unusual and surprising degree 'a model man.' . . . He himself considered that his strongest attitude was his self-mastery. It is true that at times he showed no more of this quality than most men, and yet, taking his life as a whole, he did possess it to an extraordinary degree."

Of Nietzsche's optimism, this critic declares it is that of a desperado, fighting with boundless fantasy against "the unbounded despair" of Schopenhauer and his school. "The new civilization, with its 'Supermen' which he inculcated, is simply another sign of desperation; a fact proven not least conclusively by Nietzsche's attempt to identify himself with his *Uebermensch* and the practical outcome thereof, as exemplified in his life. With it all he advanced to precisely the same point as our modern theological apologists for Christianity, namely to the point where he saw that the proof of their theories can only be looked for from the future, as no man can furnish that evidence so long as he is still on earth." "Lyrical philosophy" would be the most fitting term to describe Nietzsche's teachings, says this critic.

Dr. Overbeck's exposition of his friend's attitude toward Christianity is doubly interesting, coming from a university Professor of Theology. Nietzsche's aphorism: "Never in all the hours of my life have I been a Christian; I have regarded everything which I have found styled Christianity as a despicable equivocation in terms, a piece of actual cowardice before all powers to whom otherwise the right to rule belongs," is regarded by Overbeck as an exaggeration, though he does not question its sincerity. His criticism of theology as a "parasite" meets with Overbeck's fullest approval on historical grounds, though for religion as a faculty of mankind he contends that Nietzsche had no comprehension whatever. He quotes, however, with unction and evident approval a saying of Dr. Kaftan, that "a course in Nietzsche would be one of the best of introductions to the study of theology."

Nietzsche has been regarded as a solitary spirit; but Overbeck says that more than any other man he ever knew, Nietzsche was inclined to heartiest friendships. As for his own relations with his friend, this biographer is specific in his statement, as borne out by the sequel, that he was ever the admirer of this "the most remarkable man he had ever known."

## BABYLONIAN INFLUENCE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

The emphasis upon "Babylonism" in the radical religious thought of the day, and the many efforts of German theologians to show that the religious ideas of the Babylonians are repeated in the teachings of the Scriptures, have been hitherto confined, in the main, to the Old Testament. During recent months, however, the New Testament has also been investigated for the purpose of discovering traces of this type of thought, and in a new work by Pastor Paul Fiebig, entitled "Babel and the New Testament" (published in Leipzig), an attempt has been made to present in systematic form the results of this investigation. The author bases his conclusions largely on two leading works on this subject, one, Gunkel's "New Testament Interpreted from the Standpoint of the History of Religion," representing radical thought, and the other, Jeremias' "Babylonian Elements in the New Testament," representing the conservative standpoint. His own conclusions, however, seem very far from conservative. Nothing more sweepingly inimical to orthodox conceptions of the Bible has heretofore come even from Germany.

As Pastor Fiebig points out, Hugo Winckler, of the University of Berlin, was the first to demonstrate that the entire Oriental world, in ancient times, accepted practically a single type of religious ideas—namely, the astrological and mythological religion of Babylon. The chief feature of this religion was its emphasis upon the courses of the sun, moon and stars in their influence upon the life of nations and of individuals. Very naturally this cast of thought, he holds, left its traces on the contents of the New Testament, and Pastor Fiebig cites a number of events in the life of Jesus which he thinks show Babylonian influence:

First among these events is the miraculous birth of Jesus from a virgin. In this connection it should be remembered that Demeter, the mother of Dionysus, is called a "sacred virgin." Isis, the mother of Horus, is also assigned this rôle. Sargon, Gudea, Assurnasipal, Asurbanipal, and other Assyrian and Babylonian kings, claim to have been born of virgin mothers, naming the goddess Istar as their mother. This is the reason why, among the signs of the zodiac, a virgin is found, and why, at the winter solstices at midnight of the twenty-fifth of December, the constellation of the virgin appears on the eastern point of the horizon. The connection of the birth of Jesus with the twenty-fifth of December is certainly based on this astronomical fact. It is interesting

to compare, also, the twelfth chapter of Revelation, where the presence of a mass of kindred mythological data can be clearly traced, and are transferred to the person of Jesus.

Another event that exhibits Babylonian influences is the massacre of the children after the birth of Jesus. The story of the wise men plainly points to Babylon, and, occurring at the opening of the New Testament, is a clear indication that Babylonian elements must necessarily be found in the New Testament. The Christmas narrative has remarkable parallels in Babylonian literature, as has also the promise of an abundance of blessings in connection with the coming of the "Redeemer King."

The mocking of Christ before his death is a third event that has special significance. A parallel to this is to be found in a peculiar rite of the Persian Saccian festival, during which the God of that year, in the semblance of a slave, is mocked at. The two thieves on the cross also have their counterparts in the two high court officials who constantly deride the King of the Year. The healing miracles of Jesus can be paralleled to a phenomenal extent in Babylonian literature, more particularly in the accounts of Marduk, the Sun-God of the Babylonians.

Still another event, the resurrection of Jesus after three days, recalls the great resurrection festival of the Babylonians in Nisan, which was celebrated at the same time as the death of Jesus. In solemn processions and with holy rites the resurrection of Marduk was celebrated at the beginning of spring. Hymns, ritual services, liturgies, prayers, etc., used in connection with this celebration still exist, but have only been translated in part. The period of three days, the resurrection of Jesus, the celebration of the "Lord's Day," the eclipse of the sun at the death of Jesus, the appearance of the angels, and other circumstances in connection with the crucifixion, are akin to features of the Babylonian religion.

In conclusion, the author maintains that Satan, the wicked demon, the "seven evil spirits," Jesus' description of himself as "the Son of Man," can all be traced to Babylon. The apocalyptic literature of the Jews, says Pastor Fiebig, as developed in the Apocalypse of John, is simply filled with Babylonian elements. The thoughts and teachings of Jesus, it is true, are infinitely exalted above those of the apocalyptic writings; but it is nevertheless clear that even in Christ's own consciousness, as is seen by his use of the name "Son of Man," Babylonian thought can be traced. Babylon has accordingly exerted a great influence not on the Old Testament alone, but upon the entire Bible.

From a conservative point of view the whole subject of "Babylonism," both in its relations to the Old and the New Testament, has been handled in articles appearing in the



leading apologetical journal of Germany, the *Beweis des Glaubens* and its literary supplement, *Theologischer Literaturbericht*. These articles substantially agree in recognizing an external agreement between certain biblical and extra-biblical teachings, but hold that the mistake of modern "Babylonism" consists in making external agreement equivalent to cause and effect. They particularly score the "superficial judgment" which sees in the deification of great heroes by the Greeks and Romans a prototype, or even a source, of the New Testament doctrine of the divinity of Christ.

In other conservative journals, such as the *Theologisches Literaturblatt* of Leipsic, still further reasons are given for very cautious

acceptance of these conclusions. Especially is it urged that not one iota of evidence has been produced to show that the biblical teachings are or ever were actually dependent upon these extra-biblical legends. Even if the stories are externally alike—which they are only in minor particulars—there is no evidence to show that the one had any influence on the genesis or development of the other. As in nearly all ultra-critical hypotheses, say the conservative writers, there may be and probably is a small grain of truth present. The exaggeration and abuse of this constitute the stock in trade of the radicals; but only time and further research will show what this kernel of truth is.

## THE ALIENATION OF WORKING MEN FROM THE CHURCH

One of the gravest problems that Christians have to face, says the New York *Churchman*, is that involved in the alienation of artisans and laborers from the church. This problem is especially to the fore in England just now on account of the startling success of the Labor party in the last parliamentary elections. It is a well-known fact that many of the English trade-unionists and Socialists are avowed free-thinkers. The intellectual leader of this group is Robert Blatchford, editor of the London *Clarion*, a trenchant writer who wields great influence among English working men. Some two or three years ago he launched an aggressively anti-Christian campaign in his paper, which brought storms of protest about his head and evoked hundreds of replies from clergymen. One of the members of his own staff, Mr. George Haw, withdrew from the paper as a result of the crusade, and, after being allowed generous space in *The Clarion* to present the Christian side of the argument, as stated by G. K. Chesterton, G. W. E. Russell, and others, published a number of the articles in book form under the title, "The Religious Doubts of Democracy."

Mr. Haw has now published a second book, "Christianity and the Working Classes,"\* which is attracting wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic. In it he collects the views of eleven writers, all of whom may be said to have special knowledge of the subject treated. Some of the contributors, such as Dean Kitchin and

Canon Barnett, represent the Anglican Church. Others, like Will Crooks and George Lansbury, speak for the labor movement. Mr. Haw, at the beginning of the book, endeavors to formulate the working man's indictment of the church. He has received letters from working men throughout England, and claims to be thoroughly familiar with their point of view. One of them wrote him: "As moral guides, clergymen of all denominations are not better than ordinary mortals. We find them supporting wars of aggression, opposing measures of justice, harsh as rulers and magistrates." Another says: "The religion of Christ, depending as it does upon the experience and intuitions of the unselfish enthusiasms, cannot possibly be accepted or understood generally by a world which tolerates a social system based upon fratricidal struggle as the condition of existence." A third declares: "The duty of ordering ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters, to obey pastors and masters, to be content in that state of life into which it shall please God to call us, coming from the people interested in keeping such a state of things going, is open to misconstruction." A fourth charges that "the churches each year tend to become more and more mere machinery for the Sunday recreation of the well-fed and the well-dressed."

Turning from the rank and file of the working class to its leaders, we find Keir Hardie, the veteran Socialist leader, expressing himself as follows in an open letter to the clergy published in a recent issue of *The Labour Leader* (London): "The Archbishop of Can-

\*CHRISTIANITY AND THE WORKING CLASSES. Edited by George Haw. The Macmillan Company.

terbury, writing the other day, said he had to devote seventeen hours a day to his work, and had no time left in which to form opinions on how to solve the unemployed question. The religion which demands seventeen hours a day for organization, and leaves no time for a single thought about starving and despairing men, women and children, has no message for this age."

Mr. Haw finds significance in this view, as in the statements of the two other labor leaders previously mentioned. Mr. Crooks, now member of Parliament from Woolwich, makes the following remarks:

"If I wanted some kind, neighborly action done, the last person to come into my mind would be the regular attendant at church."

"Where I see Christ's teaching reserved for a specially favored few, it suggests that the churches fear to increase their congregations too much, lest heaven be not large enough to hold them all, with common people crowding in."

"Many parsons cannot approach the poor without a sense of loftiness and a show of patronage which working men and women hate."

"When work-people go to church they see the pulpit a long way from the congregation. Like the preaching, it is much above the people's heads."

"I think if the churches would try, say once or twice a week for a while, to run a service where it was understood everyone could go without Sunday clothes, then those who have only the clothes they stand upright in would not be ashamed to attend, as they often are now."

Mr. Lansbury, a Social-Democratic spokesman and a parliamentary candidate at the last election, declares that "what workmen want to see is some attempt at putting Christianity into business." He continues:

"I look on the Church of England as being legally and morally the birthright of the people; its money, its buildings, its services have all been left and devised to the people as a whole, not for any section. However much it may be wrapped up in formulas and ceremonies, its teaching, if it has any foundation at all, is to be found in the Gospels. These teach not that riches are the most important thing, but that the life spent in the service of our fellows is the thing we should all strive to attain to. What would England be like if each one of us was considering his neighbor? What would our slums be if each regarded his fellow as his brother-man?"

"I often ask workmen not to judge Christianity by its modern forms, but to judge it for what it really is. If it stands, as I hold it does, for the bettering of men and women, then those of us who think so must stand together, and in spite of all opposition must make our church once again the church of the people, where we may once more meet together for common prayer and service. We need to go back to the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi."

In discussing Mr. Haw's book, *The Church*

*Times* (London), a prominent Anglican paper, says: "It is the fact, the visible, urgent, undeniable fact, that the working classes of this country as a whole are separated from the practice of the Christian religion." The *London Guardian*, another influential Anglican organ, also admits that "there is a separation somewhere between organized Christianity and the sympathies of workingmen." It adds,

"The remedy, Mr. Haw and his collaborators would doubtless tell us, lies in the appeal of the church to the leading spirits among the working men, the minds that mould the tone and temper of working-class opinion. Such an appeal, we believe, is being made, and not ineffectively; but a great drift of feeling—of prejudice, if we will—such as has caused the present aloofness of working men from the church, is slow to change its course. The change will come, however slowly, when the message that reaches the artisan is charged with the absolute conviction that will forbid any unworthy truckling to methods such as are supposed to attract a certain sort of working-class mind, which will take care that the services of the church are conducted with that intent, reality, and seriousness which convey a sense of the Presence of God, which will seek to make the Gospel that is preached in the pulpit the standard also of the business, the pleasure, and the aims of life."

The able secular weekly, the *London Spectator*, takes an optimistic view of the situation:

"To our mind, the general impression left by this exceedingly interesting and informing book is a cheerful one. The church is evidently suffering for the sins of the past,—for the days when it was said with some truth that she used her authority to 'restrain the vices of the poor and protect the property of the rich.' Surely no unprejudiced observer can deny that those days are over. The uneducated have long memories and slow perceptions, but they are not intentionally unfair and the church must get justice in the end. Meanwhile, in this country the religious cause is not irreparably damaged by the unpopularity of the churches. Protestant Christianity is founded on the Scriptures. The fourfold biography of Christ is in the hands of the people, and the downfall of all the churches would not involve their ideal. In this divine ideal lies the power of resurrection, and signs are not wanting of a revival of faith. Each age emphasises a new side of Christianity, and it is the practical and ethical side which is making appeal to the new generation."

The American religious press is devoting considerable space to Mr. Haw's book. "The causes of the alienation [of the workers]," observes the *New York Churchman*, "are much the same in England as in America. The remedy is the same everywhere—a return to Christian fellowship, to a more faithful following of our Lord." The *Boston Congregationalist*, however, thinks there is "too much talk about

the church's relation to the labor problem." It comments further:

"The supreme mission of the church is not to aid any one class in society to gain advantages over another class, nor can it assume that one class is more fairly represented than another in the kingdom of God. The church approaches all men in the spirit of Christ to persuade them to receive and cultivate that spirit, and if they feel that they cannot do this in association with members of any particular church, it is willing that they should unite in any fellowship which cherishes that spirit.

"Christian truth and life are suffering loss today from too much talk about the church's relation to the labor problem, as though Christianity had a peculiar mission to those who labor without having their money employed in the work they are doing. Phillips Brooks expressed an important truth when, replying to an invitation to preach to working men, he wrote: 'I like working men very much and care for their good, but I have nothing distinct or separate to say to them about religion; nor do I see how it will do any

good to treat them as a separate class in this matter in which their needs and duties are just like other men's.'"

*Zion's Herald*, the Boston Methodist paper, also argues that labor problems and social questions should be tabooed by the church as an organization. It concludes an editorial:

"Our sympathies are with the working class, the common people. We believe they have not yet got the square deal, the fair treatment, to which they are entitled—have not yet secured the full measure of their rights. We wish them well in their efforts to better their condition. But let them not put upon the church, or anybody else, that part of the blame which belongs to themselves. Let them not alienate their true friends by excesses and unjust demands. Let them not think that changed laws or better institutions will radically alter human nature or do away with the necessity of a changed heart. Let them give more attention to their own lives than to complaining about the lives of others."

## PROVIDENCE AND THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER

Voltaire's faith in God was shaken by an earthquake, and before and since his day there have not been wanting those who look upon great calamities as "acts of God." In connection with the recent California disaster, this attitude has found new expression. So well-known a man as the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, the evangelist, has not hesitated to affirm his conviction that "the Lord has taken a solemn way of speaking" to the inhabitants of "one of the wickedest cities in this country." A clergyman in Asbury Park is also of the opinion that "the city would not have been destroyed if it had been a Christian city. . . . No Christian city ever was destroyed."

The old-established Presbyterian paper, the *New York Observer*, thinks it "not impossible" that the earthquake "may have been in some sense a visitation of divine judgment." In much stronger language, *The New World* (Roman Catholic) of Chicago comments:

"God rules in the storm, the volcanic eruption, the tidal wave, and the earthquake. He is the Lord and Master of nature and its laws, as well as of the supernatural sphere. But the pygmy ministers of Chicago in their vapid, and to some extent blasphemous, utterances last Sunday morning on the San Francisco cataclysm attempted to dethrone God in His own universe. Not even Tyndall, sitting with crossed legs on the summit of the Alpine Matterhorn, contemplated nature's independence of divine control to a more extravagant degree than our Chicago Protestant di-

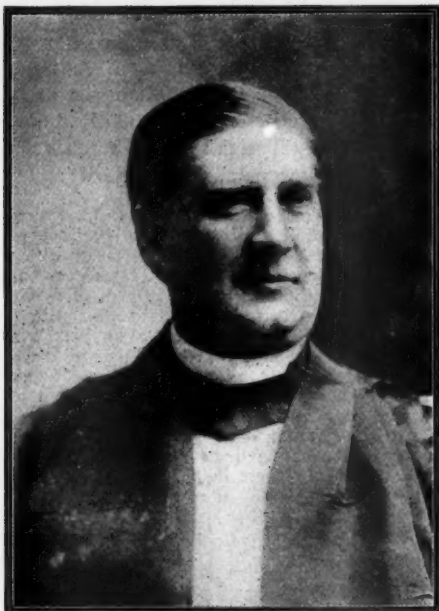
vines. One fellow argued from the Book of Job that God does not punish sin by temporal afflictions. . . . But when we remember that only a few years ago on Good Friday night of all the nights of the year many of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco assembled together with lewd women in one of the most luxurious mansions of the city and carried their hellish orgies so far that they kicked the globes off the chandeliers, we shall be inclined at least to abstain from asserting that subterranean gases, 'faults,' and other seismic agencies were the principal and only cause of nature's convulsions."

These views, however, attract attention by their infrequency. They are not shared by the majority of religious papers. "The real culture of the age," observes *The Universalist Leader* (Boston), "forbids that we should longer hold God accountable for these disasters as his judgments upon us for our sins." The same paper comments further:

"Yet it remains for us to face the fact that there are forces of nature which come into action, whose time we can not calculate, for which we can not prepare and may not defy. The earthquake grasps the most sublime achievement of man and crushes it to atoms. Fire with a single lap of tongue erases the most enduring monument. The volcano rains death and destruction upon the proud city. The cyclone toys with the massive structure, and floods sweep the human ant-hills from the surface of the earth.

"These are facts which we must face, and as we may not merely hold God actively or passively accountable to us, we must face them from our own point of view, and our verdict regard-





Courtesy of *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia)

#### BISHOP OF A DISTURBED DIOCESE

Bishop W. D. Walker, of the Diocese of Western New York, as Dr. Crapsey's ecclesiastical superior, wrote to him just previously to the trial: "It is a stupendous responsibility that you have assumed in disturbing the peace of God's Church and in teaching as truth what is contrary to its doctrine."

ing them will finally be determined just according as our standards are commercial or religious, and our measurements those of time or of eternity.

"If the chief object of our lives is to build our block houses, and to build bigger and bigger houses every year, and to fight each other to try to get more houses than some other fellow, and to count ourselves successful when we have a hundred houses when we can not, by any possibility, live in more than one of them, then when something knocks down a few of our houses the disaster seems very serious. Or if success means

a nine-course dinner and throwing away more food than we use, and we are brought down to just enough to nourish us for a few days, then no smaller word than calamity will cover our condition. But if we have cultivated that nature in which the *life* is more than meat, and the body than raiment, then are we possessed of a different standard of values, and will get a different result.

"And further, if our life is limited to three score years and ten, and we lose out of it the three score, or two score, or one score, or even the ten years, the disaster is appalling, but when the life measures up to eternity we discover that we can subtract several scores of years without its being perceptibly diminished.

"It therefore appears that religion, whose chief message is that of life and immortality, has something very vital to say in the presence of these incidents of the world's development."

Most of the other religious papers emphasize the moral gains resulting from the calamity. The *New York Examiner* (Baptist) rejoices greatly at "the splendid demonstration of fraternal kindness" which the disaster evoked; and the *Chicago Interior* (Presbyterian) comments:

"Such calamities as those which have befallen our cities upon the Pacific Coast bring out in a Christian nation the nobler elements of character. Conscience speaks, and sympathy, and the hand which may have been delicately gloved before is bared for self-sacrificial toil. This great sorrow will have its silver lining. God's voice will be remembered after the earthquake and the fire have passed into history. The wound, deadly as it seems to-day, will be healed. The sun will smile again. The Golden Gate will still stand open to the traffic of the seas. More beautiful churches will rise from the ashes of the past. In the end a better life, with perhaps less of pride and more of love, will spring up; and looking back upon the horrors of this fateful week and seeing all their sequels, the citizens of the new San Francisco will remember not only the earthquake and the fire but the still, small voice that followed them, putting into the heart of their beautiful city by the sea a new sense of life's seriousness and a new joy in life's best hopes."

### THE HERESY TRIAL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

"The church will never rise to its opportunity, never reveal itself to the world, never express the spirit of its Master, until it places the trial for heresy with the duel, the gage of battle and the thumb-screw in the museums of the past."

This positive utterance from the *New York Outlook*, evoked in connection with the now famous heresy trial of the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., quite evidently

represents the views of a growing number of religious thinkers in this country. The *New York Churchman*, the leading American organ of the denomination to which Dr. Crapsey belongs, has consistently opposed his trial for heresy. It said recently:

"We have never questioned the right of the church to choose its own methods of procedure. Our position has been and is that in proportion as the church realizes its divine character and its



catholic mission in that proportion will it forsake the methods of mere human institutions, and conform its practices to the divine method, in dealing with those whom it has set apart and consecrated to serve at its altars. It should be slow to invoke judicial machinery to sever priestly relations because of difficulties of faith; for these it is the church's peculiar province to meet and to remove. They are often in reality indications of growth in faith and grace. Surely no one should be hastily condemned who clings to Christ and His church. Surely the church, with its Lord, will realize that offences must needs come, and that woe will inevitably find those by whom the offences come. Surely the church will not be more quick than Christ to force the coming of the woe, but will rather give place for faith, hope and love.

"The church has endured and can endure wolves in sheep's clothing, but it cannot afford to act the wolf's part. The church must be merciless to heresy, but it would betray its mission if it were merciless to any human being, even to the heretic. The church cannot undertake to uproot false doctrine without first assuming responsibility for continuous and persistent development in knowledge and an equally consistent growth in grace. But once let a merciless attitude toward heresy be transferred to the heretic, and then the road to persecution and obscurantism is made easy.

"Because we have believed that the procedure in the Crapsey case would produce unhappy if not unholy results, we have been constrained to think that the authorities of the diocese of Western New York were wrong in refusing to abide by the decision of their own Investigating Committee. In this attitude we find ourselves sustained by churchmen and non-churchmen, not only in America but abroad. It is already becoming clear that the authorities of Western New York do not even represent that diocese, much less the American church."

The Investigating Committee here referred to was appointed last winter by Bishop Walker, of the Diocese of Western New York. It was called into being as a result of the expression of radical views by Dr. Crapsey, both in the pulpit and his book, "Religion and Politics." These views can be briefly indicated by quotation. Of the miraculous birth of Jesus he said:

"In the light of scientific research, the founder of Christianity, Jesus, the son of Joseph, no longer stands apart from the common destiny of man in life and death, but he is in all things like as we are, born as we are born, dying as we die, and both in life and death is in the keeping of that same Divine Power, that Heavenly Fatherhood which delivers us from the womb, and carries us down to the grave.

"When we come to know Jesus in his historical relations, we see that a miracle is not a help—it is a hindrance to an intelligent comprehension of his person, his character and his mission. We are not alarmed, we are relieved, when scientific history proves to us that the fact of his miraculous birth was unknown to himself, unknown to



WILL HE RECAT?

Algernon S. Crapsey, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, who invited a heresy trial by his radical utterances, was suspended from the Protestant Episcopal ministry, with the privilege of recanting and averting the sentence within thirty days.

his mother, and unknown to the whole Christian community of the first generation."

In another place he wrote of biblical miracles:

"Natural forces are now known to be unchangeable in their nature and uniform in their operation. They know nothing of man and care nothing for his wishes; the only way he can profit by them is by obeying them; if he puts himself under their guidance they will help him; if he gets in their way, they will destroy him."

After a full examination of the evidence against Dr. Crapsey, the Investigating Committee reported, by a vote of three to two, against a heresy trial, but unanimously condemned him as a man who "easily surrenders himself to his intellectual vagaries, and advocates with remarkable eloquence the thing which for the time being appears to him to be true." This report only added fuel to the controversy. Bishop Walker, in a sermon in Rochester, denounced Dr. Crapsey's attitude; and the two Anglican weeklies published outside of New York, *The Living Church* (Milwaukee) and *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia), both demanded that further action be taken. As a result of the agitation Dr. Crapsey was tried for heresy at Batavia, N. Y., in April, before an ecclesiastical court consisting of five of his

fellow clergymen in the Diocese of Western New York, and was suspended from the Protestant Episcopal ministry, by a vote of four to one, with the privilege of recanting and averting the sentence within thirty days.

The trial aroused national attention, and has led to voluminous comment in both the religious and secular press. Not the least interesting feature of the controversy has been the active participation of prominent laymen. Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Fulton Cutting, of New York, and Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, are all known to be in sympathy with Dr. Crapsey's position. Edward M. Shepard, the distinguished New York lawyer, acted as counsel for the accused Rochester clergyman, and said at the trial that he spoke not merely as a lawyer, but from his "own conscience and conviction." George Foster Peabody, the noted philanthropist, at his own expense, reprinted and circulated throughout the country commendatory comment of the religious press on Dr. Crapsey. And Seth Low, ex-Mayor of New York, has written a long letter to *The Churchman* on "the far-reaching importance of the Crapsey trial," in which he says:

"There are, and there always have been, two different views of Christian truth. One type of mind looks upon it as a diamond, revealed to the world in its perfect form, once for all; a treasure to be kept and valued, and that changes not. Another type of mind cannot even conceive of Christian truth in this fashion. It thinks of truth as a seed, and because it does, it expects it to change its form and to take on new characteristics continually. To men of this way of thinking, the truth is a vital thing; and its significance is largely lost whenever it is thought of as crystallized. If our church is to be really a church, and not a sect, it must be large enough to hold men of both of these types of mind; for, with an infinite variety of shadings, all men are divided into these two classes.

"What, then, is the bearing of this proposition upon the case at issue? In the judgment of the writer, it means that there ought to be room enough in the ministry of the church, as well as in its membership, for any one to whom the creed is the historic form of making the confession that St. Peter made: 'I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God'; whether such an one accepts the creed literally, or interprets it spiritually. It is scarcely a generation since every one who doubted the literal accuracy of the first chapter of Genesis was looked at askance as a heretic. Now, none but the ignorant so interpret it; and yet the chapter has not lost any of its spiritual value. It is easy to understand that men who have looked upon a literal interpretation of the creed as self-evidently the only right interpretation should be shocked when good men profess to hold the creed, and say it unhesitatingly,

even when they do not accept it literally. And yet it is probable that no one, to-day, holds every one of the articles of the creed in the sense in which it was held when first written.

"I am far from assenting to all of Dr. Crapsey's opinions, but I devoutly hope that he will be held to be entirely within his rights as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church in following his scholarship wherever it may lead him, so long as the creed is to him the historic statement of the belief of the church, full now, as always, of spiritual truth and significance."

The temerity of this eminent Anglican layman has drawn letters of protest from two bishops. "If I understand Mr. Low's argument correctly," says Bishop Mackay-Smith, of Pennsylvania, in *The Churchman*, "it amounts to a plea that . . . a particular clergyman may be held as within his rights in 'following his scholarship wherever it may lead him, so long as the creed is to him the historic statement of the belief of the church.' It seems to me that I have seldom read a vaguer phrase than this latter one. No human being doubts that the creed or creeds are the historic statements of the belief of the church. The late Robert G. Ingersoll would confess it, and so also would men like Moncure D. Conway, who, I suppose, believes in nobody but himself, or Dr. Minot J. Savage, who apparently believes in nothing but ghosts. It would be an edifying sight to see either of these gentlemen instituted as rector of Trinity church, New York, or Holy Trinity church, Philadelphia, if the only criterion should be that they believed the creeds to be 'historic statements of the belief of the church.'" Writing to *The Living Church* in similar spirit, the Bishop of Fond du Lac argues that Mr. Low's new and wide interpretation of the function of the ministry can only lead to "Jesuitism" and "ecclesiastic grafting."

The bishops' attitude is reflected in the comment of many religious papers. *Zion's Herald* (Boston, Methodist) evidently feels that in "so clear a case of rank heresy" as Dr. Crapsey's, a trial was inevitable, and will, on the whole, prove beneficial. The Boston *Congregationalist* says:

"Even many liberally disposed ministers and laymen, constitutionally opposed to heresy trials, recognize the peculiar difficulties of this case arising from Dr. Crapsey's frequent and bold disavowal of what have been looked upon as fundamental doctrines of the Episcopal Church. His position amounts to a denial of all the supernatural elements in the Christian religion. Jesus, to his mind, was born, lived and died as do other men, though in life and death he was 'in the keeping

of that same divine power, that heavenly fatherhood, which delivers us from the womb and carries us down to the grave.' How far these conceptions are from the statements of the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds is evident at a glance. Can the holder of such views Sunday after Sunday recite those sections of the creeds which refer to Jesus Christ without stultifying himself—this is the question which, though Dr. Crapsey may have been able to answer to his own satisfaction, he has not yet met to the satisfaction of many of his fellow-Episcopalians and of many outsiders as well. . . . Dr. Crapsey has certainly gone to the utmost limit of so-called spiritual interpretation. In his favor might be cited his twenty years' valuable service at Rochester and the fact that his case has already once been passed upon by a committee of his diocese which refused to present him for trial. Yet if the Episcopal Church shall retain in its ministry many men of this type of thought it will have soon to reconstruct its creedal basis and greatly modify the character of its ordination vows or else run the risk of losing the respect of those who demand a reasonable degree of faithful adherence to creeds on the part of their signers."

The New York *Independent*, however, while conceding that Dr. Crapsey has been preaching doctrines plainly at variance with the Protestant Episcopal creeds, holds that the views he represents are "becoming more and more prevalent," and that room will soon have to be made for them in the church which now condemns him. It continues:

"Meanwhile, those who are in advance of the new definitions, those who originate them, have to suffer for their prematurity. It was just thirteen years ago that Professor Briggs was suspended from the Presbyterian ministry; but no one would now suffer in that way; and it may be that Dr. Crapsey is making a safe road for those who shall succeed him.

"It looks so. The Dean of Westminster explains that these are not so serious lapses from the faith that they need disturb us. The leading organ of the Episcopal Church in this country deprecates the trial of those who would hold by the church, and declares that the decision of doctrinal differences should be left to the court of reason. It is clear that an increasing number of those who believe themselves Christians are eliminating the New Testament miracles as a burden to faith. But if we are to approach that conclusion we believe it will not be by the process of 'spiritualizing,' but by the frank, more honest, and more rational way, of admitting that legends, or myths, have entered largely into the New Testa-



Courtesy of *The Living Church* (Milwaukee)

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURT THAT TRIED DR. CRAPSEY

Reading from left to right: Rev. Messrs. John M. Gilbert, Francis S. Dunham, Ph.D., Walter C. Roberts (President), G. Sherman Burrows, Charles H. Boynton.

ment as well as the Old Testament history.

"But then what will become of Christianity? Is its meaning also to be eviscerated? That we cannot believe; for the essence, the core, the heart of Christianity is not its philosophy or doctrines, not its history, not even the biography of its great Master, but that which makes disciples, worshipers and children of the Father, lovers of God and lovers of man. To that extent we may spiritualize by putting the spirit above the letter, the life above the form."

The New York *Evening Post* also presents arguments to show that the day of the heresy trial is passing. It says:

"As compared with the published utterances of Heber Newton, Dr. Crapsey's statements do not seem to be extreme, though they mark a distinct advance in frankness from the day Bishop Gray 'deposed' Bishop Colenso for attempting to question the Pentateuch. The words are much more specific, too, than those uttered by Dr. Charles A. Briggs in 1891, when he became professor of Biblical theology at the Union Theological Seminary, and which led to his withdrawal from the Presbyterian ministry. But Dr. Briggs found refuge with the Episcopalians, that church called by Phillips Brooks 'the roomiest church in America.'"

"St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Louis has just called to the pastorate the Rev. Dr. Henry S. Bradley, who, because of his belief in the theory of evolution and his endorsement of the 'higher criticism,' was put upon trial and acquitted of the charge of heresy. So, the modern 'heretic' is becoming, like the modern sociological investigator, almost too common to attract general attention or to draw upon himself the fires of the champions of the 'old order.'"



## THE DUTY OF SAVING MEN FROM "MORAL OVERSTRAIN"

It is part of an engineer's profession to figure out the amount of physical weight and pressure that any given substance will bear; and upon the accuracy of his calculations the safety and well-being of the community largely depend. Mr. George W. Alger, a New York lawyer, now proposes that the principle involved has a moral, as well as a mechanical, application. He thinks that the prevention of "moral overstrain" is as important as that of physical collapse, and regrets that "there is no 'jacking-up' process for overstrained morals to be found in the law-courts." Following this train of thought in a newly published book of essays,\* Mr. Alger says:

"We take philosophically enough the daily moral breakdown of our fellow men, and ordinarily do not complain to Providence against our inability to ascertain with mathematical certainty the extent of the confidence we can safely repose in the people with whom we have intercourse. It has always been so and always will be. We cannot apply mathematics to human conduct. The fidelity insurance corporations which have sprung up within recent years have, to be sure, their systems based on experience for estimating moral hazards; and they have curious and exceedingly interesting theories of moral probabilities by which, for example, they estimate the chances of defalcation by an employee in a given employment in which given opportunities for wrong-doing are not counterbalanced by certain systems of inspection or supervision. These corporations and a few large financial institutions apparently recognize the necessity of considering moral risks somewhat in the way in which the engineer estimates upon the girder, how he can make it perform its useful functions in a house without being broken down by overstrain and bringing calamity with its fall. The policy of the financial institutions in dealing with this question deserves a study by itself. Their method involves, generally, in its application to subordinate employees, a complex and carefully studied business system filled with 'checks and balances,' with frequent inspections and examinations, which are intended to reduce the opportunity for successful wrong-doing to a minimum. The pay of the minor employees of a banking house who handle fortunes daily is, as a rule, pitifully small, showing a conscious purpose in these institutions of relying principally upon a practical certainty of detection, coupled with a remorseless and relentless severity in prosecution and punishment, as a relief for the severe moral strain upon employees whose opportunities and temptations for wrong-doing are, from the nature of the employment, large."

Except in these financial institutions and fidelity insurance corporations, there seems to

be in practical operation no rational system for estimating or relieving the strain upon morals which business life necessarily involves. Outside of this group the only check upon human frailty is that based on a "faith" in the honesty of men which, in Mr. Alger's view, often only serves as a mask for business carelessness. To quote again:

"How many thousands of business men there are who manage their affairs in slipshod, slovenly fashion, and who complain bitterly of the abuse of the 'perfect confidence' which they have reposed in their employees. My own notion of this 'perfect confidence' is that in ninety cases out of a hundred it is not genuine confidence at all, but a mere excuse for business shiftlessness or lack of system. The law relating to actions for personal injuries provides that a man whose body has been injured by the carelessness of another must, in order to entitle him to claim damages, prove not only that carelessness, but also his own freedom from negligence contributing to or causing the injury. If every business man who suffers from a defaulting employee were obliged to prove not only the employee's crime, but the absence of substantial business carelessness on his own part, which afforded both the opportunity and the temptation for the offense, how few convictions of these defaulters there would be!"

Mr. Alger illustrates his point by citing a doctrine the precise opposite to this rule of faith as he heard it laid down some years ago by a great criminal jurist. It was in an old New York court, and Recorder Smyth had just passed sentence on a young man who had been convicted of robbery in snatching a watch from a lady. The year was 1892, and there had been great industrial depression. The lady had been shopping all day long in streets thronged with poor men, out of work and hungry. The young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, had snatched the watch, but was caught in trying to escape. After Recorder Smyth had passed sentence on the boy, he turned and addressed these remarks to the prosecutrix:

"Madam, it is one of the great defects of the criminal law that it has no adequate punishment for those who incite their fellows to crime. If it were in my power to do so, I can assure you I should feel it a pleasanter duty to impose an even severer sentence than the one I have just rendered, on the vain woman who parades up and down the crowded streets of this city, filled as they are to-day with hungry people, wearing ostentatiously on her dress, insecurely fastened, a glittering gewgaw like this, tempting a thousand hungry men to wrong-doing. There are, in my judgment, two criminals involved in this mat-

\* **MORAL OVERSTRAIN.** By George W. Alger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



ter, and I sincerely regret that the law permits me to punish only one of them."

"As important as any duty in the realm of morals," concludes Mr. Alger, is this duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear. He adds:

"We are paying greater attention yearly to the physical discomforts of the worker, trying to re-

lieve the overburdened, and to lighten the load of hard work which has fallen so heavily in our struggle for commercial supremacy, particularly on the women and children. This is all excellent, but we must remember that we have no more right to overload a man's morals than his back, and that while it is a duty as well as a privilege to have faith in our fellows, we should temper that faith with common sense so that our faith may be to them a help and a support rather than a stumbling-block and a cause of offense."

## A THEOLOGICAL STORM IN NORWAY

Norway has become a theological storm center, and the first ministerial crisis which the new King has had to face is the outcome of a church controversy that antedated his accession to the throne by about a year.

The world-wide conflict between conservative and radical theologians has in Norway taken the shape of a struggle for the leading theological professorship in the country, the chair of Systematic Theology in the University of Christiania. As practically every minister in the land must sit at the feet of the incumbent of this chair, its influence on the future of the Norwegian church is naturally very great. Norway is a Lutheran country, decidedly orthodox in its religious views, and has thus far resisted all the inroads of the newer tendencies in theology. Repeated attempts have been made to introduce Ritschlianism into the State church, but these have generally failed.

The present struggle was caused by an attempt to fill the Christiania chair of Theology, which has been vacant since 1903. In Norway such chairs are filled by a competitive examination of different applicants, and at the first contest the prize was easily won by Dr. Ording, who is generally recognized as the leading Scandinavian scholar. Opposition to him at once developed both in the country at large and in the university, owing to the fact that he was inclined to adopt liberal views, especially in reference to baptism. It was found that he denied baptismal grace and regeneration in the historical sense of the confessions of the country and that he sympathized with the Zwinglian view of the Lord's Supper. His Zwinglian sympathies especially offended the orthodox party, but that unique class of church workers in Norway, the "lay preachers," who have always been more liberally inclined than the average ordained pastor, were satisfied

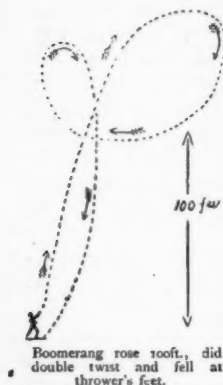
with his views on the sacraments. The mild Ritschlianism of Ording, however, was a serious offense in the eyes of these "lay preachers," who are pietistically inclined, and they accordingly joined the official orthodox hosts in the contest against Ording. As a result the government refused to appoint him and invited a second contest for the appointment, this time from all Scandinavia. Dr. Ording again came out an easy winner. Then the government appealed to the other universities of the Northlands—Copenhagen, Lund, Upsala and Helsingfors—for their opinion on Ording, and in general the voting was in favor of the gifted and brilliant theologian. The poet Björnson, who also took part in the controversy, expressed himself, in one of many articles, as follows: "The religion of the majority of the average churchgoers is this: In all simplicity to approach near to God. They seldom care anything for dogmas. In all of the recent competitions for the theological chair the liberals have gained the victory. Instead of seeing in this a providential act of God, the orthodox party usurp for themselves the rights of God's providence. They call themselves the church people, just as if there were no other church people than themselves."

Just recently the controversy has been temporarily closed by the appointment of Dr. Ording; but the Minister of Religion and Instruction has resigned in consequence, and also the leader of the conservatives in the Copenhagen faculty—Dr. Odland. The government offers to appoint a second and conservative Professor of Systematic Theology to appease the orthodox party, but they refuse to be thus comforted. The whole issue is likely to come to the front in the next political campaign, for in Norway the great struggle between the old and the new types of theological thought is evidently only beginning.

# Science and Discovery

## THE PRINCIPLE OF THE BOOMERANG'S FLIGHT

In the hands of a skilful Australian native a good boomerang will follow the most complex courses in its flights, so remarkable, according to Col. A. H. Lane-Fox, who has studied this weapon for years, that the behavior of the projectile must be seen to be believed. The boomerang will literally shoot around a corner. A boomerang can be thrown around a building or tree, and will return, as is well known, straight to the thrower. The boomerang can be hurled at a bird on the wing, knock the biped down with its rotating arms and return to the owner. These facts are illustrated by diagrams from observation which are here reproduced from *The Strand Magazine* of London.



The scientific principle upon which depends the flight of the boomerang is set forth by Colonel Lane-Fox. The angle and the circle described by the boomerang in its flight depend partly upon the shape of the weapon itself and partly upon the rotary motion imparted to it by the hurler. As long as the forward movement persists, the boomerang will continue to ascend. The plane of rotation, instead of continuing perfectly parallel to its original position, will be slightly raised by the action of the atmosphere on the forward side. When the movement of transition ceases, the boomerang will begin to fall. Its course in falling will be by the line of least resistance. This is in the direction of the edge that lies obliquely toward the thrower. It will, consequently, fall back precisely as a kite when the string is suddenly broken is observed to fall back for a short distance. But, as the kite has received no movement of rotation to cause it to continue in the same plane of descent, it soon loses its parallelism and falls in a series of fantastic curves toward the ground.

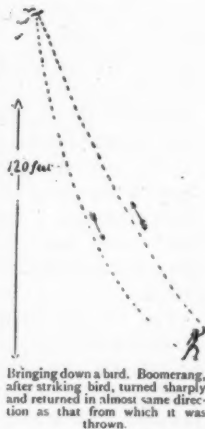
The boomerang will do the same thing if it

loses its movement of rotation. As long as this movement of rotation persists, which it usually does even after the forward movement has ceased, it continues to fall back upon an inclined plane similar to that by which it ascended and finally reaches the ground at the feet of the thrower. There are various mathematical explanations of the somewhat mysterious principle of the boomerang. Colonel Lane-Fox, nevertheless, asserts that this summary explains all that there is to explain.

But another careful student of the boomerang, Mr. Charles Ray, throws light upon the subject from the practical as distinguished from the theoretical point of view:

"The boomerang is a more or less sickle shaped stick of hard wood, ranging in length from fifteen inches to three and a half feet, two or three inches wide, and about three-eighths of an inch thick. The ends are usually rounded or pointed, and one of the sides is made convex, the other being flat. The edge is sharpened all round, and the surface, upon which its curious flight mainly depends, is slightly wavering and broken by various angles which balance and counter-balance each other. Some of these, by causing differences in the pressure of the air on certain parts, give steadiness of flight, and others impart buoyancy. The angles really serve to counteract gravitation, so that even when the force imparted by the thrower is spent the boomerang still continues its flight.

"The Australians in the manufacture of their weapons follow the natural grain of the wood, and this leads to every kind of curve, from the slightest bend to a right angle or the segment of a circle, with the result that no two boomerangs are ever exactly alike in shape. In throwing, the weapon is held by one end with the convex side downwards. The thrower bends his body back with the boomerang over his shoulder and then hurls it forward, when it whirls round and round like a wheel and makes a loud, buzzing noise. After reaching a certain distance it stops in its flight and then commences to return, and falls at the feet of or behind the thrower. If the





Boomerang thrown by concealed hunter at a kangaroo 150ft. away. Boomerang turned, made two small circles, and struck animal's hind legs.

boomerang is thrown downwards to the ground it rebounds in a straight line, pursuing a ricochet motion, in that case, of course, not returning to the thrower. Very often a boomerang appears to be merely a common crooked stick, although in reality it is a weapon upon which much time and care has been spent. Mr. Horace Baker, who has made a particular study of these objects, says he believes it is possible to make a boomerang by exact mathematical calculation, although he has not yet been able to do this. He has made two, apparently alike in every particular, yet while one rose buoyantly in the air, the other fell dead because of some untrue adjustment of the angles of its faces.

"The boomerang is used for various purposes



Boomerang thrown right round a building, circuit about 300ft.

by the natives of New South Wales and Queensland. The children find it a fruitful source of amusement and spend a good deal of time in perfecting themselves in its use. Then it is used in hunting, when its curious flight renders it invaluable. For instance, it can be thrown at a flock of ducks or wild fowl on a river or marsh, knocking down one or more and returning to its user, instead of being lost in the morass. Then in the

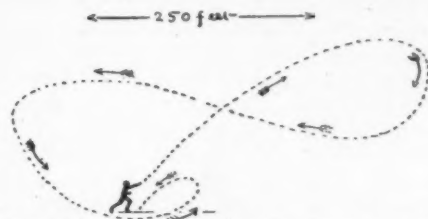


After going 150ft. boomerang revolved in perpendicular plane, then turned off, and finally fell at thrower's feet. Time 10sec., greatest height 50ft.

pursuit of the kangaroo and other animals, the huntsman can hide behind a bush or rising of the ground and aim at his quarry without himself being seen. Such a weapon must naturally have given a great advantage to its possessors in the struggle for life, over those who did not know its use.

"In warfare the boomerang has the quality of being a most formidable weapon among uncivilized tribes. It is capable of inflicting a wound several inches deep and will strike its victim with-

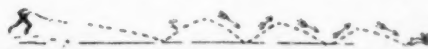
out giving the slightest clue as to the position of the assailant, who may be behind a thicket to the right or left. Of course, the user of a boomerang must himself be skilful, or it will be as dangerous to him as to the object aimed at, for it may return and strike its owner. It is by constant practice for generations that the Australian aborigines have been able to excel in its use, although they are not all able to do the wonderful things with the boomerangs that are sometimes spoken of. A gentleman who resided for some time in Australia informed Lord Avebury that on one occasion, in order to test the skill with which the boomerang could be thrown, he offered to a native a



Boomerang turned, passed over thrower's head, travelled in a reverse direction, forming figure eight, and then fell at thrower's feet with a third small turn to the left.

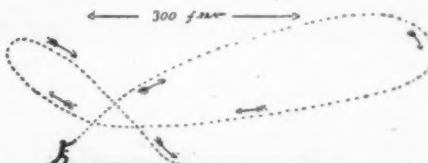
reward of sixpence for every time the missile was made to return to the spot from which it was thrown. He drew a circle five or six feet in diameter on the sand, and the man threw the boomerang with great force a dozen times, out of which it fell within the circle five times.

"The method of defence against the boomerang in warfare is to hold forward, vertically, a stick about two feet long, with a notched head and handle. This is moved right or left as the case may be, causing the boomerang to fly off at one side or the other. In order to overcome this de-



Killing a small animal with a boomerang thrown to the ground, along which it travels with a ricochet movement.

fence the Queensland aborigines use a boomerang of peculiar shape. It has a hooked end, and when it strikes the defensive stick, the angle caused by the hook revolves round the stick, and the other end of the boomerang swings round and gives the victim a severe blow. To one not well initiated into the mysteries of boomerang-throwing, however, it is very difficult to defend one's self against the missile. Edward John Eyre, the explorer, tells how he once nearly had his arm broken by a boomerang while standing within a yard of the native who threw it, and looking out purposely for it."



Boomerang after reaching limit in direction thrown took a turn, passed behind thrower, rose to 50ft., turned to right, and fell in front of thrower.

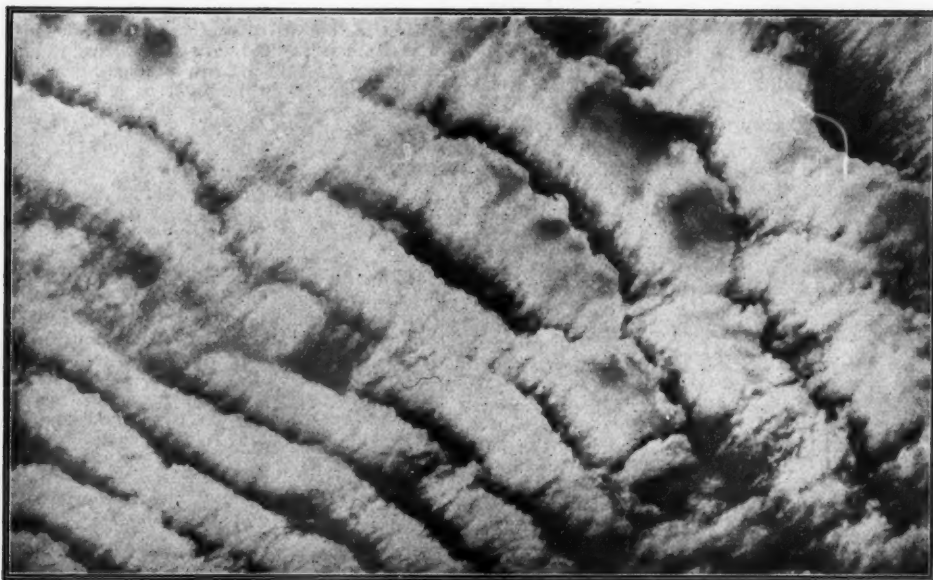
## THE THEORIES OF CLOUD ARCHITECTURE

Until a comparatively recent time, the mechanics of cloud production was assumed to be more or less of an exact science. Meteorology somewhat hastily concluded that all clouds were formed in accordance with the same general law. Now, in the light of recent investigations by cloud students, among them Professor Hildebrandsson, of Upsala, Hon. Ralph Abercromby and C. T. R. Wilson, it appears that clouds vary not only in structure but in meteorological function. They are not necessarily limited, for instance, to the task of watering the earth or of covering it with hail and snow. They may act also as scavengers of the upper air.

Mr. Arthur W. Clayden, who for many years has studied cloud types, is prompted to declare in his recently published volume\* that it will require long observation during years to come to afford mankind an adequate knowledge of every form of cloud. We now know in a vague way much of the conditions of

cloud-formation in the higher atmospheric region; but that knowledge is mainly theoretical. Only strong probability can be adduced for much that is now taken for granted. Any visible mass composed of small particles of ice or water suspended in the air and formed by condensation from the state of vapor ought, declares Mr. Clayden, to be considered a cloud. As thus defined, there is but one form of cloud now readily available for study. Its general name is cumulus. Cumulus can be divided into several types which are best considered in the order of growth. They are described by experts as clouds in a rising current, and to this characterization Mr. Clayden offers no objection. But each cumulus must be looked upon, he adds, as simply the visible top of an ascending pillar of damp air. The vapor which makes its appearance in the cloud is present in the transparent air beneath. The base of the cloud is simply the level at which that vapor begins to condense into visible liquid particles. Since cumulus clouds are caused by ascending currents, the problem

\*CLOUD STUDIES. By Arthur W. Clayden. E. P. Dutton & Co.



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

## CRESTED ALTO WAVES

The clouds here shown are distinctly of the cumulus order and a prominent feature is the way in which the right-hand side of each wave has a clear-cut rounded contour, like that of the upper edge of a small cumulus, while the left-hand edge of each band is frayed out into a ragged fringe. It is evident that this peculiar structure must be due to a series of narrow waves intersecting a plane in which the air is just on the point of evolving this type of cloud architecture. This picture, like the two cloud photographs following, is from "Cloud Studies" by Arthur W. Clayden.





Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

#### HIGH BALL CUMULUS

The current system of cloud nomenclature is founded upon the plan of Luke Howard, the pioneer in cloud research. He recognized three main types of cloud architecture, which he named Cirrus, Stratus and Cumulus. Cirrus included all forms which are built up of delicate threads, like the fibers in a fragment of wool. Stratus was applied to all clouds which lie in level sheets. Cumulus was the lumpy form. By combinations of these terms other clouds were described. Thus a quantity of cirrus arranged in a sheet was called cirro-stratus, while high, thin clouds like cirrus, but made up of detached rounded balls, was cirro-cumulus. Many cumulus clouds, arranged in a sheet with little space between them became cumulo-stratus, while the great clouds from which our heavy rains descend partake, to some extent, of all three types and were therefore distinguished by a special name—Nimbus.

arises: How are the currents themselves brought about? They must be brought about, says Mr. Clayden, either by the general disturbance of the air due to a cyclonic movement or by the local irregularities of temperature on the ground produced by the sun's heat. As a matter of fact, we do get cumulus produced in great abundance in the rear of every cyclone and we get them under conditions of still air and hot sun which specially favor evaporation and the development of differences of temperature. The cyclone cumulus may come at any hour of the day or night, though it is comparatively rare between midnight and morning. Heat cumulus is generally formed during the afternoon, and it is only under relatively uncommon conditions that it persists during the night. If the cloud has not grown to very great size it usually begins to break up and disappear about sunset; but if it has grown to the dimensions of a summer thunder-cloud it may go on growing, piling mass on mass, until it generates a thunder-storm even in the hours of early morning.

Of cloud formation in general, Mr. Clayden says:

"Given any mass of air at a particular temperature, it can take up and hold in the form of invisible vapor a fixed quantity of water and no more. When it holds the maximum possible it is said to be saturated. If it is nearly saturated it would be called damp; if far from saturated, dry. Now the warmer the air, the larger the quantity of vapor necessary to saturate it; so that if a quantity is saturated at a high temperature and is then cooled, it will no longer be able to retain all its moisture in the invisible form, but the surplus quantity will make its appearance as liquid particles, that is to say as mist or cloud.

"Similarly, if a quantity of air is not fully saturated at its particular temperature, and is then cooled, it will approach nearer and nearer to saturation, and if the process is continued long enough the result will be cloud formation.

"All clouds without exception are produced by exactly such cooling of air containing water vapor, first to the temperature at which the quantity it contains is the maximum possible and then beyond that point. Now, if we start with very warm air, and cool it one degree, we decrease its vapor-holding power and the decrease per degree grows less and less as the temperature falls. Suppose, for instance, we have air saturated at 61 degrees and cool it to 60 degrees, the quantity of



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

#### MACKEREL SKY

The scientific name of this form of cloud is alto stratus maculosus, or spotted high stratus. Alto clouds are fundamentally different from other groups in that they are always composed of liquid particles, though there is no doubt, from their great altitude, that their temperature must often be many degrees below the ordinary freezing-point of water.

vapor condensed will be equal to the difference of holding power. Suppose, again, we have air saturated at 31 degrees and we cool it to 30 degrees, the quantity of vapor condensed will again be equal to the difference of holding power; but this quantity will be very greatly less than in the former case."

Cooling air saturated at 61 degrees to 60 degrees might produce a dense cloud, but applying a similar reduction of one degree to air saturated at 31 degrees (if we take the same volume of air), will only produce a very much thinner result. Here we see one good reason why the high clouds are the thinnest and the alto clouds of intermediate density.

The necessary cooling may be brought about in several ways. Cooling by contact with a cold body is one potent cause. We often see it in a mountain district, where a frost-bound peak stands facing the wind with glittering snow-slopes on which the sun is shining, while a long tongue of cloud hangs like a banner on its leeward side. In such a case it is easy to understand how the air sweeping by the icy mass is chilled below its saturation point. But as it passes on, the chilled portions become mixed with the rest and the cloud evaporates again.

Of another cause, Mr. Clayden writes:

"If a quantity of air exists under a certain pressure and at a certain temperature, on reducing the pressure it will expand, and in the act of expanding it will become cooler. This may easily be illustrated with an air-pump. Let a damp sponge or a piece of wet blotting-paper stand under a glass receiver over an air-pump until the air has become damp. If the apparatus is in a darkened room, and a powerful beam of light from a lantern is sent through the receiver, the damp air will be seen to be quite clear; but a stroke or two of the pump removes some of the air, the remainder is chilled by its own expansion, and a dense cloud is precipitated. If this cloud be viewed closely, it will be seen to be composed of minute particles, which, on looking towards the light glow with the colors of a corona. In a few minutes the cloud will disappear, but it can be recalled again and again by successive strokes of the pump, getting thinner and thinner as the air gets more and more rarefied; an illustration of a second reason why the high clouds are thinner than the lower."

If the damp air used in this experiment were carefully filtered so as to remove all foreign particles, no cloud was produced, and the introduction of a puff of unfiltered air was attended by immediate condensation. The deduction was that vapor, even below its saturation temperature, cannot produce cloud unless nuclei of some sort are already present, presumably dust particles.

## IF BURBANK'S METHODS WERE APPLIED TO THE HUMAN RACE

Were it possible to select twelve normal American families and subject them to the application of principles deduced from Luther Burbank's study of plant life, more would be accomplished for mankind in ten generations than can now be hoped for in a hundred thousand years. Thus argues Mr. Burbank in *The Century Magazine*. Look at the material upon which to draw for such an experiment, exclaims the eminent horticulturist enthusiastically, after an analysis of the statistics of immigration. "Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended, with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again you have the merging of a cold phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still again the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigor, but with inferior mind. See, too, what a vast number of environmental influences have been at work in social relations, in climate, in physical surroundings. Along with this we must observe the merging of the vicious with the good, the good with the good, the vicious with the vicious."

Such a blending of types occurs on a grand scale only in our own country. Now for the horticultural argument. From six to ten generations suffice, as a rule, we are told, to confirm in new phases most descendants of any given set of parent plants. Such stability once attained, the descendant plant may be relied upon to live the new existence without regard to the ancient ways of its ancestors. Such transformations in plant life are accomplished in less than a dozen generations, sometimes in less than half a dozen. The time depends upon the kind of plant nature subjected to this evolutionary process. In setting this down, Mr. Burbank does not mean that inadequate care and culture, carelessness in the horticultural process at any stage, may not undo all the good resulting from the most loving care. The plant may become wild again from neglect. But it will be wild, to use Mr. Burbank's phrase, "along the lines of its new life, not by any means necessarily along ancestral lines." And all this brings us to the point:

"Ten generations of human life should be am-

ple to fix any desired attribute. This is absolutely clear. There is neither theory nor speculation. Given the fact that the most sensitive material in all the world upon which to work is the nature of a little child, given ideal conditions under which to work upon this nature, and the end desired will as certainly come as it comes in the cultivation of the plant. There will be this difference, however, that it will be immeasurably easier to produce and fix any desired traits in the child than in the plant, though, of course, a plant may be said to be a harp with a few strings as compared with a child.

"Apply to the descendants of these twelve families throughout three hundred years the principles I have set forth, and the reformation and regeneration of the world, their particular world, will have been effected. Apply these principles now, to-day, not waiting for the end of these three hundred years, not waiting, indeed, for any millennium to come, but *make* the millennium, and see what splendid results will follow. Not the ample results of the larger period, to be sure, for with the human life, as with the plant life, it requires these several generations to fix new characteristics or to intensify old ones. But narrow it still more, apply these principles to a single family,—indeed, still closer, to a single child, your child it may be,—and see what the results will be.

"But remember that just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. . . . Here in America, in the midst of this vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influence of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food."

One can breed into a plant almost any characteristic desired, and child-life is not less amenable to culture. Thrift, honesty, strength, can be imparted even when heredity is asserting itself contrariwise, and there are tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits. The abnormal human plant may be purged of its abnormality, for "it is the influence of cultivation, of selection, of surroundings, of environment, that makes the change from the abnormal to the normal." Environment is stronger than heredity, says Mr. Burbank; heredity itself is simply the sum of all the effects of all the past environment. "There is no doubt," he says, "that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change."

## THE NEW ERA IN SCIENCE INAUGURATED BY THE CURIES

During the few weeks that have elapsed since Pierre Curie, the pioneer of radium research, was killed in the streets of Paris by a passing vehicle, his name has been associated with more eulogy in the world's scientific press than that bestowed upon any man since the death of the elder Darwin. Professor Boys declares that the discovery by Curie of what seems to be the everlasting production of heat in easily measurable quantity by a minute amount of a radium compound is so amazing that even now when many scientists have had the opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the heated thermometer they are hardly able to believe what they see. "This, which can barely be distinguished from the discovery of perpetual motion, which it is an axiom of science to call impossible, has left every chemist and physicist in a state of bewilderment." The mystery here is being attacked, adds Professor Boys, and theories are daily invented to account for the marvelous results of observations; but these theories themselves would a few years ago have seemed more wonderful and incredible than the facts, as we believe them to be, seem to-day. Now

the man who was most conspicuous in this labor of elucidation is no more.

Scarcely three years have passed since the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) announced the discovery of what it termed the astonishing fact that radium, in addition to the radio-active properties rendered familiar by the researches of Becquerel on uranium, possesses the property of maintaining its temperature at a point three degrees higher than that of its surroundings and of continuously emitting heat without any apparent diminution of bulk or alteration of physical constitution. Eminent scientists at first refused to accept an assertion irreconcilable with laboratory experience, maintaining that there must have been somewhere a serious error of observation. That radium possesses radio-active properties indefinitely more powerful than those displayed by any other body is a fact of an order, as the *Physikalische Zeitschrift* (Leipsic) and its technical contemporaries noted at the time, to which scientists had long been accustomed. These properties in radium differed only in degree from properties with which the scientific world had been familiar, but that differ-



THE FIRST HEROINE OF SCIENCE

Madame Skłodowski Curie, a lady of Polish origin, has made her name immortal by her achievements in radium research.



THE SCIENTIST WHOSE DOUBT LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF RADIUM

Pierre Curie, killed in the streets of Paris a month ago, inaugurated the contemporary revolution in physics.



ence in degree has become sufficiently astonishing in the light of further investigation, since it has become clear that radium, without external stimulus, can produce effects hitherto only obtainable by means of the electrical discharge in high vacua. It can throw gases into that state of vibration which causes the production of their characteristic spectrum. It emits at the same time a radiation resembling the Röntgen rays, producing like them marked physical and physiological effects. It soon became obvious that Pierre Curie, aided at every stage by the indefatigable co-operation of his wife, had introduced mankind to forces of a totally unprecedented significance in the evolution of science.

Rarely, moreover, has a series of physical discoveries contributed so much to awakening general interest and scientific speculation. Pierre Curie, Professor of Physics in the School of Physics and Industrial Chemistry at Paris, and Madame Skłodowski Curie, his wife, a lady of Polish origin, had long been interested observers and students of the experiments of Becquerel. That new property of matter, radio-activity, had been found to exist. What was the source of it? The reply, until the Curies had completed their investigations, was that the source must be uranium. That, however, was not absolutely certain; and prompted by the doubt in the case, the Curies proceeded to ascertain the ray-emitting capacity of pitchblende, the parent substance of uranium. Thus were they brought to their great discovery that selected specimens of pitchblende were endowed with four times the radio-activity of metallic uranium. The Curies reasoned that, if pitchblende had so strong an activity, it was due to the fact that that mineral contained a substance unprecedentedly radio-active. This substance they extracted. In no long time they announced their discovery of three elements with ray-emitting powers. These were radium, polonium and actinium.

Dr. W. Hampson, who has lectured on radium at University College, London, writing of these experiments, says:

"It is interesting here to consider the means by which the radio-activity of a substance was estimated, for the method employed is an illustration of the utmost refinement yet reached by science in the measurement of small quantities. By this means it is possible to detect the presence of substances in quantities thousands of times as small as could be weighed by the most powerful balances or measured by the aid of the most powerful microscopes, quantities far too small to be identified even by means of spectrum analysis. Dry air, which is not a conductor of electricity, can

by appropriate means be broken up in such a way as to make it a conductor. This is called ionizing the air. The vibrations of ether, with which we have been familiar under the name of X-rays, cannot only act on a photographic plate, but can also ionize the air through which they pass. It was soon found that the action of uranium, thorium and radio-active minerals resembled that of the X-rays in the latter respect as well as in the former. They also can convert the air in their neighborhood into a feeble conductor of electricity with more or less completeness, according to the amount of their radio-activity; and electric measurements can now be made with such extreme refinement that it is possible by this means to detect infinitesimally small changes in the conductivity of the air, and therefore in the radio-activity of the substances which are making it a conductor."

The delicacy of observation made possible by this means is far greater than can be attained in observing photographic effects, and the observations can be much more rapidly as well as more conveniently completed. Thus the Curies examined a large number of elements and minerals. It was found that uranium displayed its radio-activity whether it was tested as the separated metal or in compound forms combined with other substances as in the oxide or sulphide or salts of sodium, potassium or ammonium. They reasoned as follows (we quote from Dr. Hampson):

"The activity of the uranium oxides (black and green) being marked as 2.6 and 1.8, that of pitchblende was found to be 8.3. The pitchblende was stronger in radio-activity than the uranium. And, inasmuch as the residues left after removing uranium formed but a small part of the whole mineral which they made so much stronger than uranium, these residues themselves must be immensely more active than uranium. But they consisted largely of iron, lead, and a number of other substances which were known to have no radio-activity at all. It followed that they must be mixed with a small quantity of some yet undiscovered substance, which was the cause of the observed activity; and this material, being so small in quantity, must be of an activity correspondingly intense, in order to leaven the whole lump so effectually as it did.

"The search for this small quantity of hitherto undiscovered material is one of the most remarkable pieces of scientific work in verification of a previous train of reasoning. In the actual work, Madame Curie was assisted by her husband, Prof. Curie, and by M. Bémont. The chemical analysis of the uranium residues is described by Madame Curie, but a repetition of it would be meaningless for our present purpose. A very brief summary of it occupies a large page and a half of print, and it must suffice us to say that it is a very long and tedious process, requiring many months for its completion. After each step which separated one group of substances from another, the investigators compared, by the electrometer test described above, the two groups, for the purpose of

determining which of them possessed the greater amount of radio-activity. This one would be supposed to contain the substance, or the greater proportion of the substance of which they were in search, and it would be further subdivided into smaller groups to still further narrow the limits within which the object of their search must be looked for.

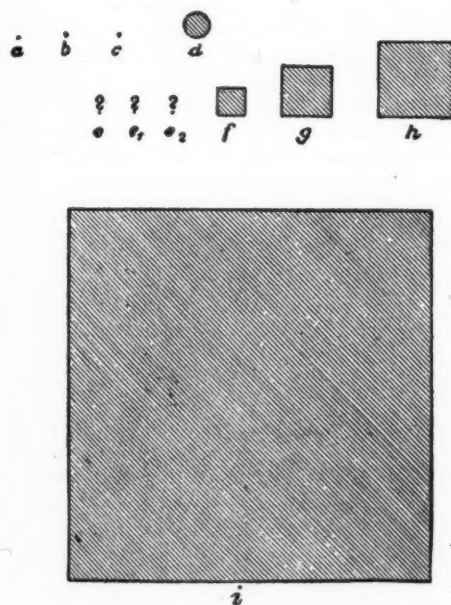
"At one stage in the analysis, the precipitate obtained by adding sulphuretted hydrogen to an acid solution, gave, among other things, a form of bismuth which was found to be very radio-active. But bismuth itself, obtained in other ways, is not radio-active. The inference was that, mixed or combined with the bismuth, and separated by the same chemical reactions which had separated the bismuth, was another substance, strongly radio-active. This proved to be the case, and the radio-active material was further concentrated by processes of sublimation and precipitation, proving to be more volatile than bismuth as a sulphide, and less soluble as a nitrate or a sulphide. Still, in its chemical behavior it so strongly resembled bismuth that Madame Curie found it impossible to get it quite purified from that element. In honor of her native country, the new substance was called polonium. Marckwald has since devised another method by which it is got purer, though still not quite pure. The extreme delicacy of these researches, dealing as they do with excessively small quantities, is well illustrated by the fact that by his improved method Marckwald obtained out of two tons of pitchblende one-sixteenth part of a grain of polonium—one part out of five hundred millions.

"The bismuth portion of pitch-blende was not the only portion which Madame Curie found to be radio-active. Just as polonium imitated very closely the chemical reactions of bismuth, so it was with barium and some other substances. The barium obtained from the pitch-blende by ordinary methods of analysis appeared to be very radio-active. But since ordinary barium is not radio-active, here again it was inferred that some radio-active substance, behaving chemically in very much the same way as barium, had been separated with it, and means were sought of getting it by itself. It was found that the chlorides of barium and the radio-active substance, if dissolved in boiling water and allowed to cool, crystallize out of solution in such a way that the less soluble portion proves to be more active than the remainder. If this more active portion is treated in the same way, it is itself divided into two portions, of which the less soluble is still more active than before."

By pursuing to the end, with the greatest skill and perseverance, this method of increasing purification, the Curies succeeded at last in separating from the barium of pitchblende a very minute quantity of a substance which, closely as it resembled barium in most ways, differed from it completely in the possession of an enormously high radio-activity—an activity a million times as great as that of uranium, from which the first lesson had been learned of this particular class of phenomena.

Very appropriately, therefore, the Curies christened the new substance radium.

It does not detract from the glory of these achievements, notes *Nature* (London), that some of the conclusions of the Curies were simultaneously arrived at by other scientists investigating independently. And it is to Pierre Curie that full credit for blazing the path of investigation is given in the French scientific press. His was the creative mind. The discoveries of his wife were the outcome of his own personal suggestions. She achieved the triumph of determining with exquisite accuracy the atomic weight of radium. Her talent was for execution of the plan. But the campaign had been outlined from the beginning by the husband.



MAGNIFIED TEN THOUSAND TIMES

a. Molecule of water. b. Molecule of alcohol. c. Molecule of chloroform. d. Molecule of soluble starch. e-h. Particles of colloidal solution of gold. i. Particles of gold in the act of precipitation.

"The 'ultra microscope,' invented by Siedentopf and Zsigmondy, has made it possible to detect, in a solution, solid particles of a diameter of 1/100,000th of a millimeter," says *The Scientific American*, from which the above diagrams are taken. "The limit of the best microscopes is 75 times as great, or 1/10,000th of a millimeter. This new optical instrument has brought the largest molecules, such as those of albumen and soluble starch, into the realm of visibility. The

THE RELATIVE SIZES

## THE PROBLEM OF THE EARTHQUAKE

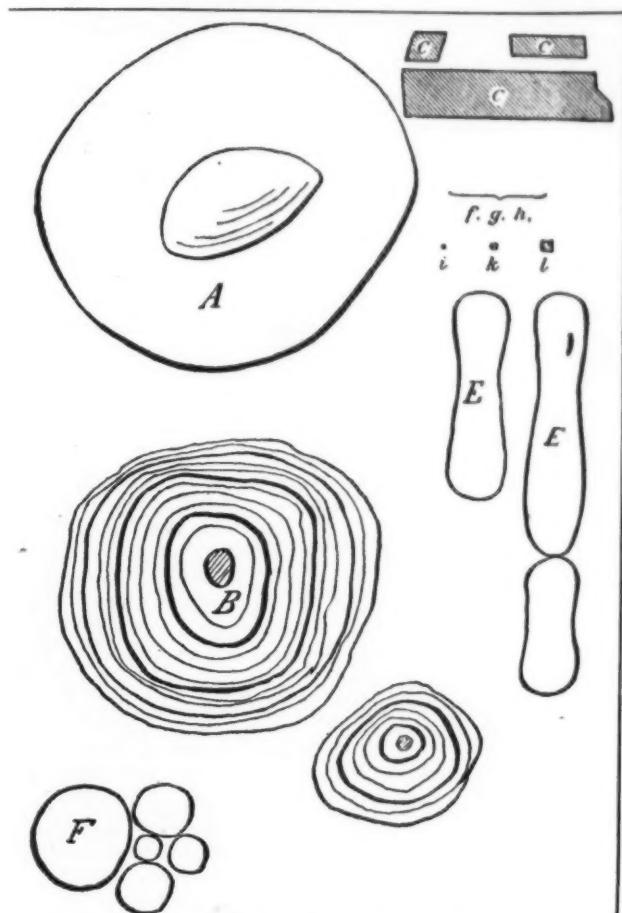
Earthquakes are defined by twentieth-century scientists as mere exaggerations of the imperceptible movements which are continually taking place in the earth's crust. This definition embodies the results of modern discoveries, due to the labors of many scientists,

among whom Prof. John Milne holds a foremost place. And it is because the workers are so many and the data of the subject so complex that we have such contradictory views to deal with. Until Prof. John Milne took up his residence in Japan and began to observe earth-

quakes at first hand, seismology was in a rudimentary condition, a mere subsidiary branch of geology. Previous knowledge of earthquakes consisted, as *The Outlook*, of London, observes, of nothing more than Mallet's discovery that the destructive waves of earthquake motion all radiated from a center somewhere down in the earth's crust. The approximate position of this center might be determined by observations of the direction in which—as shown by the ruined walls of houses—the waves came to the surface at different places. But seismology now inclines to the view that the majority of recorded earthquakes are due to sudden fractures or displacements in the rocks lying far beneath the earth's surface, setting in motion waves in the terrestrial crust which cause the widespread destruction observable when they reach the surface, at such a point as San Francisco. Most of the facts, according to Major Dutton,\* fit in with this simple theory and it has gained wide acceptance among the most noted seismologists. Yet it is probable that some earthquakes are due to causes of which at present science has no definite information.

Fractures or displacements of the terrestrial crust are natural enough at great depths, where the strain imposed upon the rocks must be tremendous. A slight addition to that strain, whether occasioned by sudden increase in the barometric pressure or by sediment constantly deposited by streams or the ocean, ultimately proves too severe for the strata at certain places. These have to readjust themselves, and the effect is somewhat analogous to that of the collapse of the roof of a tunnel or of a mine.

\* EARTHQUAKES. By Clarence Edward Dutton. E. P. Dutton & Co.



MAGNIFIED ONE MILLION TIMES

A. Human blood-corpuscle. B. Rice starch grain. C. Kaolin suspended in water. D. Bacteria. E, F. Bacteria. G, H, I, J. Particles of a colloidal solution of gold. K, L. Particles of gold solution in the act of precipitation.

accompanying diagrams, from a recent publication of Dr. Zsigmondy, may serve to give a vague idea of the dimensions of this ultra-microscopic world. If one of the largest of molecules, that of soluble starch, could be actually magnified 10,000 times in every direction, so that its volume would be multiplied 1,000,000,000, it would still be smaller than a pea. One of the five million corpuscles which are contained in a cubic centimeter of blood would, if enlarged in the same proportion, fill a large room, for its diameter would measure six meters."

## OF VARIOUS MOLECULES



SECTION OF THE EARTH

Showing approximately the curvature, the relative heights of the loftiest mountains and highest clouds, the greatest depth of ocean, and the thickness of the solid crust.

The thickness of the black line suggests the limits practically inhabited by man, *i.e.*, from the bottom of the deepest mine to the highest habitation in Europe, about 10,000 feet.

The dotted line above the surface shows the level where the atmospheric pressure is one-third that at sea-level, so that two-thirds of the atmosphere is below this line, the remainder extending upwards in increasing attenuated form.

The temperature of the earth is here assumed to increase at a rate of 1° F. for each 60 feet of descent. This increase is, of course, solely a matter of conjecture, and many theorists deny the possibility of this thin crust of solid earth enclosing so vast a bulk of molten and liquid matter. The pressure of the superincumbent crust may also raise the melting point of mineral matter down below.

*The Science Year Book, 1906.*

We have then what Major Dutton calls a tectonic earthquake—and San Francisco has experienced one of the worst of tectonic earthquakes:

"They shake the world, it might be said, to its foundations. Their distinctive name implies their presumed connection with the structural changes by which the crust of our planet is being continuously modified; and the crust represents, apparently, the outer rind of a cooling and shrinking globe. The radio-activity of a small percentage of its ingredients might, to be sure, neutralize loss of heat by radiation into space, but this surmised compensation has not been in any way verified. Observed facts, on the contrary, harmonize well with a slow advance of refrigeration. The folding and fracturing, the faulting and fissuring of the strata, the uplifts and lateral thrusts of mountain chains, seem the results of secular contraction; and some rough jerks and tumbles attend the readjustments rendered inevitable by the shrinkage.

"Authorities are divided as to whether the interior of the earth is solid, liquid or gaseous. The tremendous pressure reigning there probably tends to level the distinctions between matter in the three states familiar to us and to reduce substantial differences to mere questions of verbal definition. It is only certain that the earth, as a whole, is not less rigid than steel, that it possesses vast stores of heat and is highly elastic. Up to a certain point it can resist the strains continually arising through surface agencies. Wind and water remove materials from one part of the globe to pile them up over another; one region is lightened by denudation while adjacent tracts are weighted by deposition. Relative changes of level are the appropriate means for righting their disturbed equilibrium; but they can seldom take place until the prolonged accumulation of inequality finally renders tension insupportable. There is then a sudden snap, an abrupt settlement, and the news is announced at the surface by the waves of an earthquake."

The connection between tectonic earthquakes and mountain building presents the greatest of all the puzzles having to do with such earthquakes as that at San Francisco and the recent Colombian and Indian earthquakes. "Mountain building" is likely to originate vibratory impulses. The ground is most unstable in the

neighborhood of recently elevated and still developing mountain systems, such as the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas. While it is still too early to pronounce a final opinion upon the cause of the San Francisco earthquake, according to Dr. Ralph S. Tarr, Professor of Dynamic Geology and Physical Geography at Cornell, he deems it probable, and states in a communication to *The New York Times*, that this shock was the result of movements along one or more fault lines in the course of the natural growth of the coast mountain ranges. The growth of the coast ranges is still progressing throughout the entire extent of California as an abundance of evidence shows. There are upraised shore lines at various points along the California coast proving recent uplift. The very Bay of San Francisco is the result of a geologically recent subsidence of this part of the coast, which has admitted the sea into the gorge that the Sacramento River formerly cut across the coast ranges. This forms the Golden Gate. Professor Tarr adds:

"A further reason for knowing that the mountains of this region are growing is the frequency of earthquake shocks in California. Every year there are from twenty-five to forty earthquakes recorded in the State, and not a few of these have been felt in San Francisco itself. For example, on March 30, 1898, there was a shock which did damage to the extent of \$342,000 at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The city is in a region of earthquake frequency, and itself seems to be near a line of movement."

"Some day—no one can tell when—the strain will again need relief, and renewed slipping will occur, and with it renewed shaking of the crust, the violence of which will depend upon the amount of slipping. It is a necessary result of mountain growth. This instance is but one of many thousands on record, and from all accounts apparently not one of the greatest magnitude. It has attracted our attention because it happened to be near a great centre of population, and not far away from habitations, as was the case with the Yakutat Bay earthquake, which was scarcely noticed.

"Coming so soon after the eruption of Vesuvius



it is natural to think of association between the two phenomena. There is, however, no known geological reason for associating the two. They are too far apart, and on two separate zones of earthquake frequency. For these reasons they can hardly be sympathetic. Geologists will, I feel confident, agree that the close relation between the eruption of Vesuvius and the San Francisco earthquake from the standpoint of time is a mere coincidence. The shock is but one of many in the history of California; it is one out of many in the great circum-Pacific belt of earthquakes even during the present year—one more movement chanced to come near a great city a short time after an eruption of Vesuvius.

"I am confident also that, barring its occurrence near a city, geologists will agree that the San Francisco earthquake is a normal outcome of rock movements which are a necessary result of mountain growth. The reason for the mountain growth, however, is not a subject upon which agreement would be so general. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of that subject, and it must suffice therefore to state a hypothesis most generally held by geologists as best supported by the evidence. This hypothesis is that the heated earth in cooling is contracting; that in doing this the cold, rigid crust along certain lines is being crumpled, placed in a state of strain, and broken. When the break occurs and a renewed movement is forced along a previous line of breaking an earthquake results. The mountain belt which almost completely encircles the Pacific is receiving the thrust from the shrinking of the earth, and for that reason its mountains are rising all the way from the Southern Andes to the Bering Sea and from the Kurile Islands (in the North Pacific) to the East Indies. With this rising melted rock is forced out here and there in form of volcanic cones, and by their eruptions and by the slippings of the rocks along fault planes earthquake shocks are occurring throughout the zone and may always be expected to occur so long as the mountains continue to grow."

All this is seismology from the standpoint of geology. From the standpoint of astro-physics it is made to appear that—notwithstanding contradictions—there is some connection between earthquakes and unusual conditions of the sun. Thus the theory advanced by Professor Milne to account for the San Francisco earthquake is that it was caused by the failure of the earth to swing absolutely true on its axis. This is another way of saying that there must be something in the sun-spot theory. And Sir Norman Lockyer, director of solar physical tests at the famous South Kensington Observatory, insists that more energy is coming to the earth this year than at any time during the sun-spot period of thirty-five years. It is now conjectured that the toppling over, to use the most graphic phraseology, of this earth is caused by the formation of a great mass of ice of tremendous weight at one pole or the other. That phe-

nomenon results from the enormous difference in temperature due to sun-spots. The great seismic disturbances of the year strengthen, therefore, in Sir Norman Lockyer's opinion, the axis theory advanced by Professor Milne. Further confirmation is found, says Sir Norman, in the fact that during the last three maximum years of the eleven-year sun spot period there has been more activity in Mount Vesuvius than at any other time. He is of the opinion that the eruption of Vesuvius and the San Francisco earthquake are due to a single cause. The *Physikalische Zeitschrift* sees in the idea that the sun spots are or have been causing terrific electrical discharges which affect the interior of our planet. Hence, if we are to be guided by astro-physics instead of by geology in testing seismological phenomena,



The heavy black lines on this map show the weak portions of the earth's crust. It is along these lines that earthquakes occur. It will be seen that one earthquake track extends from Iceland to Edinburgh. The latter city is actually built on extinct volcanoes.

we shall agree with Professor Milne that earthquakes are not caused by the adjustment of the surface of the earth to its own reduction in size or to the process of mountain building, but are occasioned by a jar as the earth swings back to get true upon its axis. Yet Sir Robert S. Ball, who, in addition to being Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University is a seismologist of eminence, professes himself unable to see how there can be any connection between the eruption of Vesuvius and the earthquake at San Francisco. In a communication to *The World* (New York), he declares:

"The earth being a gradually cooling globe of incandescent material, covered by a crust of badly

conducting rocks, has at every point of its surface a certain potentiality for these seismic displays; for, as the earth slowly loses heat, so must it slowly shrink. That shrinking is not done uniformly and steadily all over the surface, but is accomplished irregularly, now in one place, now in another. A slight slip takes place. This sends a tremor through the earth's crust and if that tremor is a violent one we have an earthquake. Nor is it hard to account for the excessive violence of an earthquake, as manifested in the overturning of buildings, even though the actual visible dislocation of the solid crust of the earth is insignificant.

"The origin of an earthquake is at considerable depth below the surface, say ten or twelve miles. The pressure at this depth, due merely to the

weight of the superincumbent rocks and quite independent of earthquakes, must be about thirty or forty tons on the square inch, equalling the pressure of exploding cordite on a hundred-pound projectile when being driven out of a cannon at the moment of discharge.

"It can readily be imagined how extraordinary must be the violence of the disturbance if the rocks on two sides of a fault, while being pressed together by forces like these, are sometime compelled, as happens in the case of earthquake, to slide more or less one over the other.

"This starts vibrations of the solid crust of the earth, which, in the vicinity of the disturbance, produce a rapid oscillatory movement which, even though the extent be not large, is sufficient to overturn the most massive buildings."

### PROGRESS OF AN OPEN SAFETY-PIN THROUGH A BABY

The youngest patient on record in a case of this type is described in the hospital report as breast-fed, of normal size and weight, and of good health; the safety-pin was an inch and a quarter long and half an inch across at the open end. As told in the *New York Medical Record* by Dr. B. Van D. Hedges, surgeon to Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, N. J., it seems that the mother happened to bend over the child's crib, whereupon the little one opened its mouth and struck out at the maternal arm with its fist. The mother held some open safety-pins in her hand. One of these instantly fell into the baby's open mouth and was swallowed before a finger could be inserted to prevent the mischief.

The infant was at once taken to the hospital and its body subjected to an X-ray examination. The pin could be most distinctly seen in the stomach, where it was being turned over and over by the peristaltic action. The question of operation was eagerly debated, one of the most eminent surgeons in the country advising gastrotomy without delay. On the other hand, a contrary opinion was so earnestly maintained by another high authority that the physicians finally decided not to interfere surgically, but to watch the case carefully. Elaborate arrangements were made to perform the operation of laparotomy at the first indication of trouble.

For the first three days the only difference noted in the child's symptoms was that it slept better at night. There was no vomiting, no exudation of blood, no evidence whatsoever of any gastro-intestinal irritation. On the fifth day the pin was detected in the descend-

ing colon. The hinge end was down. On the sixth day the safety-pin had progressed quite through the infant's body.

A safety-pin's passage through the body of a child eleven months old was reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* last year. A child of eighteen months has been known to swallow a number of open safety-pins which were subsequently recovered. But this fresh case is, so far as is known, unprecedented, as stated before, on account of the extreme youth of the patient.

Nevertheless it would be a quite too hasty assumption, in the opinion of medical periodicals, that laparotomy would be inadvisable in general. Laparotomy is simply the process of making an incision through the peritoneum and the abdominal walls. The operation renders possible such exploration as is necessarily antecedent to surgical remedy. The peristaltic action, as a result of which the safety-pin was turned over and over in its passage through the body of the infant, is a wave-like motion. The contents of the stomach are moved forward in consequence. What is called peristalsis occurs throughout the intestinal tract. As peristalsis is not in itself unpleasant as a sensation, it need not perhaps be wondered at that the infant seemed to feel no pain from the presence of the safety pin. Medical opinion is to the effect that when irritating substances are present in the intestinal tract the peristaltic action itself is not only abnormally strong but at times agonizing. The bearing of this fact upon the presence of the safety-pin in the body of the infant has caused much discussion.

## Recent Poetry

Books of poetry continue to flood, not the markets, but the editorial sanctums. The trouble with most of them is that they reveal so often mere poetic impulse devoid of poetic ideas. That is the criticism that comes to our mind over and over again in reading the bards of to-day in current magazines and books. We doubt if the poetic impulse was ever more abundantly manifest than it is in these days and in this "country of the almighty dollar"; but the mere impulse cannot make a fine poem, no matter what technical skill and melodic phrasing may be exhibited in the attempt. This criticism applies, we think, to some of the poetry in Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill's first published volume, "In Sun or Shade" (Harper's); but not, by any means, to all. One of the most genuine of recent poems, one which Elizabeth Barrett Browning might have been proud to write, is the following:

### OUT OF THE SHADOW

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

You did not think, who blindly were forsworn  
In alien arms, that I might come some day  
And greet you from the first dawn of my youth,  
Clean and unsullied by a worldly chance.  
You did not dream once in those hot, bright  
dreams,  
When earth so madly called you from the height,  
And your soul answered, stumbling down the path,  
That you might wake one day, and you might  
crave

Another soul as fair as once you were.  
You did not think to keep yourself withdrawn  
From things that soil, that one day you might look  
With equal courage into equal eyes.  
You did not think of this when self besought  
The gifts of selfishness, nor dared to spurn  
The contumacious alms you paid your soul  
To keep its silence.

Then, as morning light  
Comes to a night of tempest—thus you say—  
I came. My path led close beside your own;  
You stretched your arms and plead with eloquent  
eyes—

I knew not then the uses of your eyes,  
What they had charmed, nor how, nor when, nor  
where.

To me they seemed the eyes of chivalry,  
Of all that I had loved in union blent.  
They drew me no less surely than your arms—  
I knew not then what others these had held.  
Knew! I knew nothing! Maiden solitude  
Had never brooded deeper than had mine,  
Rapt in the contemplation of a world  
Serenely good. Nay listen, I'll not weep;  
I am too sad for tears—their time is past.

Well, thus I came, unquestioning; and thus

You loved me, as a young and saving grace  
Borne far from heaven to lift your spirit up  
And teach you new philosophies of life—  
A pool where you might bathe and wash you  
white.

And I—God help me!—loved you as the rare  
Bloom of my life, the ultimate good of things,  
The crown of all—my husband; blushing even  
To speak the name, so sacred seemed the sound  
To the child-soul of the incipient woman.  
Then, passing all the rest, the pride, the hope,  
The exquisite trust, the simple, hidden faith  
In worshipping you—ay, there I sinned indeed.  
For true it is, in thinking thus of you  
I thought less of my God; a costly fault,  
As later I have learned in weary pain.  
Then, after this fresh happiness had passed  
Into a calmer joy, one day you paused  
Beside me, and, with strange-accoutred words  
That needed some translation to my ear,  
You told me of the others you had loved—  
Told me the inmost secret of your past,  
Told me the ancient story of the world;  
And spared me nothing, not a single lash  
Of the ensconced whip that struck me dumb.

I rose up, you remember. It was night,  
And darker night within my stricken soul.  
I rose and looked at you when you had done,  
Nor knew the pain you smothered with your  
words.

(I told you I knew nothing. 'Twas in me  
The ignorance of my virtue, as in you  
The ignorance had been sin—I know not why.)  
I looked, but could not speak. I went away  
To hide myself, to hide the shame your own  
Had put on me, your wife, your second self,  
Your—there's the wound—your very worshipper.  
From then, even as you say . . . I have been  
changed;

Yet you were brave in the confessional,  
And I not brave. I dreamed alone for hours,  
And moaned a thousand times you had not kept  
Your heart unsullied for my special shrine;  
Shut your face out, cried often unto God  
To know why you were you and I was I,  
Or some such infant-prattling in His ears.  
And when the strain was over, came out pale,  
And trembled in your arms, and saw your eyes  
Were full of tears I had not seen before,  
And felt my heart slow melting against yours—  
You cried out at my kisses, "they were cold."  
I pressed you closer. Was it pity or love  
That surged into my soul? I do not know.  
Yet all these years it has sufficed; for Love  
Has infinite vistas, and through aisles of stars  
Moves, humbly, towards the eternal Altar Light.  
Now leave me, love; I weary, and would rest.

The following little poem has in it a note of  
pathos that ought to appeal to any woman's heart:

### THE DREAM-CHILD

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

My little dream-child called to me  
Upon a midnight, cold and stark.

"Sweet mother, take me in," sighed she,  
 "For I am weary of the dark.  
 My little soul has missed the way  
 Out in the wide and wandering air—  
 Oh, take me to your arms, I pray,  
 That I may find a shelter there."

My heart leaped up to hear the sound.  
 "My tender dream-child, can it be  
 Only the dusk that folds you round,  
 Folds you and holds you thus from me?  
 Then come! the way is broad and fair  
 Unto my heart, my own, my own!"  
 But waking came . . . and only air  
 Swept past into the far unknown.

Another volume that stands up somewhat out of the ruck is Cale Young Rice's "Plays and Lyrics" (McClure & Phillips). We do not find in it anything that we would call great, but the following lyric certainly has a definite poetic idea adequately expressed:

#### FROM ONE BLIND

By CALE YOUNG RICE

I cannot say thy cheek is like the rose,  
 Thy hair ripple of sunbeams, and thine eyes  
 Violets, April-rich and sprung of God.  
 My barren gaze can never know what throes  
 Such boons of beauty waken, tho' I rise  
 Each day a-tremble with the ruthless hope  
 That light will pierce my useless lids—then grope  
 Till night, blind as the worm within his clod.

Yet unto me thou art not less divine.  
 I touch thy cheek—and know the mystery hid  
 Within thy twilight breeze; I smoothe thy hair  
 And understand how slipping hours may twine  
 Themselves into eternity; yea, rid  
 Of all but love, I kiss thine eyes and seem  
 To see all beauty God Himself may dream.  
 Why then should I o'ermuch for earth-sight care?

As long as a Union or Confederate veteran remains alive—at least that long—Decoration Day will have power to appeal to whatever of poetic or patriotic sensibility may be within us. The return of the Confederate battle flags this year gives to Dr. Mitchell a splendid theme which he has made use of, with moderate success, in *Collier's*:

#### THE SONG OF THE FLAGS

ON THEIR RETURN TO THE STATES OF THE CONFEDERACY

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

We loved the wild clamor of battle,  
 The crash of the musketry's rattle,  
 The bugle and drum.  
 We have drooped in the dust, long and lonely;  
 The blades that flashed joy are rust only,  
 The far-rolling war music dumb.

God rest the true souls in death lying,  
 For whom over head proudly flying

We challenged the foe.  
 The storm of the charge we have breasted,  
 On the hearts of our dead we have rested,  
 In the pride of a day, long ago.

Ah, surely the good of God's making  
 Shall answer both those past awaking  
 And life's cry of pain;  
 But we never more shall be tossing  
 On surges of battle where crossing  
 The swift-flying death bearers rain.

Again in the wind we are streaming,  
 Again with the war lust are dreaming  
 The call of the shell.  
 What gray heads look up at us sadly?  
 Are these the stern troopers who madly  
 Rode straight at the battery's hell?

Nay, more than the living have found us,  
 Pale spectres of battle surround us;  
 The gray line is dressed.  
 Ye hear not, but they who are bringing  
 Your symbols of honor are singing  
 The song of death's bivouac rest.

Blow forth on the south wind to greet us  
 O star flag! once eager to meet us  
 When war lines were set.  
 Go carry to far fields of glory  
 The soul-stirring thrill of the story,  
 Of days when in anger we met.

Ah, well that we hung in the churches  
 In quiet, where God the heart searches,  
 That under us met  
 Men heard through the murmur of praying  
 The voice of the torn banners saying,  
 "Forgive, but ah, never forget."

Another successful memorial day effort is the following by a South Carolina lady. We take it from *The National Magazine*:

#### THE KNOTS OF BLUE AND GRAY

By MAY ELLIOTT HUTSON

Both, Mothers of America, but reared the States  
 apart,  
 One with the Winter on her head, the Winter in  
 her heart,  
 One crowned with never-melting snows, a grave  
 within her breast,  
 But in that grave the dove of Peace had made its  
 little nest.  
 In soft, low tones they murmured on, of joys and  
 sorrows past,  
 And then with gentle hands they touched a tender  
 theme at last.  
 One wore a little tuft of gray—gray with its soft,  
 sad hue,  
 The other carried on her breast a knot of Yankee  
 blue.

"Why wear this token next my heart?" The  
 Northern mother smiled,  
 And stroked the fragment on her breast as if it  
 were a child.  
 "In blue our Lord has clothed the skies, and robed  
 the tropic seas;



From azure fields our banner throws its spangles  
to the breeze.  
In blue the mountain drapes her head, while  
through the mists and dew  
Shines, like a baby's, from her breast the gen-  
tian's eyes of blue.  
When, years ago, the simoon's breath smote all  
our fairest flowers,  
When earthquakes rent and tempests tore this  
God-made land of ours,  
When Maine and Massachusetts called, amongst  
the brave and true  
Who answered 'Here,' I gave them one who wore  
a coat of blue.  
When, gory-maned, the beast of War charged  
through Virginia's hills  
With dripping blood that stained the rocks and  
died the mountain rills;  
When, bellowing with rage and hate, he shook  
that bloody mane,  
And tore the ranks with cruel teeth upon Ma-  
nassas' plain,  
They found amid the mangled heap of victims  
whom he slew  
A soldier, from whose boyish breast they cut this  
slip of blue."

The Southern mother bowed her head, a prayer  
rose to the throne,  
For Christ, the Comforter, to seek this heart so  
like her own,  
Then lifted up her fair old face, bejeweled with  
a tear,  
And touched her bosom with a knot of gray that  
rested there.  
"In gray our Lord has dressed the mists, and  
wrapped the twilight sea,  
Gray are the ashes of the dead, gray is the hue  
for me.  
Like silent specters grayly swathed, behold the  
Southern moss.  
Gray was the face that heaven turned on Calvary  
and the Cross.  
It is the tint of human tears, the hue of parting  
day;  
If broken hearts are ever seen their color will be  
gray."

A sob of memory arose, it shook the Southern  
breast,  
And lo! the timid dove of Peace was frightened  
from its nest.  
Slow dripped the sad and silent drops, and wet  
the gray knot through,  
While opposite a soft stream fell, and wet the  
knot of blue.  
When next that Southern mother spoke, the voice  
was not her own.  
The desolation of her heart was echoed in her  
tone.  
"When pealed from Sumter's battlements the  
War-God's awful voice,  
And men and States were called by Fate to make  
the final choice,  
I had but one—a child he seemed—my dead love's  
legacy,  
The only living, human thing that earth contained  
for me.  
I trampled on my selfish heart, I drove my tears  
away,  
And with my own hands buttoned on my darling's  
coat of gray.

It matters not the agony, the love, the prayers,  
the pride,  
The awful throes that racked my heart, for later  
on—it died.  
But when upon Virginia's hills they turned the  
gory clay,  
They brought me from a soldier's breast this little  
slip of gray."

With trembling, sympathetic hands, and voice that  
shook with tears,  
The Northern mother quickly spoke of forms that  
thronged the years,  
Of Jackson, Lee and all the host, whose glory  
and renown  
Like blazing jewels—set in gray—adorn the  
nation's crown.  
Of these she spoke—then silently she brushed a  
tear away,  
And, bending forward, pressed a kiss upon the  
knot of gray.  
The Southern mother raised her face, and slowly  
over all  
A soft light, as from white wings in their pas-  
sage, seemed to fall.  
It rested in her eyes, despite the grave within her  
breast—  
The little frightened dove of Peace had fluttered  
to its nest.

One of John Williamson Palmer's ballads that  
failed to get into his volume "For Charlie's  
Sake" is given below. It was written during the  
Civil War, the manuscript was handed to a friend,  
and that was the last the author saw of it for many  
years. It found its way, however, into a volume  
of Southern war-poems, without the name of the  
author, and upon being shown to Dr. Palmer by  
a friend was identified by him. The ballad, with  
a statement of its history, was sent to CURRENT  
LITERATURE several years ago by Ralph A. Lyon,  
of Baltimore, and was then printed in our pages.  
Dr. Palmer's recent death revives the interest in  
his work, and we republish the ballad:

# GUERRILLA

BY JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

Who hither rides so hard? A scout.  
Just after midnight he stole out.  
News, comrades! there's his signal shout;  
Count:

"One—two—three." Three miles in front  
Yankees in camp! Call up the hunt!  
Now for the chase, the charge, the brunt.  
Mount!

She's killed, that staggering, foam-splashed  
brown!  
Her rider, gashed from brow to crown,  
Gasps "Forward!" clutches, reels, goes down—  
Shot!

"Guerrilla!" look! his flickering eyes  
Flash "Forward!" even where he lies,  
And the scout charges as he dies:  
Trot!

Well, here's the hill and there's the camp,  
And there's the drowsy picket's tramp;  
Our brave steeds sniff the smoke and stamp;  
Pshaw!

'Tis but a cheer, a plunge, a yell—  
Upon the horse and man, pell-mell—  
And then the same old tale to tell:

Draw!

See the stout major's sorrel fret!  
Lord! what a harrying ye'll get,  
As when at Bath—Luray, we met,

Yank!

Ride! we've an Ashby in each man;  
Charge! we've a Gilmor in the van;  
Strike, as a hundred Mosbys can—  
"Guer-r-illa."

We cannot bring ourselves into such an enthusiastic frame of mind as that in which many of the reviews of Trumbull Stickney's book of poems have been written, notably the reviews in *The Argonaut* and *New York Times*; and we cannot help feeling that the pathetic death of the author (he died at the age of thirty) after a life of strenuous preparation for a great career (he was the first American student to receive from the University of Paris its highest degree, Doctorat ès Lettres) has somewhat affected the judgment concerning his poetry. There are in all of it, however, distinction and delicacy. Of the following poem *The Times* says: "To have produced even one thing so enchanting in form as this, so subtle and quiet, yet so flowing and rich, is to have won fairly and completely the great names—so lightly worn—of artist and poet."

#### PITY

BY TRUMBULL STICKNEY

An old light smolders in her eye.  
There! she looks up. They grow and glow  
Like mad laughs of a rhapsody  
That flickers out in woe.

An old charm slips into her sighs,  
An old grace sings about her hand.  
She bends; it's musically wise.  
I cannot understand.

Her voice is strident; but a spell  
Of fluted whisper silken in—  
The lost heart in a moss-grown bell,  
Faded—but sweet—but thin.

She bows like waves—waves near the shore.  
Her hair is in a vulgar knot—  
Lovely dark hair, whose curves deplore  
Something she's well forgot.

She must have known the sun, the moon,  
On heaven's warm throat star-jewels strung—  
It's late. The gaslights flicker on.  
Young, only in years, but young!

One might remind her, say the street  
Is dark and vile now day is done.  
But would she care, she fear to meet—  
But there she goes—is gone.

One of the most successful of recent quatrains is the following from *The National Magazine*:

#### LOOKING FOR WORK

BY H. C. GAUSS

Twice, daily, up to Salem's wharves, the patient  
tide slips in;  
It lips the thrown-down granite, it lips the spiles  
worn thin,  
And, asking sadly at the flood, "Are there no  
ships to-day?"  
Returns an idle current, into an idle bay.

Another poem for which we are indebted to *The National Magazine* is this pleasing lyric:

#### ARABESQUE

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Eyes,—whose every glance is such  
I feel it like a velvet touch;  
Eyes that all my comfort slay,  
Yet grieve me when they turn away.  
Eyes that flicker without fire;  
That look, and burn without desire;  
That seem to darken while they beam  
And dart a shadow with each gleam;  
Eyes that smoulder while they sleep  
And glow—like planets, when they peep  
From an unfathomable deep;  
Eyes that wound for pleasure's sake;  
That languish when they triumph take;  
And slumber most when most awake;  
Eyes that blur and blind my sight;  
That see my pain; that know my plight;  
O, thrill me!—kill me with delight—  
Ye dark moons in a silver night!

The following comes from a new volume just published in England:

#### RED DAWN

BY P. HABBERTON LULHAM

As from fair dreams a maid might wake and  
sigh,  
Fill'd with distaste for day, she knows not why,  
All fretful, at her glass, fling back her hair,  
And flush'd and beautiful, gaze brooding there;  
So did I see the Maid of Morning rise,  
Toss the cloud-tresses from half-angry eyes,  
Fling back Night's coverings from her rosy knee,  
And spring forth, glowing, on the grey North  
Sea.  
Then wave, and sky, and little fisher-place,  
Catch the effulgence of her flaming face,  
That lights anew the beacon on the hill,  
Gleams on the cliff-side village, sleeping still,  
Shoots through the little storm-crack'd window-  
pane,  
Flushing the toil-worn wife a girl again,  
Halos her baby's hair, and, on her man,  
Makes Rembrandt glories with his throat's rich  
tan;  
While—crowning loveliness—the up-grown spray  
Falls like a shower of rose-leaves in the bay;  
And, wheeling o'er it, the bright sea-bird shows  
A flying flower, a wing'd enfranchised rose!

# Recent Fiction and the Critics

Frances Hodgson Burnett is one of the storytellers that are born, as well as made. Her latest

## **The Dawn of a To-morrow**

novelette\* is dangerously near being a sermon-story, but in her deft hands it makes its appeal successfully and has captivated even the most jaded critics. The message of the story is that of most good sermons, namely, that the real joy of living comes from service to others, and from that only. The hero, Sir Oliver, is a nerve-sick millionaire who has grown sick of life and determines to end it. To do so without revealing his identity, he betakes himself to a cheap lodging-house in London. On his way back from the pawnbroker's, where he has gone to get a revolver, he loses his way in a fog and before he finds it again he comes across Glad. She is a gutter-snipe of twelve who expects to become something worse when she is older. Her pluck and cheerful philosophy arouse his interest. Through her he meets Polly, a woman of the streets, a boy who is a professional thief, and, more important still, Jinny Montaubin, an ancient and crippled ballet-dancer. Jinny is also a philosopher, who talks the gospel of service and good cheer to the nerve-sick man until he forgets his nerves in trying to relieve the distress of those he sees around him in the slums. Jinny's religious views have a strong resemblance to some of Mrs. Eddy's.

One hardened critic, on the Chicago *Evening Post*, berates the little book as "pabulum for the sentimental," a melodrama with "decorated platitudes," a somber hero, and a soothing-sirup sort of optimism. But this critic is in a hopeless minority. *The Argonaut* thinks that Mrs. Burnett may hereafter be known as the author of "The Dawn of a To-morrow" rather than as the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The New York *Sun* thinks it is as artistic a bit of work as she has produced of late years, with reminiscences of Dickens and Scrooge in it. The Chicago *Tribune* calls it "a Christian Science fairy tale," but a beautiful one. It certainly has a Christian Science flavor, but not so pronounced as to repel even the reviewers of the Church papers such as *The Living Church* and *The Congregationalist*. The *Bookman* calls it "a simple old-fashioned miracle play, set forth in modern London, with the sure, swift touch of a practised story-teller."

\*THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

After his brilliant success with "The Virginian," one might have expected Owen Wister to repeat

## **Lady Baltimore**

that performance with another tale of the cowboy West. He has done just as different a thing as he well could do. Instead of going again to a raw new country, he has gone for his new story\* to one of the oldest communities in America, a small aristocratic tide-water town in South Carolina, of whose people he says: "When slavery stopped they stopped like a clock. Their hand points to 1865—it has never moved a minute since." To this town the narrator of the story has gone from the North to help his aunt trace back her pedigree to royalty. The society he observes there, the talk that he hears, especially the talk about Miss Rieppe and young Mayrant and their engagement, and the contrasts between this little community with its refinement and delicacy, and an automobile party from Newport with their loud manners and ostentatious display of money, form the burden of the story.

The London *Times* is evidently surprised. It had not thought Mr. Wister capable of this sort of thing, of writing a "high comedy," cutting and polishing a jewel, moving nimbly among very delicate emotions and ideas without a single lapse into awkwardness. It approves of "Lady Baltimore" quite emphatically. Kings Port, the little South Carolina town, is, it says, "a place in which it is always afternoon, or autumn; which appeals with the loveliness of Rome, of Bruges, of De Heredia's Cartagena, of Aigues Mortes, of all places that have 'known better days.' *Berçant sa gloire éteinte*, it sleeps on its drowsy waters; and the widowed remnants of its once great families live sweet, reticent, ordered lives, that smell of lavender and recall, like that scent, days dead and gone." The comedy it finds deft and witty, but it is not mere trifling:

"There is an idea, an ideal, beneath it—the American People. What will that people be, if ever it comes to be at all? When the South can no longer live in dignified poverty, nursing the memory of its glory and its wounds, what will become of it? Is the North to go on worshipping the dollar, rioting in vulgarity and vice? Can the two mix to make a nation without another explosion? These are the questions which Mr. Wister asks; and we find in his book a larger and a wiser patriotism than we had supposed to be possible as yet."

\*LADY BALTIMORE. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company.

Several critics see in the book a strong suggestion of Henry James. The *Springfield Republican* notes Henry James's manner, but not his style, and remarks:

"How contagious the Henry James virus is! Who, for example, would have thought it possible for the author of 'The Virginian' to be infected? Joseph Conrad has succumbed—'Nostromo' fairly reeks with it. The author of 'The Prisoner of Zenda' is also the author of 'Quisante.' Mrs. Atherton tries her hand once in a while at a tale in the Jamesian vein. Mrs. Wharton is another matter; she began as a disciple and is working her way to an independent style, a very normal and proper course of evolution. But Mr. Wister has belonged to another galley crew. Shall we presently see Jack London and Stewart Edward White splitting psychological hairs?"

But Mr. Wister's tincture of Jamesism "is of a harmless sort and does not impair the interest of his book, which is entertaining and perhaps is a step toward a finer kind of work than 'The Virginian.'"

The *Bookman* finds the humor in "Lady Baltimore" constant, whereas it was intermittent in "The Virginian." Those who asserted that Mr. Wister's former book was simply a string of anecdotes, not a novel, will, it says, find the new work "absolutely organic." The author "writes like a gentleman," writes as if he enjoyed it and as if he considers writing an art worth studying and doing well for its own sake. Moreover, he is not afraid to convey an idea now and then to his readers, though the quality of the ideas, *The Bookman* critic, Mr. Edward Clark Marsh, finds never profound and occasionally alas! callow. Nevertheless, "it is a capital story, fulfilling every fair expectation on behalf of one of the cleverest and most capable of our American novelists."

The Dutchman who, under the pseudonym of Maarten Maartens, writes novels in exceptionally fine English, has the critics guessing over his latest work.\* Most

#### The Healers

of them admit that they are puzzled and somewhat exasperated; but most of them also admit that they are very much interested, and several of them confess to a second reading. The "healers" in the book are many and diverse. There is a great bacteriologist who is a skeptic; his wife, a poet, and, in the end, a Roman Catholic; their son, a follower of Charcot and his psychic beliefs; an idiot boy and his mad uncle, both of whom are cured; the mad uncle's wife, sound and sane, who believes in the efficacy of prayer; the wife of the

disciple of Charcot, who is a Sumatran and a beneficent hypnotist; and a hard-shell Scotch Calvinist, a servant woman, who hates spiritism, Catholicism, and vivisection. Out of the clashing views of these various persons is the story made—a novel of opinions, as the *London Times* says, rather than of persons.

The *New York Outlook* finds it immensely entertaining, constantly witty and fascinating; but the philosophic purpose of the author it fails to grasp. *The Literary Digest* can tell what it is all about, but confesses itself puzzled in trying to decide what it all means; but it also admits that the book never bores. William Morton Payne, in *The Dial*, says he has read with mingled delight and exasperation. The author has a wealth of wholesome and tender sentiment, genial observation and unfailing humor. Why, then, should he resort to such sensational devices and cheap wonders as planchette-writing, table-tipping, telepathy and clairvoyance? Says the *London Times*:

"The only question for the critic is: Does the novelist, in showing the interaction of these many opinions, interest, amuse, move us? The answer to that is: He does. He opens doors; he lets us peep into fascinating regions of hypothesis, thought, experiment; he suggests and questions; and he takes good care, skilled novelist that he is, to keep his vivid persons well in front of the opinions they represent. To a further question, whether out of all this evasive, intractable material he has woven a good single piece, the answer must be that he has not. The novel is not strongly constructed; our interest is asked for one character and suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the several stories touch each other but slightly. That defect—if defect it be—is inherent in a novel of this kind."

The author of "Ships That Pass in the Night" has again struck a popular vein in her latest

#### The Scholar's Daughter

novel,\* but there seems to be a general feeling that she has failed to "work" it as it deserves. We are introduced to a grim old lexicographer who, with three assistants, is engaged in constructing a great dictionary. Upon this scene of scholarly research, a young girl, very much alive, obtrudes. She is the daughter of the lexicographer, home from school "for keeps," and he has a dim notion that she will now devote herself to the dictionary. But her aspirations are stageward and she talks slang to the scholarly assistants and, before they know it, has charmed them out of the house and into the fields and to the bank of a stream where they fish with evident delight under her instructions. The girl has a mother whom she supposes dead, but who has

\*THE HEALERS. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton and Company.

\*THE SCHOLAR'S DAUGHTER. By Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead and Company.



simply deserted her etymological husband for the stage. She turns up in the next day or two. Also a young man turns up from Australia, and he, too, is very much alive. Things turn out beautifully. The girl reconciles her father and mother, and one doesn't need half an eye to see what she and the young Australian are going to become to one another.

The critics find much to disapprove: it is too theatric; it is improbable; it is slight and superficial; but it has charm. "A highly agreeable romance suffused with graceful sentiment," is the

London *Spectator's* phrase. "It is a novel in which artifice takes the place of art," says the London *Bookman*, "and dramatic situations are made to subserve the purposes of theatrical effect"; but also "it is a capital story written with easy ability in a pleasant vein that should assure a very wide popularity for it."

The New York *Evening Post* finds it better written than Miss Harraden's former work. The same lameness of vocabulary is still in evidence, but the workmanship is better and there is a more definite purpose carried out to a definite end.

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON—A PRIZE STORY

There is something interesting to tell about this little story. It has just taken the fairy-story prize at the Cologne Flower Festival in Germany, though written by a young American, George Sylvester Viereck, who is still pursuing his academic studies as a senior in the College of the City of New York. Two years ago, at the age of eighteen, Mr. Viereck published a volume of German lyrics, entitled "Gedichte," which attracted favorable notice; and Brentanos are just publishing for him his first English work, "A Game of Love and Other Plays." The Cologne Flower Festival has become a notable institution in the last few years, and many thousands of poems and stories are received, in various languages, in the competition for prizes. The fact that an American college boy carries off the fairy-story prize this year will give to the phrase "American Invasion" a new meaning. The translation from the German is made for CURRENT LITERATURE by the author.

Once upon a time, in a kingdom the name of which does not matter, there lived a young Prince who was enamored of those things only that possess no real value whatsoever. This, at least, was what the old Chancellor said, a dignitary of infinite wisdom, who had well-nigh completed the measure of years given to man. "A dreamer" he used to call the Prince contemptuously. But he did this only when he was among his most intimate friends. Whenever he prepared a notice for the court paper, *The Silver Bell*, or for the organ of the popular party, *The Little Drum*, he never referred to the future ruler of the land without making a special point of his "ideal" disposition. This he would have done for reasons of policy even if the young Prince's only interests in life had been baseball or the chase. I don't know how it came about, but soon everybody in the whole kingdom spoke of the Prince only as "the Dreamer." There were in the first place some tremendously "practical" young men and the old councilors. The young men threw out their chests, rattled their swords and told of their love adventures. This they thought mighty manly. The old fogies shrugged their shoulders and plucked at their long, white beards, but inwardly they were green with envy. For it is only when

life has despoiled us of the last rag of idealism that we begin to pity a butterfly whose gaudy wings have been torn by relentless hands. The king of the land only smiled, as one smiles when he sees another in the pangs of a soul conflict that he has done with long ago.

The young Prince, however, did not mind what other people thought of him, but wandered alone on the lonely paths which his soul had chosen. He lived only half in this world. His heart beat in the great realm of mystery which everywhere borders upon earth and yet is indicated on no chart and whose very existence scientists are apt to dispute. Ofttimes he sat on the seashore and held to his boyish ear a shell, curiously fashioned and strangely colored, whose secret murmurings he tried in vain to understand. "Whence come these voices and what do they mean?" he asked everyone at the court from the kitchen-boy to the King; but no one knew an answer to his question, and what the old Professor of Physics told him he simply disregarded. For had not the same man told him that the earth moves around the sun, which is manifestly absurd, and that the honeyed song of the thrush is entirely due to so many vibrations per second—a fairy-tale no child would believe?

For Botany and Zoology, too, he showed but little interest, for he saw that his teacher could dissect all animals and all flowers and knew every bone in the skeleton of a dog, but that at all times it was the soul that escaped his notice and flew through the open windows. Whereupon he wrote a thick book to prove that it did not exist! Much more eagerness did the Prince show in the science of Demonology. He knew by name every one of the thirty thousand devils that live in the sea and the fifty thousand that live in the air, and but for one little ingredient he knew exactly how to prepare the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. But of all studies astronomy held him enthralled. During long nights he kept watch at the great observatory of the palace with a young page, his only friend, and saw the constellations come and go. He was fascinated, not so much by the stars he could see and whose course he might follow, as by those he could not see. And when some comet had disappeared not to reappear within thirty or forty thousand years, his imagination followed it in its course onward through eternity.

But of all stars in heaven he was most attracted by one which has turned its mysterious, pallid countenance toward us as long as rivers have run and men and women have dreamed of love. But whereas other heavenly bodies show us sometimes one side, sometimes another, the moon condescends to show us only one. The ancient Egyptians have scratched their heads over this and the ancient Arabs. We have invented wonderful instruments which bring us nearer to the stars, we have drawn charts of mountains and dales and canals on the planets; but no one has ever succeeded in finding what is hidden behind *the other side of the moon*. No mortal will ever know, and the great lies of science cannot compensate or console us. The other side of the moon must ever remain a symbol of all that is wonderful and incomprehensible in human and in cosmic life. I know not whether it is a fairy kingdom that lies there or whether it be the end or the beginning of the Realm of Wonder; but this I know, that whosoever can read what is written upon the other side of the moon has solved the riddle of the Eternal Sphinx.

This, at least, was what the young Prince confided to his companion in a sultry summer night, when the moon-rays pointed straight at him through the colored windows. His enthusiasm carried the young page away with him, though the latter was a rather commonplace boy, to whom only the personality of the Prince gave a certain charm, as a strong magnet might for a little while draw a needle into the circle of its

transforming power. Arm in arm they stared one evening into the starry sky. Millions of lights glowed and beamed in the heavens, and dumb and mysteriously as always the moon beamed upon them. But there was something in her rays which seemed to draw the Prince toward her as it attracts the sea, or there was something in the Prince's soul that filled him with a strange longing for the lesser light that rules the night, the night that is more beautiful and holy than the day. For there are some among us who were born in the full moon or whose mothers looked too deeply into her luminous eyes. Upon these, strange powers have sway which others cannot comprehend. They love the subtle witchcraft of the night, they see in the dark, freeze in the sun, and are doomed their whole life long to seek for that which may never be revealed. As there are flowers which turn their faces toward the sun, so there are flowers of the dusk, moon-flowers, which cannot take their dream-entranced eyes from the silent mistress of the night.

The Prince was such a moonchild, and one ray of one of her rays must have fallen on the soul of the boy who shared his couch, or he would not have understood at all. "Prince," he said, and shook his darkling locks, "I have read in a book, brought from a foreign land, that in a far city of the West there lives a mighty Wizard who has built a ship by means of which one can float through the air as others cross the water. What if we two could make a journey to the Moon?" At this news the heart of the little Prince began to beat like a drum, his golden hair glimmered like moon-rays imprisoned in a net, and straightway, though it was in the middle of the night, he went to the bedroom of his father, the King.

The monarch was at first very wroth because of this rude disturbance of his slumber; but the Queen soothed his wrath, and at last he could not help laughing at the impatience of the little Prince and promised to send a courier at daybreak to find this wonderful man and, if possible, to conduct him immediately to the capital. And he did as he had promised, for he had pledged his royal word.

How slowly the days seemed to creep! The first three days the Queen packed twenty-seven little trunks with beautiful laces and uniforms and silken stockings and satin shoon for her little boy to take on his long journey. The next three days he passed in continually talking to his little page and telling him what wonderful things they were going to find on the other side of the moon. On the ninth day his impatience had risen to the boiling-point and he called for his little pony in order to meet the courier on the way. Finally,

on the twelfth day, the messenger came back, all covered with dust and sweat.

"Where is he? Where have you got him?"

"He'll be here in a minute," and the speaker pointed to the clouds. Scarcely had he uttered these words when a rope with a small anchor descended just where the young Prince stood, and a big red bird lowered itself slowly to the ground. and lo, from its belly jumped not an old gray-bearded wizard with pointed hat, but a young, smooth-shaven and energetic Yankee.

"Here we are!" he said unconventionally and grasped the Prince's hand. This was such an enormous breach of etiquette that the old Chancellor, who saw it, fell down dead on the spot from heart-failure, for which reason he will not reoccur in this story. This incident somewhat influenced the Court against the foreigner, though many were glad because of it. Moreover, they thought it improper that a young man should have accomplished in his short life so much more than all the gray-bearded councilors of the King. But he didn't seem to care very much and asked a million dollars for his air-ship. When the Lord of the Treasury heard this he was stricken with a fainting-fit which continued for seven days and seven nights. But it was the Prince's dearest wish, and so the King consented to pay the sum the Wizard demanded if they should really reach their goal. Whereupon the Yankee said that the cow jumped over the moon, and he didn't see why he shouldn't. Preparations for the expedition were made with feverish haste.

The air-ship was in readiness. The Wizard left twenty-six of the little trunks behind with a relentlessness which cut the Queen to the heart. One only he took along. Then all three, the Yankee, the Prince and the page, seated themselves in the car and were soon lost from the sight of the wondering populace. For several hours they rose and rose, but the moon seemed to grow more distant the higher they went. Suddenly it began to snow and white flakes caught themselves in the black curls of the page and the golden hair of the Prince. They wrapped themselves in their mantles and trembled with cold. Higher and higher rose the enchanted machine. The air grew chillier with every second. The little page began to weep, but his tears were frozen on his cheeks to ice, and hung there like little diamonds. Even the Wizard showed evidence of exhaustion. But the little Prince bit his lips, so as not to cry. Onward and onward they were carried. Suddenly a stream of blood broke through the tightly closed lips of the young Prince. It fell into the void and stained with red a white anemone that was sleeping below. The blood of the others, too, be-

gan to flow from ears and nose. There was nothing to do but to give up. They reached the earth half dead, but were glad to feel the firm ground once more under their feet. The King laughed at the misfortunes of the Prince, and the Queen made camomile tea for him. No one cared for the little page, who managed to creep back to the palace in some way and was forever cured of his yearning for the moon. As for the Yankee, he was cast into jail, and I could never find out whether he died there of hunger or whether by means of his black magic he reached his native land again.

After a while the Prince recovered from the shock, and, though he was more pensive than ever before, his imagination was still fixed on the only thing that is worthy of our thoughts and dreams—the other side of the moon. It was in vain that his father gave him a little sword most beautifully set with precious gems and a strange, most wonderfully colored bird in a golden cage. The sword he presented to his friend, the little page, and the bird he set free. "Perhaps you can find the other side of the moon, dear bird," he said, as he opened the gilded door of the cage. "I will not hold you; fly to your home in Dream-land!" This he said half from compassion, half in the hope that the bird might help him to attain his desire, for he had read even more wonderful things in ancient fairy-tales. And this time he was not mistaken. The bird opened its big, parrot-like bill and spoke thus:

"Do you really care so very much to see the other side of the moon?"

"Dear me," replied the Prince, "I would give my young life for it."

The old bird, who had seen many things in his time, wagged his head wistfully: "But will you be strong enough to endure the sight?"

"It is my dearest wish, and, whatever may be hidden behind that pallid silver disk, I shall be happy if only I know what it is."

"Well," said the bird, "you have done me a great service by freeing me from this cage, in which the evil fairy who sold me to your father had imprisoned me. And you must be a clever boy, for otherwise you would not understand my language at all. In fact, I am sure that you are thoroughly conversant with Alfari's great work on 'Fairies, Genies and Demons in the form of Animals.' However that may be, listen to my advice. Pull the most gorgeous feather out of my tail, take it quietly to your room, and at the next full moon turn it three times in your hand and murmur the three words which I shall teach you now (but which may not be disclosed to the reader in order that no one may misuse them),

then wait quietly and patiently for what is to come." He had scarce uttered these words when he disappeared, and only his shadow darkened for a second the moon which had broken through the clouds at this very moment.

The Prince thereupon ran to his father, the King, and his mother, the Queen, and told what had befallen him. Both were most glad when they heard of their little son's wonderful adventure, and at the next full moon not only the Prince, but the whole court, and especially the Queen, waited with feverish excitement for the miracle that was to come.

The moon shone more brilliantly than ever. Her argent rays were sprinkled like a silver rain over the landscape and over the foliage of the trees. In that night young lovers closed no eye. On the roofs of houses and palaces one saw forms in white garments moving restlessly to and fro. All who were moon-struck seemed to walk that night. It seemed as if the moon exerted all her might before her mystery was to be unveiled forever.

Upon the battlements of the royal castle, surrounded by all the councilors of the realm and the whole Court, the young Prince waited for the stroke of twelve. And as soon as the ancient clock struck, the Prince turned the feather three times in his hand, spoke the dreadful words, and lo! the heavens opened and from the darksome clouds there burst a radiant something which made straight for the King's palace. In less time than a swallow needs to whet its bill there stood before the Prince a luminous car, drawn by four little moon-calves. The doors opened and from it stepped a curious little man, who bore a strange resemblance to the Man in the Moon. He said no word, but politely motioned the Prince to enter the vehicle. With a beating heart and flushing cheek the Prince entered, the doors closed behind him, and with incredible speed they were on their way to the starry sky, the land of his heart's desire.

Meanwhile the Queen lay in a fainting-fit, and even the King had grown a little pale after he had entrusted his only child to the little wagon from the stars. The aunts and the grandmothers told monstrous tales of little children who had been carried off by evil spirits and who were found the next morning in their little beds with their throats cut. The ladies-in-waiting began to weep and there was a terrible confusion. But it was too late. Hour after hour ran through the glass, the moon-rays grew paler and paler and the horses which draw the chariot of the morn began to beat with their hoofs impatiently on the roof of the sky. The Queen became hysterical

and cursed the King for having permitted the little Prince to go on the journey. The King in turn swore and threatened to behead all his councilors should the Prince not return, for they should have warned him against confiding the safety of the Crown Prince to four moon-calves and a strange man from the moon.

The excitement reached its end through the sudden appearance of the Prince, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds. Now, of course, everybody congratulated him and had a thousand questions to ask. But the Prince stood there pale, with his beautiful curls all entangled and his lips pressed together. He would not even make answer to the King and only asked permission to withdraw to his own chamber. There he locked himself in, permitting not even his bed-fellow, the little page, to enter. However, the servant who made his bed on the following morning found his pillow all wet, as if he had wept the whole night through.

After this the character of the Prince changed totally. He searched no more for a soul in the fragrance of an orchid and the song of the nightingale. And no one saw him ever again holding communion with a sea-shell or following the course of the stars from the observatory. He broke behind him all bridges that led to his former castles in the air, and when he became King he issued an edict which by a severe penalty forbade the rays of the moon entrance to his kingdom. Of course, many conjectures were made as to the inexplicable change in his disposition, but no one dared to approach him on the subject after the jester had been put to death for a slight allusion to that journey to the moon. He was a harsh ruler, who drank much wine and made his children study trigonometry. At his Court one pageant succeeded another, and in all these wild orgies the King was the most reckless. His old nurse would not believe that he found real pleasure in reveling; she saw the serpent that was feeding on his heart. But no one listened to her, as she was an old woman of little education, and not even a duchess.

So the years glided by. And one day the King felt that his hour had come. He called the Crown Prince to his bedside that he might give him a last blessing. After all the servants had been sent away the Prince said: "Father, will you not confide to me, even on your death-bed, the great secret and the sorrow of your life? What did you see on the other side of the moon?" Then said the King, and on his faded features quivered a smile like a breaking heart: "May the grace of Heaven save you from as great a disillusion: *For both sides of the moon are exactly alike.*"



